

SOCIETY JEERS—By Lucius Beebe

Silver Screen

November

8th 1937

leine Carroll

MARLAND
STONE

REVELATIONS FROM STARS' PALMS

BEST OF REFERENCES, BUT—



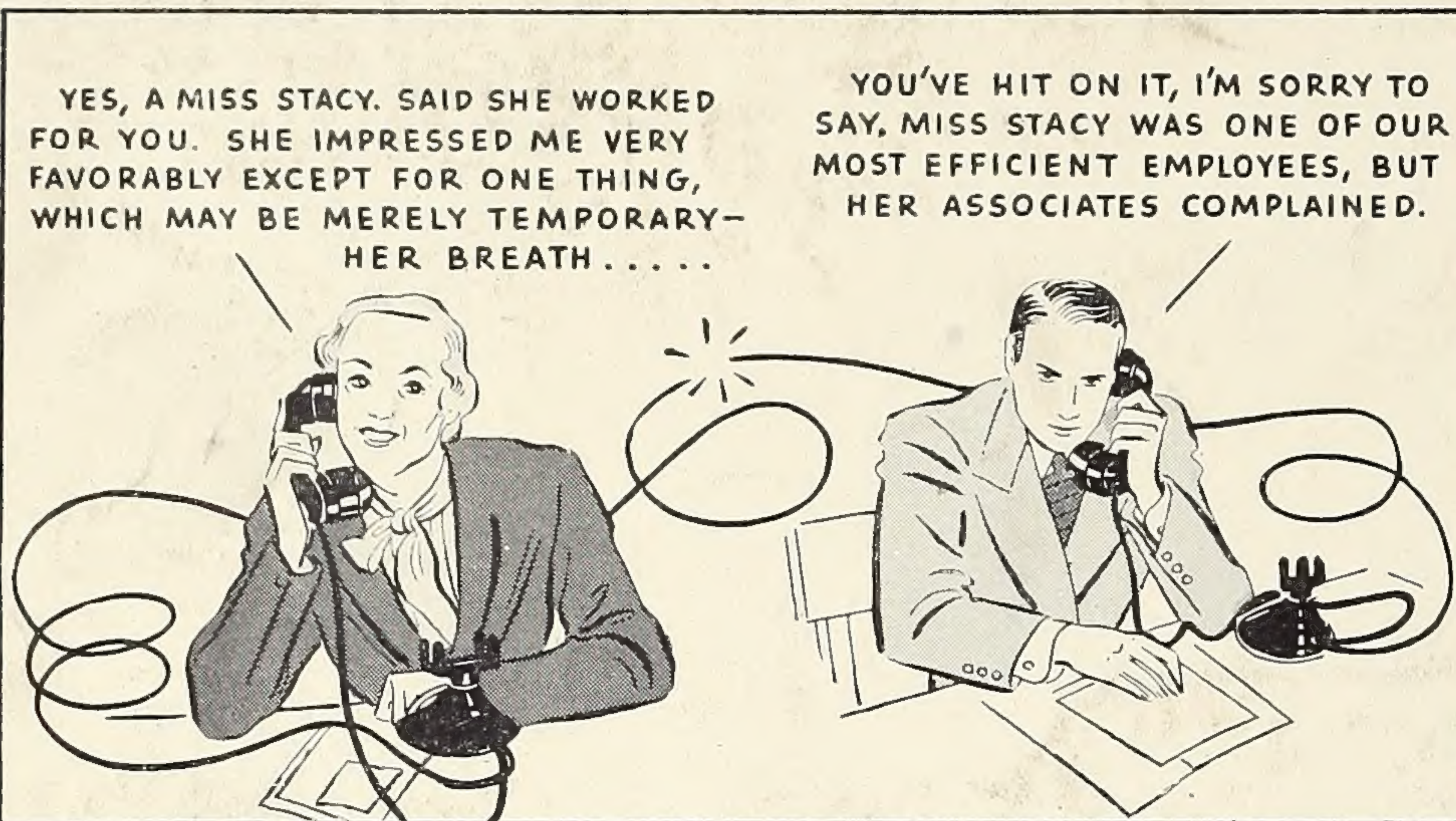
WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLY STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.

YOU'RE A DEAR TO LET ME BORROW YOUR THINGS AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE GOT TWO GOOD PROSPECTS.



SEVEN YEARS EXPERIENCE... CAN DO 40 WORDS A MINUTE... AND HERE ARE MY REFERENCES.

I'LL CHECK THEM UP. PLEASE CALL TUESDAY. THE JOB PAYS \$30.



YES, A MISS STACY. SAID SHE WORKED FOR YOU. SHE IMPRESSED ME VERY FAVORABLY EXCEPT FOR ONE THING, WHICH MAY BE MERELY TEMPORARY—HER BREATH.....

YOU'VE HIT ON IT, I'M SORRY TO SAY, MISS STACY WAS ONE OF OUR MOST EFFICIENT EMPLOYEES, BUT HER ASSOCIATES COMPLAINED.

THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY

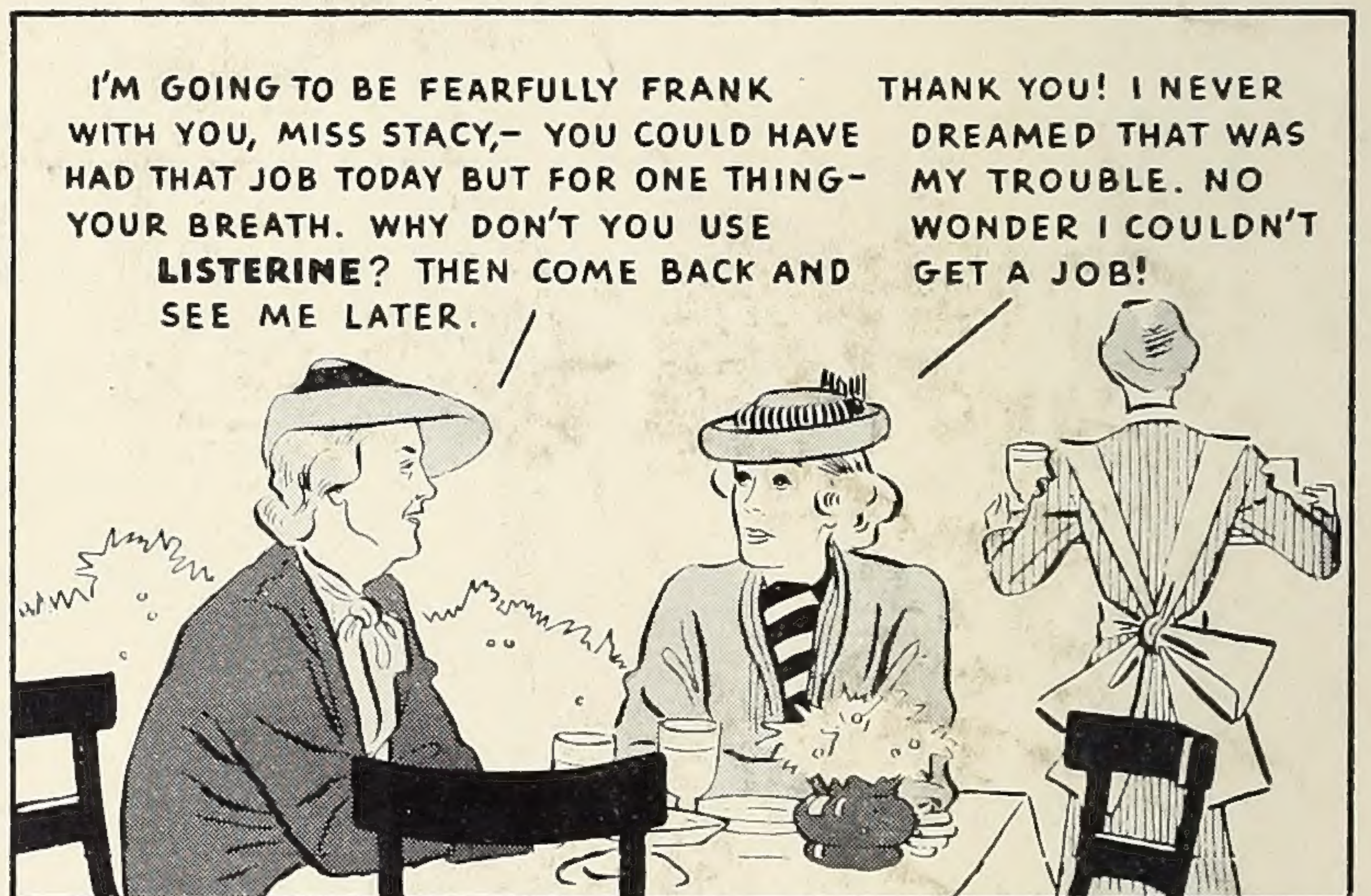


I'M SORRY, MISS STACY, BUT THE POSITION HAS BEEN FILLED. WE FELT THAT A GIRL OF MATURER NATURE WOULD SUIT HER ASSOCIATES BETTER.



I'M SORRY, MISS JONES, BUT I'D COUNTED SO MUCH ON THIS. DESPERATE, I GUESS, AND HUNGRY.

WHY YOU POOR DEAR! COME, WE'LL HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER—MAYBE THINGS WILL SEEM BRIGHTER.



I'M GOING TO BE FEARFULLY FRANK WITH YOU, MISS STACY,— YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT JOB TODAY BUT FOR ONE THING—YOUR BREATH. WHY DON'T YOU USE LISTERINE? THEN COME BACK AND SEE ME LATER.

THANK YOU! I NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS MY TROUBLE. NO WONDER I COULDN'T GET A JOB!



I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL JOB—\$30 A WEEK. MISS JONES IS SUCH A PEACH! FIRST TOLD ME WHAT MY TROUBLE WAS, THEN WHEN THEY FOUND THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE OTHER GIRL, GAVE ME HER JOB.

TO THINK I HADN'T THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU TO USE LISTERINE! EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN IN BUSINESS I'VE USED IT EVERYDAY.

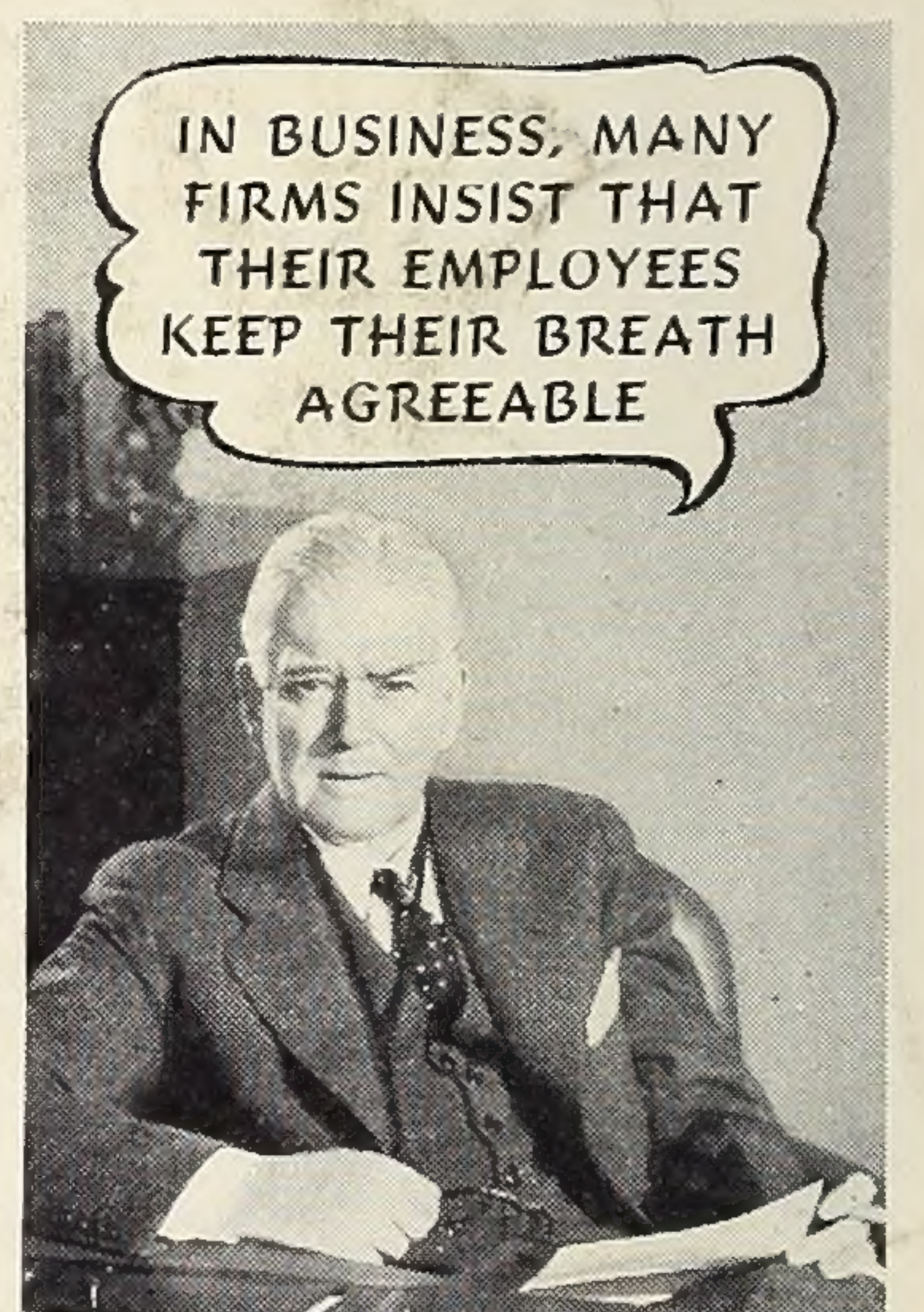
THREE WEEKS LATER

IS YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

Come, tell the truth; you don't know! That's the insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath). You don't know, but others do and are offended. Why run this foolish risk when you can make your breath sweet, more wholesome, and agreeable, by simply rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic? Use it morning and evening and between times before social and business engagements. Listerine Antiseptic first cleanses the entire oral cavity then overcomes breath odors. You know you won't offend.



Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.



IN BUSINESS, MANY FIRMS INSIST THAT THEIR EMPLOYEES KEEP THEIR BREATH AGREEABLE

Hours for her lovely hands— Not a minute for her tender gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

"**S**UCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her *dull, dingy* smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she's like thousands of other girls who *might* have possessed a radiant

smile—who *might* have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature's warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist at once! Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimula-

tion of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparkingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.S.T.

Remember

a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!



GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest

THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

Even Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—with the greatest productions in motion picture history to its credit—has never before made a picture on so lavish a scale as this. Its grandeur will dazzle your eyes...as its romance fills your heart. Garbo, as the temptress who is used to ensnare Charles Boyer as Napoleon; a glorious seductive pawn in an amazing international intrigue. A cast of thousands including Reginald Owen, Alan Marshall, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, C. Henry Gordon. Directed by *Clarence Brown*. Produced by Bernard H. Hyman... Screen Play by Samuel Hoffenstein, Salka Viertel and S. N. Behrman.

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER



REFLECTING *the* MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER, 1937

VOLUME EIGHT
NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
EditorELIZABETH WILSON
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Art Director

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The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Hollywood movie stars don't seem to realize that June is the month for weddings—I suppose taking Christmas art in July and Easter art in December does get them rather confused—because here it is fall and everybody who has a partner is doing an off to Yuma.

Of course, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond did try to give Hollywood a bit of prestige or dignity or something by getting married very properly in a church (you get better presents that way) but Miriam Hopkins, Alice Faye and Anne Shirley are carrying on the tradition of the stage and screen by eloping in the impulsive manner.

Everybody said Miriam wouldn't marry Anatole Litvak, Russian director, because Miriam is fickle and not the marrying type (despite the fact that she's had two husbands) but Miriam showed 'em by planing out of the Burbank airport with her "Tola" one Saturday night, when she had finished at RKO and he had seen the day's rushes of "Tovarich."

In the chartered plane were also Mady Christians, Miriam's best friend, and Fritz Lang, European director, who went along for the ride and to see that Miriam got her ring on her right finger. Thanks to the extra holiday of Labor Day they had two days' honeymoon which they spent in Mexico and then back on Tuesday morning to their respective sweatshops, and boy, I mean sweat.

And everybody said that Alice Faye wouldn't marry Tony Martin because they were always fighting and squabbling—mercy, after all the movies we've had it does seem that by now people would realize that fighting and squabbling only means *luerve*. Anyway, Alice and Tony left in a chartered plane for Yuma early of a Saturday morning (the same Saturday that Miriam chose) and arrived in that little Arizona town when the temperature was reaching a new high of 114. It was indeed a hot wedding and they could hardly wait to get back to Hollywood where they spent their honeymoon at the air-conditioned Trocadero. Alice had to go to work Tuesday morning—Hollywood honeymoons aren't what they should be.

Little Anne Shirley chose Santa Barbara, instead of Yuma, for her elopement to John Howard Payne, and what with a handsome husband and a swell performance in "Stella Dallas" Anne's been walking on clouds ever since.

What I like most about the Hollywood preview is the perfect strabismus (squint to me) it gives you on the romance situation. Having lost faith in the printed word at the age of seven (I think it was "pretty is as pretty does" that threw me) I never believe anything I read in the Hollywood gossip columns and so I have to see the romantic matings for myself. When a boy takes a girl to a preview these days it means he is willing to do more than pose with her, he likes her enough to fight for her, and so preview dates are rather authentic. The most avid preview trotters are Simone Simon and Gene Markey, the double talk lady and Twentieth Century's fair haired boy. Hollywood is still wondering over this bit of mating, one school of thought would have you believe that Mr. Markey has been ordered by the "front office" to teach Mlle. Simone a few manners (always say "Thank you" to a fan and "Yes, Sir," to a cop), but another school would have you believe that Simone reminds Gene of Joan Bennett, who recently divorced him.

Liza

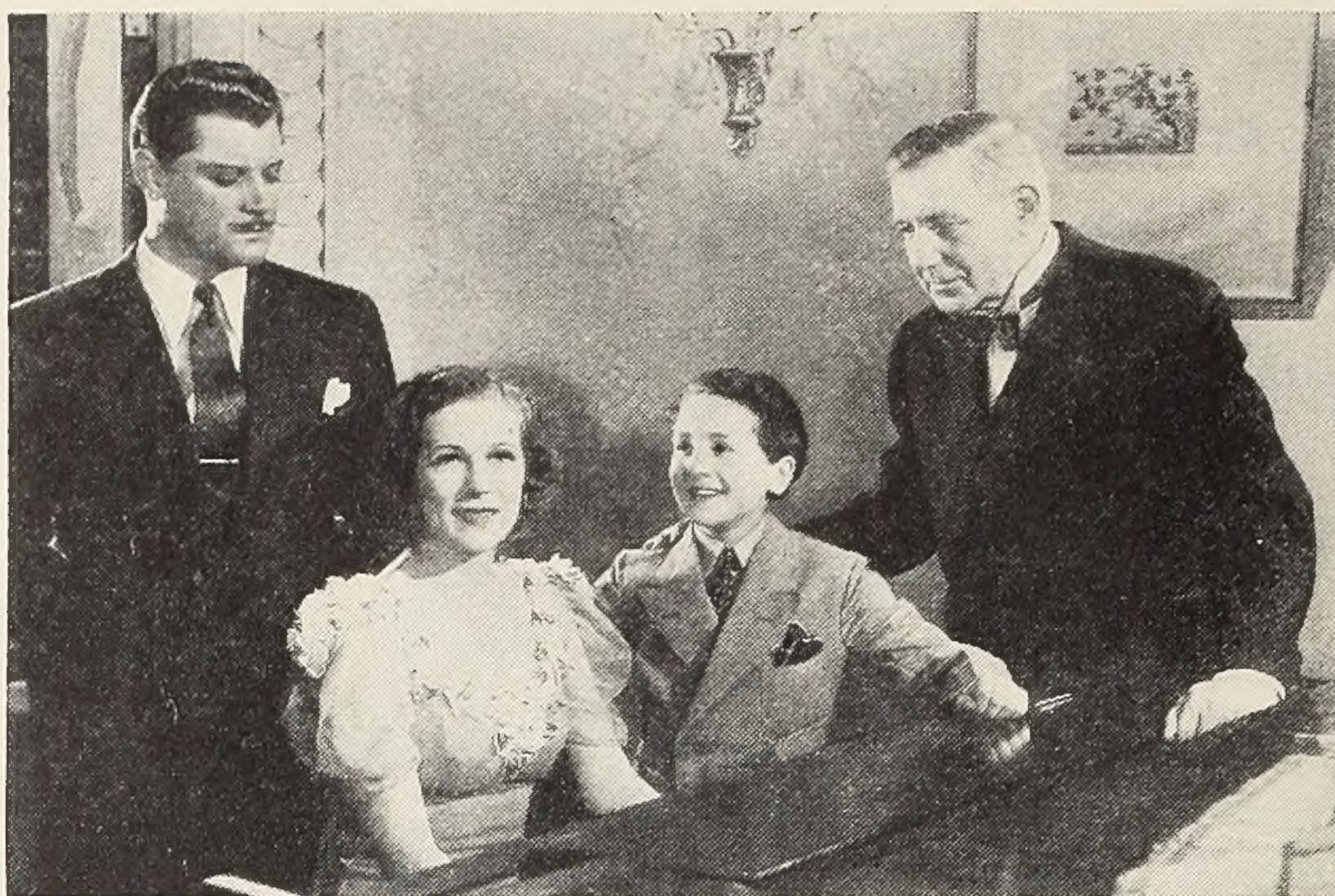
IT'S
RAINING
FLOWERS!



THIS is the cool, fragrant freshener you need every summer day. The finest quality imported talcum powder, scented with lovely April Showers, "The Perfume of Youth" ...yet priced low for debutante allowances.

The Talc, exquisite but not expensive, 28¢.
The Perfume (in purse-sizes), 28¢, 50¢ and \$1.00.

Tips On Pictures



Ralph Forbes, Marion Claire, Bobby Breen and Charles Richman gather around the piano in "Make A Wish."

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE, THE—Fair. Because of a murder mystery which they feel it is up to them to solve, the marriage between Detective Barton MacLane and Newspaper Reporter Glenda Farrell is indefinitely postponed, with some results that are humorous and some that are not.

BROADWAY MELODY OF '38—Fine. This is swell entertainment for all those who like variety shows, with plenty of exceptional tap dancing by Eleanor Powell and Buddy Ebsen, good songs rendered by Sophie Tucker and Judy Garland, romance by the one and only Bob Taylor, and comedy by Bob Benchley and Willie Howard.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND COMES BACK—Fair. This is the least striking of the films concerning that heroic detective, Bulldog Drummond, now played by John Howard capably, but in somewhat college senior fashion. John Barrymore's role as Scotland Yard inspector calls more for adroitness of makeup than for skilful dramatic playing. (Reg. Denny).

DEAD END—Excellent. This is a relentless study of life as it is lived in that corner of New York's most poverty-stricken street, fronting the East River and towered over by one of the city's most opulent apartment houses. Played by a group of boys who are nothing short of marvelous, in addition to such old reliables as Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea and Claire Trevor, the drama of the story cannot help but click.

DOCTOR SYN—Exciting. Everybody who loves tales of high adventure in the swashbuckling days of pirates and smugglers will appreciate this colorful English film starring the suave George Arliss in the title role, a dual one that gives him plenty of scope. (John Loder, Margaret Lockwood.)

EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Fair. Beverly Roberts plays a fading film star who goes to Europe to annex a title for publicity purposes and finds love eternal instead! This is a shaky little comedy that may hold you because of the evident charm of its leading man, Patric Knowles, a newcomer from England who is on Errol Flynn's type.

FIT FOR A KING—Good. Another Joe E. Brown opus, which has a certain brisk and lively style that will carry you along in case you catch it on a double program and—in case you haven't a liking for Mr. Brown. Here Joe plays a struggling newspaper reporter who stumbles on to a lively murder story concerning royalty. (Paul Kelly, Helen Mack.)

GANGWAY—Fair. A musical film from England which sets out to satirize our American gangster methods with very mild results indeed. It's too bad that Jessie Matthews, who has plenty of what it takes, should not get a better break. Speaking in gangster fashion—they sure done wrong by our Jes. And how they dress her! It's a crime.

GOOD EARTH, THE—Excellent. Especially interesting now is this grim tale of China's poverty stricken inhabitants who try to wield a living from the soil. Luise Rainer and Paul Muni give magnificent performances in the two principle roles.

IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD—Interesting. The locale is always interesting to fans. Richard Dix plays the western movie hero who loses his public and, when he wishes to make good a promise to a sick youngster, has to hire the doubles of famous stars to attend a party he gives because he no longer belongs to the "charmed circle." (Fay Wray.)

LIFE OF THE PARTY—Fair. Although this musical boasts the names of four topnotch comedians, Joe Penner, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore and Parkyakarkus, it is not as amusing as it might be. It just misses out. The romantic love interest and the torchy songs are allotted to Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard, but they're not the life of the party either.

MAKE A WISH—Fine. A highly sentimental yarn about a boy at a summer camp who meets a famous composer of operettas and introduces him to his widowed mother who was a former musical comedy singer. The camp setting affords an interesting and beautiful background to the film, especially with Oscar Straus' lovely melodies filling the air. The denouement is just what you expect. (Bobby Breen, Basil Rathbone, Marion Claire.)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—Fair. In which the little schoolma'am from Nebraska inherits the big city newspaper and proceeds to scoop her city editor and other experienced members of the staff on the important stories of the day. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Walter Pidgeon, Edna May Oliver.)

MAYERLING—Excellent. You can catch this French picture at one of the art theatres in your city, and don't pass it up because the dialogue is in French. There are English subtitles which make the action very clear. Mayerling is the hunting lodge in which those unfortunate lovers, Archduke Rudolph of Austria, and Marie Vetsera, met their mysterious and unhappy fate back in 1889. Charles Boyer is superb as Rudolph and lovely Danielle Darrieux is subtly convincing as Marie.

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—So-so. Sophie not only goes west—in the interests of the plot—but she also goes quite good on us, and in the soul-cleansing process she lost all her verve and dash, the attributes which made her such an exciting character in mystery fiction. (Gertrude Michael, Lee Bowman.)

THIN ICE—Fine. That ice-skating marvel, Sonja Henie, proves that she is just as adept on skis as she is on skates—well almost, because it would take a Nijinsky to outdo the lovely Sonja when she hits the ice pond. Tyrone Power is effective as a Prince, living incognito in a Swiss village while his country's politics are being adjusted, and Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher and Joan Davis are excellent in comedy hits.

VICTORIA THE GREAT—Splendid. The private life of one of the greatest queens in history is stressed here, with just enough data about her public life to keep the audience aware of her political importance in history. Anna Neagle is superb as the queen and Anton Walbrook makes a magnificent Prince Consort. This is a lavish production, half-Technicolor, suavely played. Don't miss it.



You've heard the hit  tunes from this great Kern-Hammerstein musical adventure romance on the radio . . . "Can I Forget You?" "The Folks Who Live On the Hill."

You've seen stories  about it everywhere. At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles,

 and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The N.Y.  Times called it . . .

"The Best Show In Town," topping even the big summer  musicals, the hit plays. Now, "High,

Wide and Handsome" comes to your  home town theatre at popular prices . . . with all the excitement, the beauty,

 the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of "Cimarron"

with the charm of "Showboat."  Watch for it.

Irene Dunne

"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"

Randolph Scott

Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER



until she found
a way to add
11 LBS. QUICK
with **IRONIZED YEAST**



**NEVER HAD A
DATE WHEN SHE
WAS THIN. NOW
EVERYBODY
REMARKS ABOUT
HER BETTER
LOOKS, AND SHE
HAS ALL THE
DATES SHE
WANTS!**



*Posed by
professional
models*

"I KNOW what it is to be skinny and pale. The fellows never look at you. Finally I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppier, my skin got smooth and in just 4 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want."—Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and normally lovely color, new pep and charm, loads of new friends and popularity.

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and run-down simply because they do not get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food. Without these elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat. One of the richest sources of marvelous health-building Vitamin B is the special yeast used in making English ale.

Now by a new and costly process, perfected after long research, the vitamins from this imported English ale yeast are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast! This 7-power vitamin concentrate is then combined with three kinds of strength-building iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron); also pasteurized English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take, marvelously effective little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skinniest people who needed their vital elements quickly to gain just the normally attractive pounds, natural development and peppy health they longed for.

Make this money-back test

If, with the very first package of Ironized Yeast, you don't begin to eat better and get more enjoyment and benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength, pep and energy—if you are not absolutely convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds of normally attractive flesh you need—your money will be promptly refunded. So get Ironized Yeast today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2611, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get the genuine IRONIZED YEAST.

GET READY FOR THAT HEAVY DATE!

Your Skin Must Radiate
Good Health, For Eve-
ning Gowns Demand
Perfection.

By Mary Lee

NOW that the season for dancing dates and theater parties is in full swing every girl wants to show a face she can be proud of! Ginger Rogers, blonde beauty in RKO-Radio's "Stage Door," keeps her complexion in the pink of condition, just as she does her twinkling toes.

It's a good time to get an honest mirror view of your face and neck, after you've removed every trace of powder, rouge, lipstick and eye embellishments. Consider your complexion point by point, and be honest about its defects. And remember your complexion doesn't stop at the chin-line but includes your neck, too.

If powder cakes on your nose, there are little flakes on your cheeks, you see new lines showing up around your eyes and mouth, or your neck has a sandpapery roughness—those are sure signs your skin is too dry. It needs to be lubricated with a cream that makes up for the natural oils your own system is being too stingy with.

The idea that a lubricating cream has to be left on all night is being exploded with a bang. The time such a cream does the most good is after your skin has been thoroughly washed with soap and water, it's deep-pore clean, and the healthy circulation has been brought to the surface.

Are you surprised when I tell you a dry skin should be washed with soap and water? It's a positive fact. Only you must be careful in your choice of soap. A true and tried beauty soap that's mild enough for the finest skin is your old friend Ivory. Its action is gentle, yet its snowy lather gets down into those pores and cleans them out so that the lubricating cream can do its best work.

Soap-and-water washing, especially if you use a complexion brush, helps bring the healthy circulation up to the surface. We're going to tell you some other ways to make your own bloodstream bring natural health and beauty to your complexion.

One of the most exciting methods is the DuBarry Beauty-Angle Treatment. It's been such a startling success since the treatment was started at the Hudnut Salon, that it's just been adapted for home use. In the salon, treatments are given in a specially constructed chair that is gradually adjusted so your head is lower than your feet, and the natural, free flow of circulation goes to your cheeks. Not only are you comfortable and wonderfully relaxed in this position, but your skin is prepared to get the best possible results from each preparation applied. When you get up after the treatment, your mirror tells you that your skin is looking its loveliest and you feel full of mental energy, as if all the cobwebs had been swept away from your brain!

You can give yourself the DuBarry



Ginger Rogers is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. No wonder, when she looks as ravishing as this in her evening togs!

Beauty-Angle treatment at home with the help of an attractive kit called the DuBarry Beauty-Angle Box. It contains the necessary preparations and a booklet telling you just how to take the treatment as it's given in the salon. Your own bed and pillows placed at the right spots take the place of the beauty-angle chair.

Soap-and-water washing and stimulation are even more important for an oily skin than a dry one. It's the lazy pores, letting too much oil seep through to the surface, that cause "shine," make your face attract dust and dirt like a magnet, and lead to coarsened texture, blackheads or blemishes. Make those pores work through stimulation, and they'll tighten up so that the natural flow of oil normalizes itself.

There are special preparations that are effective in helping to clear up a skin that's marred by blackheads and blemishes. An excellent one is Noxzema, a greaseless, medicated face cream that's won an enviable reputation for results.

Exciting news on the beauty front is the sweeping popularity of a new line of facial preparations made from sun-ripened fruits, luscious avocados and the Southern-grown papaya melon. There are four products, all liquid or semi-liquid and put up in matching bottles. These include a cleansing cream, lubricating cream, astringent skin tonic and foundation. We've used them all and are enthusiastic in our praises. Their name is "Sundlyme" and they come from Florida. Department stores carry them.

If you want to make your skin especially alluring for evening, you should know about Miner's Liquid Make-up. It gives a youthful, velvety finish to face, arms and neck that won't rub off or streak. You simply pour a small quantity in the palm of your hand, apply it with your fingertips and blend it evenly over the surface that shows. It comes in several skin-tone shades. Some women like to use it as an all-day complexion make-up, too.

Zola

—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season
—Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.

—Kate Cameron,
N. Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.

—Frank Nugent, N. Y. Times

So far superior...so superlative...that this department temporarily abandoned its job of being critical.

—The Digest



Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI in THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

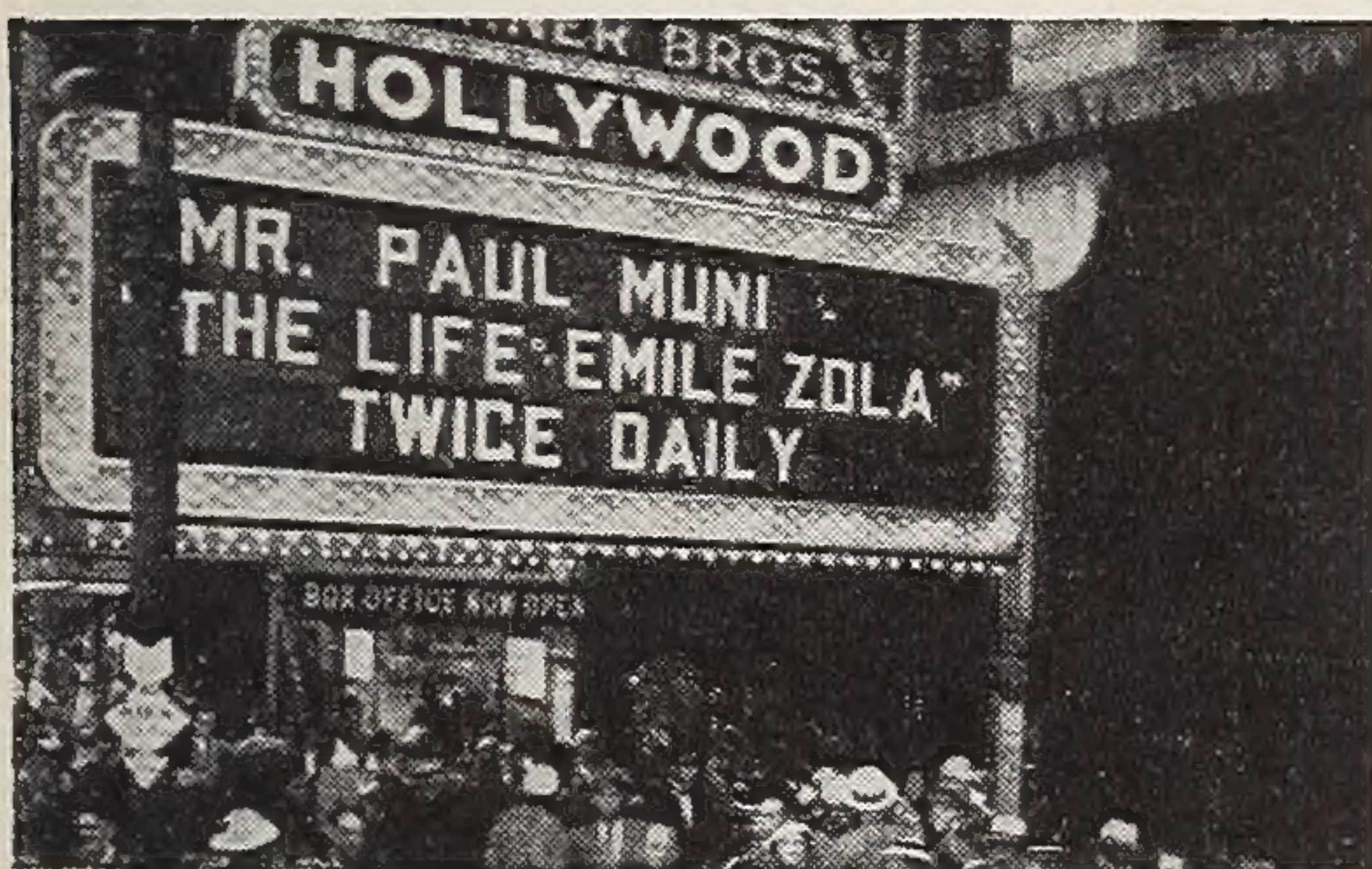
WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING:

Gale Sondergaard Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore •
Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed
by William Dieterle

Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.



Don't miss the picture that packed America's leading theatres for weeks at \$2.20 a seat. Coming to your favorite theatre soon.



Soon to be shown
at popular prices!



Every Member of the Family Says
"There's Nothing Quite Like"
Alka-Seltzer

...and they all say it with a smile. Yes, Alka-Seltzer is making millions of homes happier by helping all members of the family to keep feeling at their best because of the quick, pleasant relief it gives from Headaches, Upset Stomach, or other common ailments. An Alka-Seltzer tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant tasting effervescent solution which relieves pain and helps correct the excess acid condition so often associated with common ailments.

AT ALL DRUG STORES — 30 and 60c PACKAGES
Also served by the glass at Drug Store fountains



FATHER

BROTHER

TUNE IN
The Alka-Seltzer Na-
tion al Barn Dance
Every Saturday Night
N.B.C. Network.

Keeps
You Looking
LOVELY Longer
MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



At parties, dances, every-
where — does your skin re-
main flawless, alluring,
youthful? Compliments and
a flattering skin can be
yours with Miner's Liquid
Make-Up. Apply it to face,
neck, arms — then feel the
velvety skin texture. A
miracle? No—just Miner's!
Lasts all day. Won't rub off or
streak. Shades: peach, rachel,
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dep't stores, 50c. Trial sizes at
all 10c counters, or mail coupon.

MINER'S, 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.
Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for
trial bottle Miner's Liquid Make-Up.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ Shade _____

HEARTY BREAKFASTS FOR CHILLY MORNINGS

By Ruth Corbin

Even though she's mar-
ried to Bob Cobb, owner
of a restaurant in Holly-
wood, Gail Patrick does
not hesitate to try
her hand at pancakes.
There's been no com-
plaint from Bob — as
yet!



IF YOU would serve a different ham and
egg dish, split some English Muffins and
toast on both sides. Butter while hot
and place them where they will stay hot.
Broil some slices of cooked ham lightly,
cut the size of the halved muffin. Place on
muffin and cover with a poached egg. Serve
with cream sauce.

BACON SCRAMBLE

8 slices bacon (dice 4)
4 eggs
Dash of pepper
6 small slices bread (diced)
1/4 cup milk
A little salt

Fry bacon until brown. Remove whole
slices from pan, add bread and toss with
diced bacon and Crisco until well seasoned
and slightly browned. Add eggs beaten with
milk and seasoning. Scramble as usual and
lay over each serving a slice of bacon.
Serve with grilled sliced tomatoes and—

GINGER CHEESE MUFFINS

2 cups Swansdown Flour
1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted Spry
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1 beaten egg
1/2 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses
2/3 cups grated cheese (Krafts)

Sift all dry ingredients together. Beat
egg well and add gradually the milk, then
dry ingredients, stirring constantly, then
molasses. Slowly add second mixture to
dry ingredients, stirring constantly. When
smooth, add melted Spry. Fold in grated
cheese last. Half fill greased muffin tins
with mixture and bake in moderate oven
(350° F.) 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

Pancakes are a universal favorite and are
welcome for any type of menu. They may
be served plain or with various accom-
paniments.

FLANNEL CAKES

Beat 1 egg well. Add cup milk, a table-
spoon of sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups
sifted flour, 3 tablespoons vinegar and
lastly 1/4 teaspoon of soda. Egg may be
omitted but it makes them lighter. Cook
on griddle 'til nicely brown on both sides.

FRENCH PANCAKES

1/2 cup flour 2 teaspoons melted
1 teaspoon Royal Crisco
Baking Powder 1 egg
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 cup hot milk

Sift flour, baking powder and salt to-
gether. Beat egg lightly and add hot milk
and melted Crisco. When slightly cool stir
into sifted ingredients. Beat until perfectly
smooth. Grease heated griddle with Crisco.
Use about 2 tablespoons batter for each
pancake. Spread about size of a salad dish,
very thin, and cook to a golden brown.
Wrap them around little pig sausages or
serve with butter and syrup. They may be
served funnel shape and filled with brown
sugar and butter which melts to a thin
syrup, with preserves or marmalade.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST

Grapefruit or Orange Juice
*Grilled Shad Roe
*Scrambled Eggs Supreme
Hot Coffee Milk

GRILLED SHAD ROE

Open a can of shad roe. Drain, split and
season with salt and pepper. Dredge lightly
with flour and broil or grill in hot fat.
Put 2 tablespoons butter into a small fry-
ing pan. Add juice of one-half a lemon.
Boil up. Pour over shad roe.

SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPREME

Break into a bowl as many eggs as
needed. Add 1 dessertspoon of milk or
cream for each egg. Season well. Add small
piece of butter. Turn eggs into double
boiler. Begin to "whisk" them at once,
continue until eggs are nearly done. Then
take boiler from hot water and finish cook-
ing off the stove. Put on platter with roe
and garnish with sliced tomatoes.

No breakfast menu article would be com-
plete without waffles. And here is one of
the finest recipes I have ever found.

2 eggs (yolks) 3 teaspoons baking
1 1/2 to 2 cups flour powder
1 cup milk 2 tablespoons melted
1 teaspoon salt Crisco
2 egg whites 2 tablespoons sugar

Measure, mix and sift all dry ingredients.
Add milk gradually, then egg yolks and
Crisco. Mix thoroughly. Lastly, fold in egg
whites, stiffly beaten.

NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER
IN "STAGE DOOR"

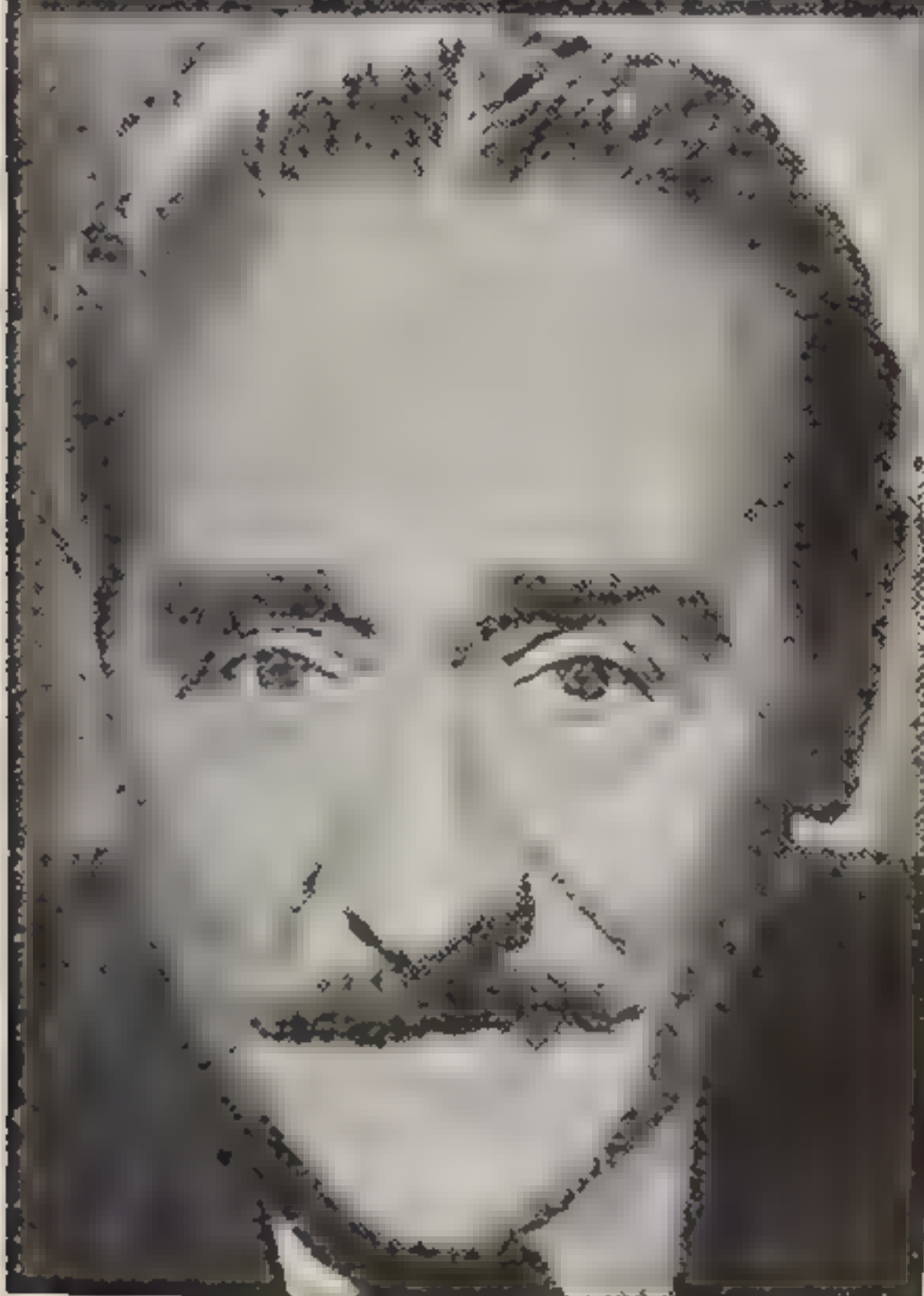
Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERMAN... intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity—and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!

Stage Door

KATHARINE GINGER
HEPBURN ★ ROGERS

A D O L P H E
MENJOU

WITH
GAIL PATRICK CONSTANCE COLLIER • ANDREA LEEDS
SAMUEL S. HINDS • LUCILLE BALL • FROM THE PLAY BY EDNA FERBER AND GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
DIRECTED BY GREGORY LA CAVA • PRODUCED BY PANDRO S. BERMAN



SCREEN PLAY BY
MORRIE RYSKIND AND ANTHONY VEILLER

SILVER SCREEN

11



EYES MEN ADORE

SPARKLING, glamorous eyes can hold a man entranced—fascinated! But eyes that are tired, dull, or red, disillusion men!

Before going out, *think first of your eyes*. Use **ibath**...the wonderful new solution that is the exact formula of a specialist's prescription.

Quickly...*safely*...**ibath** acts in 4 ways to step up brilliance:

1. It gently washes away surface dirt
2. Safely relaxes tired eye muscles
3. Reduces redness
4. Promotes natural secretions, which keep your eyes bright, lustrous

How much better your eyes feel—instantly! Rested. Relaxed. How much better they look! Sparkling. Young.

Get **ibath** at any good drug department. Only 50 cents—the price of a manicure—and an eye-cup comes with every bottle. **ibath** is made by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians and hospitals for over 100 years. So you see—it *must* be safe.

McKESSON & ROBBINS

ibath



Personal to Fat Girls!—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Prescription Tablets a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Millions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as flabby as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.



John King and Joy Hodges in a photo finish in Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938"

By S. R. Mook

There Are Many Films In The Making And The Busy Studios Are The Most

PICTURES
ON THE
FIRE

Interesting Places In Hollywood. A Survey Of The Pictures To Come.

UP WITH the birds and singing like a lark (Liar!) over the prospect of visiting the studios today. So off we go. There is most doing at—

R-K-O

SO WE start here. Of course, their biggest picture is "Damsel in Distress" starring Fred Astaire—alone for the first time since he met Ginger Rogers. Joan Fontaine, who goes from picture to picture with the agility of a monkey swinging from limb to limb (no inference intended) is his leading lady. Joan bids fair to outdistance sister Olivia deHavilland. RKO, it seems to me, have overlooked a great publicity stunt in failing to tell the public she is a descendant of the famous Havilland china makers. But that's their funeral—not mine.

It seems at Tottleigh Castle (the ancestral home of Lord Marshmoreton (Montague Love) and his beautiful daughter (Joan) the servants are drawing for a sweepstakes on the coming betrothal of Joan, who is being held practically a prisoner until she announces whom she is going to marry. Most of the servants think Ray Noble (adored stepson of Joan's doughty aunt (Constance Collier) will be the lucky man. The butler (Reginald Gardner) draws Ray's ticket but a page boy (Harry Watson) insists Joan is in love with a mysterious stranger and enters a ticket on this "Mr. X."

Joan eludes her guards and hurries to

London. In London an American dancer (that's right. Fred Astaire) has become a celebrity, thanks to the high-pressure publicity of his press-agent (George Burns) and his secretary (Gracie Allen). They flood the papers with lurid stories of Fred's love-life and conquests. As Fred gets into a cab, Joan jumps in and begs him to help her escape. They are overtaken by Reginald Gardner and Harry Watson. Harry, thinking Fred is the mysterious "Mr. X", promises to help him. A policeman comes up to arrest the disputants but Fred gets away during an "ingenuous street dance routine" as he sings "I Can't Be Bothered Now." Imagine stopping to sing and dance with a cop after you! But, of course, this is a musical comedy.

To make a long story short (or should I have started sooner?) Fred gets smuggled into the castle by Harry, and into Joan's boudoir. Her flustered actions convince him she is in love with him so he rents a cottage in the neighborhood—against Mr. Burns' objections.

This is the first time I have ever seen Mr. Astaire when he really looked like one of the world's ten best dressed men, but he is sure wearing clothes today. "What is it?" he demands gruffly of Joan. "May I come in?" she smiles.

HAIL! *the conquering hero comes!*



Hollywood hails Atterbury Dodd...the timid soul who took the studios to town! Are there laughs? Is there romance? Are there thrills? Clarence Buddington Kelland, the Saturday Evening Post author who gave you "Mr. Deeds" and "Catspaw", never wrote a funnier adventure...and with this star-studded cast tossing the excitement together...Wow!



WALTER WANGER
presents



LESLIE HOWARD · BLONDELL

"Stand-in"



with HUMPHREY BOGART

ALAN MOWBRAY · MARLA SHELTON

C. HENRY GORDON · JACK CARSON

Directed by TAY GARNETT

Screenplay by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER

Released thru United Artists

Telegram
FOR
Mrs. Cole!

TELEGRAM

MRS ED COLE
WINTER ILL

WEEP NO MORE MY LADY GET MENTHOLATUM
TO RELIEVE SNEEZING STUFFINESS NASAL
IRRITATION DUE TO COLD IT'S WONDERFUL
JOY N COMFORT

To Quickly Relieve
COLD
DISCOMFORTS

use
MENTHOLATUM

Gives
COMFORT
Daily

BEAUTIFUL FORM
in 3 to 5 weeks by the famous
Parisian Methods

IF your bust has lost its beauty through illness, cares, motherhood, or age,
IF your bust is insufficiently or over developed.

LET ME HELP YOU
by my famous treatments for
STRENGTHENING DEVELOPING or REDUCING
each treatment being entirely different.
These methods are applied externally and cannot have any ill effect; they entail no special regime, no fatiguing exercise, no internal medication, and for 26 years have been used all over the world with remarkable success.

FREE OFFER
Readers of SCREENLAND will receive, under plain cover, full details about DEVELOPING or STRENGTHENING or REDUCING. Mail today to Mme. HELENE DUROY, 11 rue de Miromesnil, Div. U13D, Paris (8e) France. Please give address in block letters and enclose 10 cts. stamp for answer. Postage 6 cts.



Fred grouchy opens the lower half of the door. Joan peeps under it very coyly, so he gets a bored look on his face and opens the top half. Then she steps into the room.

"I suppose it seems very odd to you—my coming here like this," she begins.

"Not at all," Fred rejoins sarcastically. "Neighborly. Won't you have a seat?"

"No, thank you. I can only stay a moment," she replies.

"Please do," he urges her. "I'll feel safer if you're sitting"—remembering the bop on the jaw she gave him when they were standing. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"No-o-o," she stammers, embarrassed. "I—I wanted to see you."

"You've come just in time," he tells her. "I'm leaving for Paris almost immediately."

"You—you're never coming back?" she gasps in dismay.

"Don't worry," Fred reassures her. "You can always buy a punching bag."

"That's what I came to see you about," she begins and then confusion overtakes her as her embarrassment grows. "Father has just explained everything to me and now I understand how it happened."

"I see," Fred agrees. "Your father explained to you why you slapped me."

"No, no. You see, things are frightfully mixed up. Father made a mistake about you, and, after he spoke to you yesterday, you—naturally thought you—you were somebody else."

"Oh, I did, eh?" Fred puts in.

"And," she rushes on, "you didn't know, of course. I thought you were being—yourself. And then—father explained that he thought you were the other man, and then, of course, how were you to know I didn't mean you. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," Fred assures her.

"Now, do you see why I—I slapped you?" she inquires eagerly.

"Just a minute," he interrupts. "Whom did you slap—me or the other man?"

It sounds like one of the Marx Brothers' routines to me but the director is apparently satisfied because he says, "All right, let's take it!"

"For heaven's sake," my guide whispers, grabbing me by the sleeve, "don't stand there. You're right in his line of vision and if he looks up and sees a strange face he has a fit!"

"I suppose," I rejoin sarcastically as I move, "when he was on the stage for fifteen years the hundreds of people in the audience every night were all intimate friends of his? None of them were strangers, huh?"

The atmosphere is getting pretty tense around here so we leave and proceed to the next set. Here Wheeler and Woolsey are at work on "High Flyers—their last picture together for a long, long time—account of Woolsey's stomach. It's on the blink.

This picture has more plot than any of the other comedies these boys have made and I hope it will be their best—so they can part on a high note as it were.

Things are continually disappearing in the household of Paul Harvey and despite the crystal-gazing efforts of his wife (Margaret Dumont) no one can find them and no one suspects that the culprit is a canine kleptomaniac—a cute little Boston bull named Spots.

The next set is "Love in a Basement." R-K-O made this picture years ago with Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster. It was called "Rafter Romance." Now they've changed the locale from an attic to a basement and substituted Whitney Bourne and James Dunn for the other two.

When I get inside, they are lining up for the next shot. The script girl says something to Dunn and Jimmie whirls on her and says, "Will you please let me relax for a minute? I worked until 2:00 o'clock this morning and I was here again at 9:00."

"Say!" Scriptie screams. "Who da ya think yah talkin' to?"

Jimmie grins and pinches her cheek. "The sweetest girl in the world, DEAR," he murmurs. So bloodshed is averted.

This was a cute picture before and it should be again. Jimmie and Whitney room in the same house. Both are behind with their rent. Jimmie works nights and Whitney works days. The landlord (Solly Ward) hasn't the heart to turn them out so he hits on the idea of having them occupy the same room—in the basement. They'll never meet he assures them. They never do meet but they hate each other and write sarcastic notes. She sends an undertaker to remove Jimmie's body while he's asleep and he puts a live lobster in her bed. Nice kids.

But they do meet—at a nearby restaurant one evening and fall in love. Jimmie gets into a fight on Whit's account and gets knocked cold. She has him brought into her room, little dreaming it is also his room.

She is reluctantly explaining to Jimmie that she shares the room with an unknown stranger. "There!" she finishes triumphantly. "I've explained it all. You see, I've never even seen him."

"I see, darling," he begins, tongue in



Alan Mowbray, Lola Lane, Allyn Joslyn and Grant Mitchell in a dramatic sequence in "Hollywood Hotel"



Whitney Bourne, Franklin Pangborn and James Dunn working in "Love in a Basement"

cheek, when the door bursts open and the landlord and the daughter of Jimmie's boss (who is on the make—the daughter, I mean, not the boss) and a lot of the roomers rush in.

"Mary," the landlord begins to Whitney, "this isn't right. You know the agreement."

"What agreement?" Whitney asks in puzzlement. "Perhaps someone will be kind enough to explain."

Jimmie doesn't want her to know he is the hapless individual who shares the room with her, so he puts in his two-bits worth, rather apprehensively. "I don't know why one's privacy must be disturbed like this."

"Now, Mary," the landlord continues, a tear in his voice, "after all my trust, I see you've broken your word." He points to Mary. "You from eight in the evening to eight in the morning and him," indicating Jimmie, "from eight in the morning to eight in the evening."

"You!" Whitney screams at Jimmie in her best ten, twenty, thirty manner as the situation dawns on her.

As Robert Benchley has often remarked, "Love conquers all."

AND so, Allah be praised, we come to the last set on this lot. It is "There Goes The Groom" starring Ann Sothorn and Burgess Meredith. There are signs all over the place "No visitors." "You'd better wait here," my guide suggests, "while I go see if I can get you on the set."

[Continued on page 60]

NEW AND BETTER PICTURE TITLES

"Don't Forget To Remember" (Burgess Meredith) has been changed to . . . "There Goes the Groom"

"A Love Like That" (Barbara Stanwyck) has been changed to . . . "Breakfast for Two"

"Don't Pull Your Punches" (Wayne Morris) has been changed to . . . "The Kid Comes Back"

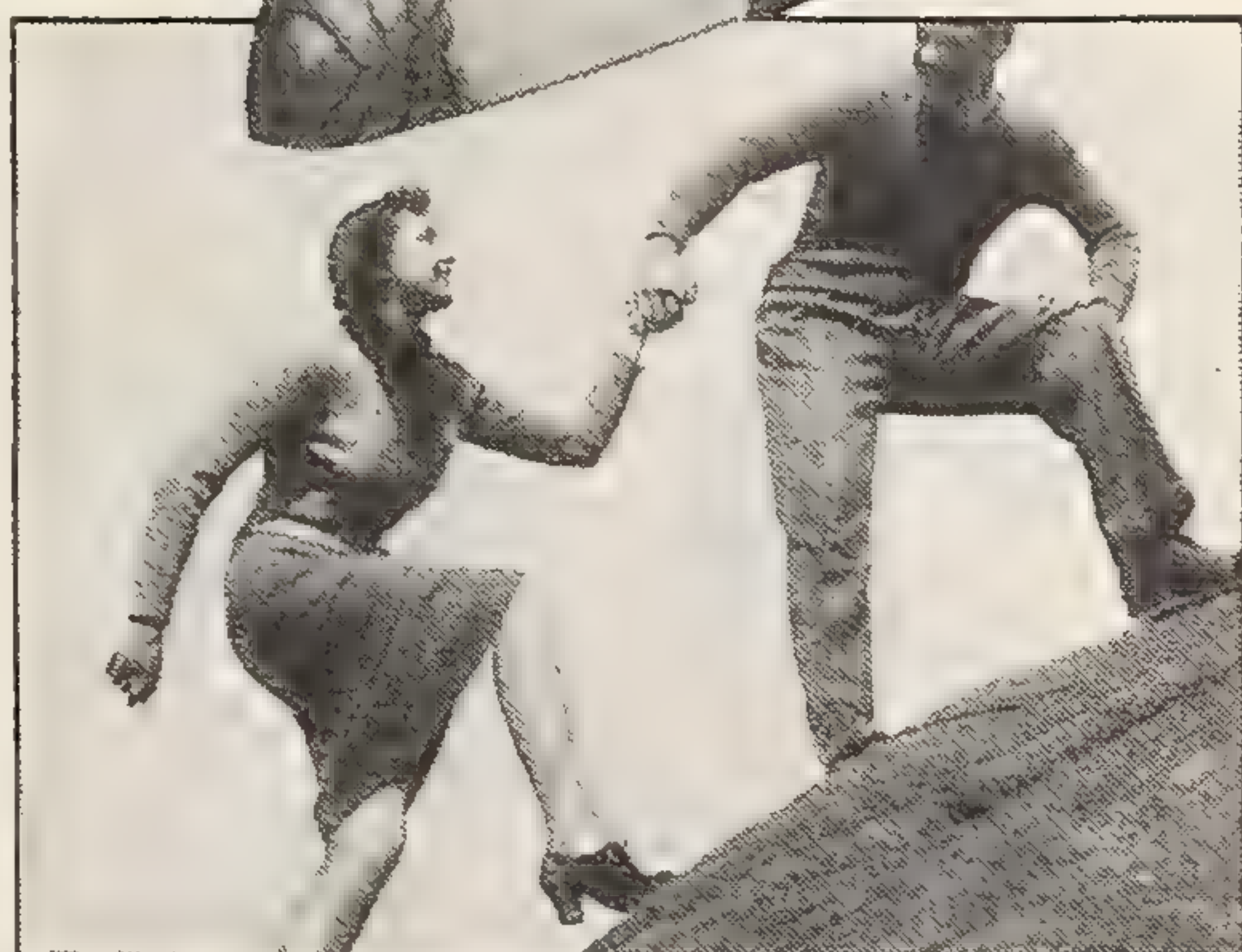
"The Great Diamond Mystery" (Cesar Romero) has been changed to . . . "Dangerously Yours"

"It Never Happened Before" (Lily Pons) has been changed to . . . "Hitting a New High"

POPULAR MODEL GIVES TIP ON SAVING STOCKINGS!

I cut my stocking
bills IN HALF by
using Ivory Flakes
one minute
each night!

Here's the girl you see in lots of fashion photographs — lovely Evelyn Kelly. "I furnish my own stockings," she says, "and Ivory Flakes save me money. Stockings washed with pure suds wear twice as long."



ACTION! DEMANDS PHOTOGRAPHER. Look at the strain on Evelyn's sheer stockings! They can take it, because they're kept fresh and strong by Ivory care!



ONE MINUTE PLEASE! Evelyn Kelly, popular photographers' model, takes one minute at bedtime to dash her stockings through Ivory Flakes suds. "Now they wear twice as long."

Pure soap prevents weakening of silk stockings

"Protecting the freshness of silk is the whole secret of getting real wear from stockings," say fine stores. "That's why we advise the soap flakes made from the famous pure Ivory Soap—the soap that protects even a baby's young skin."

Don't pile up stockings you've worn—don't use any soap less pure than Ivory Flakes—don't let your stockings get stale. All these make silk grow weak and old.

Start tonight with Ivory Flakes. One minute of daily care can add weeks of wear—Ivory Flakes are pure economy!



TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



HEY! HEY!
HAYWIRE
HILARITY!

YEA! YEA!
SINGING!
STEPPING!

HI! HI!
CUTIES!
BEAUTIES!

HA! HA!
WOTTA
LIFE!

WOTTA
RIOT!
WOTTA
LAFFA-
PALOOZA!

Those merry-
maniacs of
melody! That
three-Ritz circus!
Madder and merrier,
wilder and whackier
than in "Sing,
Baby, Sing...
On the Avenue...
and "You Can't
Have Everything!"
The fastest,
funniest,
tuniest hits
that they
or anybody
else ever
made!

Tunes to make life
begin for you!...
"Big Chief Swing It", "Our
Team Is On The Warpath", "The
Rhumba Goes Collegiate", "Fair
Lombardy", "Why Talk About
Love?" by Lew Pollack and
Sidney D. Mitchell • "Sweet
Varsity Sue" by Charles Tobias,
Al. Lewis and Murray Mencher



Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of production

The RITZ BROTHERS in "LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"

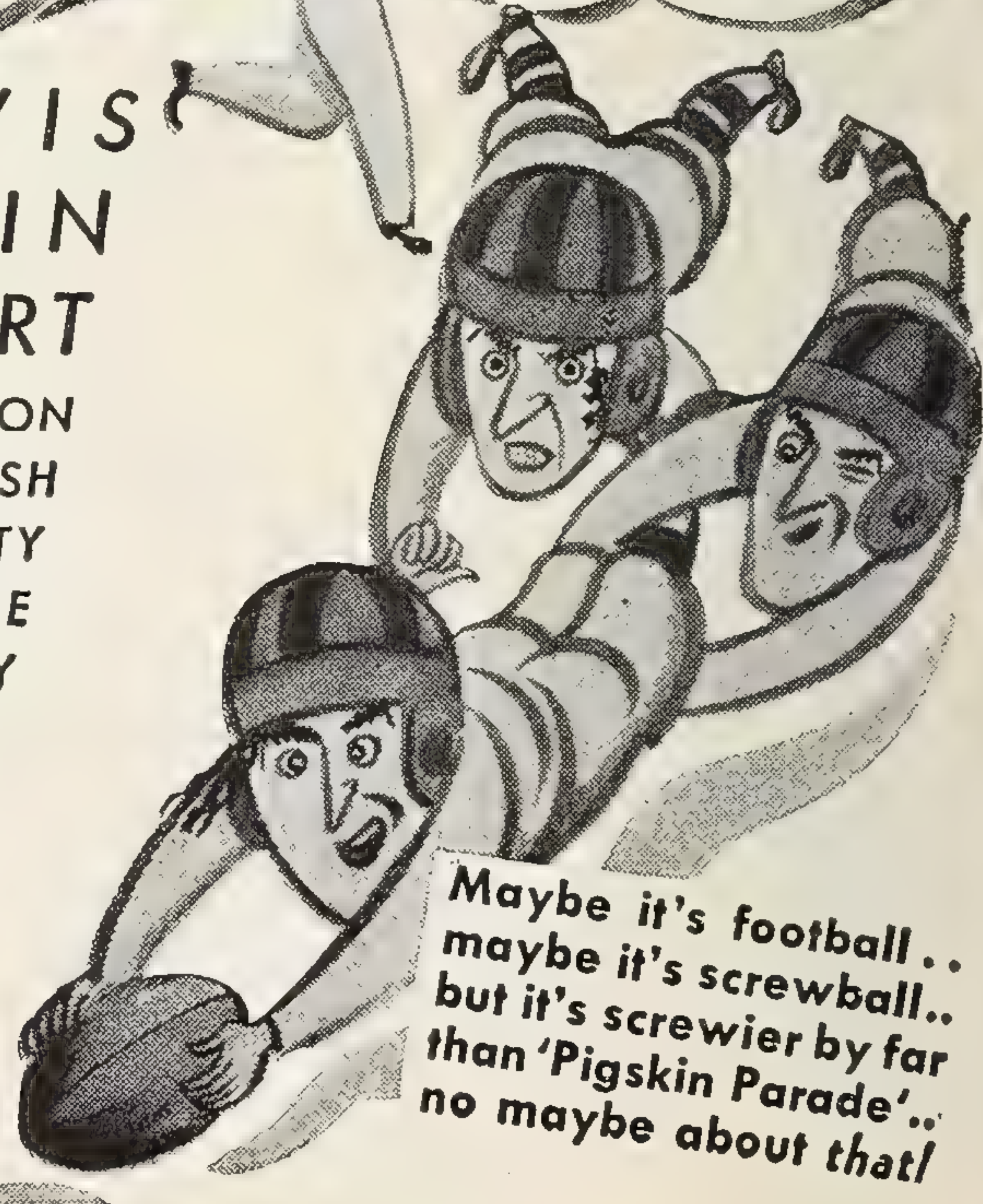
with a glo-roarious cast
of entertainment's top-
notchers!

JOAN DAVIS
TONY MARTIN
GLORIA STUART

FRED STONE • NAT PENDLETON
DICK BALDWIN • JOAN MARSH
DIXIE DUNBAR • JED PROUTY
MAURICE CASS • MARJORIE
WEAVER • ROBERT LOWERY
LON CHANEY, JR.

Directed by William A. Seiter

Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell
Ware • Ritz Brothers Specialty Routines by
Sam Pokrass, Sid Kuller and Ray Golden





Little Shirley Temple is growing up, and what a pretty girl she is going to be! With Charles Cavanaugh in "Heidi."

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossip

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Grace Moore will have you believe that there is nothing to the rumor that they are feuding. It all started when a Hollywood columnist wrote a long article to the effect that Jeanette MacDonald was the best singer on the screen. So it was just assumed that La Moore would resent that—there is not any evidence that she did—and when Norman Shearer gave a dinner party recently and sat Jeanette right next to Grace everybody said, "Oh goodie, there'll be a bit of verbal clawing now." To their annoyance, Grace and Jeanette were very cordial to each other. And a week or so later when the Basil Rathbones, Hollywood's Number One Party Tossers, gave a party in honor of the newly-weds, the Gene Raymonds and the Buddy Rogers, Hollywood's top flight prima donnas, Jeanette and Grace and Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout, chatted together congenially all evening. What they said to each other was all very very pleasant, but what they thought of each other we'll never know.

AFTER living in rented apartments and small un-chic houses for the last nine years Kay Francis has finally decided to become a Hollywood resident and is building a home of her own. It will be the usual movie star showplace—a hilltop and a swimming pool.

GLENDA FARRELL and Mary Brian introduced the very last note in fashion innovations when they attended a supper dance recently at the Beverly Wilshire. Glenda carried an evening bag fashioned of real gardenias, lined in satin with white satin straps. Mary carried an evening muff designed from seventy-five white gardenias, with tiny blue bachelor buttons furnishing a decorative design.

FROM London comes the news that Merle Oberon and David Niven are both working there in the same studio but you'd never know from the supreme indifference with which they ignore each other that they were once Hollywood's most romantic couple. Why, Merle even used to follow David around the Bel Air golf course, and

David even sat in a beauty salon while Merle was having her hair done. Alas and alack, another day another love.

DOLORES DEL RIO is the proud recipient of an exquisite new evening gown, sent her from Paris by Chanel. The gown is designed from red and white ribbons, woven basket-like into a moulded line. Del Rio wears it with her customary dash and sweep.

WHENEVER Buck Jones issues a personal check, he's actually giving some one an autographed photo of himself. Buck's checks have a picture of himself astride a bucking horse, and his bank won't accept any others. Which isn't conceit on the western star's part, but simply a novel and effective method of avoiding the danger of getting his autograph on a blank check and then filling in the figures.

Bank clerks used to have fifty million fits trying to figure out whether or not Carole Lombard's checks were forgeries or the real thing. Carole, it seems, never writes her name twice in the same manner, and you can readily see how it might be a trifle confusing to the boys in the cages. But Fieldsie, her secretary manager, finally came to their rescue and devised a plan whereby every Lombard check must have a special notation on it before a bank clerk is to honor it.

BILL POWELL gave Myrna Loy a bushel of cookies on her birthday. Her husband, Arthur Hornblow Jr., did much better by her, however, he came across with diamond and sapphire earrings, necklace and bracelet.

WHAT makes movie stars laugh? The following paragraph which appeared in one of the daily gossip columns has been repeated at practically every dinner table in Hollywood, with dozens of glamour girls laughing so hard over it that they choke on the consomme. This is what throws

them into stitches: Herbert Marshall was asked if he'd pose for a picture showing the rear view of his head for a guessing contest that one of the magazines is running. "Certainly," said Mr. Marshall, "but the contestants won't have much trouble identifying me if they saw my last film, 'Angel,' with Marlene Dietrich."

AND there are those who say that poor Marlene will have nothing less than a stroke when she reads in the Paris newspapers that Lubitsch made re-takes on "Angel" with Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas—and having no Dietrich around he used the back of her stand-in's head for the new scenes!

SOMETHING new in tangoes was danced by Mary Pickford and Cesar Romero at a party the other night. Mary, who comes right about to Cesar's belt buckle, did the entire tango without once having her feet touch the floor.

IN THE swell fight finish of "Big City" you will notice that Man Mountain Dean does his fighting on a pair of crutches, which happens to be authentic, not a gag. Dean broke his leg before he had to do his scene in "Big City," and to move him about on the set the studio property department had a huge wheel chair made up for him. "It's much more comfortable than the one I have at home," Dean commented to the star of the picture, Luise Rainer, one day when she was chatting with him on the set. "It's bigger, and the back is easier." The next day when Man Mountain arrived on the set he found a note on the chair informing him that the chair was his for keeps, a gift from Luise Rainer.

DON'T ever accept an invitation to lunch with Joan Blondell when she is on a diet, because she'll hate you if you don't share her diet lunch, and you'll hate her if you do (it's that bad). "Anything that tastes good, don't eat," is her simple solution.



Allan Jones relaxes with Irene Hervey.



Charles Boyer serving Margaret Lindsay at a crowded buffet.



One of the most popular pools in town is at the West Side Tennis Club.



Jeanette MacDonald wards off bad luck. Adrian is flattered to hear that she sings better in the gowns that he designs.

"FLASHSHOTS"

By

Jerome Zerbe

THERE was heat lightning over Hollywood, for the Basil Rathbones were giving a dinner party in honor of the Gene Raymonds (Jeanette MacDonald). The Buddy Rogers (Mary Pickford) and all of the photographers and all of their accompanying flash bulbs were in attendance.

During the long wait for dinner, held up until almost eleven o'clock, one had ample chance to notice the guests. Most of the stars were there: Paul Muni, Kay Frances, Miriam Hopkins, Grace Moore, Allan Jones, Charles Boyer, Gladys Swarthout, Fay Wray, Anita Louise, Harold Lloyd and, besides these, many names important to the industry, such as The Jesse Laskys, brilliant Frances Marion, the Mervyn LeRoys, Hedda Hooper, Hollywood's "First Lady," The Winfield Sheehans, the Jack Warners etc., etc.

In other words it was a photographer's paradise, and as it's of photographers in Hollywood that I am primarily writing, the nonsense of the evening made a perfect setting.

All the men, who shoot the pictures that you see in the fan magazines of the stars who *make* the pictures, were there. In fact, there was some hard feelings among them because some comparatively unimportant guys had been made welcome. And why not?—It was like asking Vogue's Cecil Beaton, Harpers Bazaar's Bason-Hoyningen-Huene, and International News' Tony Sarno and some tabloid photographers to shoot the same shots at the same time.

Photographers all have their peculiar trade tricks and they don't like to perform in front of competitors any more than any one else does.

At best the life of the off studio cameraman is not an easy one, but before I go into that let me finish with Basil and Ouida's party.

Out on the lawn a dance floor had been built. There was a table of honor, for the brides and grooms and a few choice friends, that was flower laden and shaped like the crescent moon. A buffet was at one side of the dance floor and the food was delicious. People danced, ate, drank, stayed late, had a wonderful time and the photographers had a field day. The only one who objected to the presence of the photographers was a one-time star whom they ignored.

Now, if the studios had their way, no men would have been allowed to take pictures that night. All of the studios, and M.G.M. in particular, want to supervise all of the pictures taken of their players. They all are in fear that what they are pleased to call the "illusion" of the stars will be shattered. Actually the stars, with their hair down, still look far lovelier than most people with theirs up. A few unusual shots are not only humanizing but give the fan magazines a much needed variety.

The studios have gotten incredibly smug and many of them turn out countless dull shots that they, somehow, expect will delight their public. Paramount is especially lucky in its photographic department. Not only



This is real relaxation and the subject behind the glasses and mustache is Fred MacMurray.



Sandra Storm and George Rigaud at Santa Monica. Newly risen from the sea.



Basil Rathbone and Miriam Hopkins, Mrs. Litvak to you.

The Author And His Candid Camera Are Famous At The Swankiest Night Spots In New York. Here Is What He Shot In Hollywood.

in having Don English and Eugene Ritchee, but because they have John Engstead, whose tact in handling both stars and photographers has made him a tremendous asset. Visiting firemen are not over welcome and even before the studios were closed to Eastern photographers by labor unions it was not very easy to get what you wanted.

Two years ago, I was anxious to shoot Crawford. I'd shot almost every one else and wanted studies of her to round out my collection. One evening the 'phone rang—"Miss Crawford's appointment is for Ten-thirty tomorrow morning," the voice from the studio was saying to a very delighted me. Surely few women of the screen have greater beauty and allure than is hers, and few have worked harder or more intelligently to achieve just that result.

I was up early and waiting in the publicity department at M.G.M. by ten-fifteen the next morning. At eleven it was explained that they were shooting outdoor shots and Miss Crawford preferred to wait until they came indoors, and so I waited. I waited just six and one-half hours, to be exact. She apologized charmingly and as casually as though it had been six and one-half minutes. I then took some dozen photos of her, of Director Van Dyke and of Brian Aherne, who is an old friend of mine. Crawford, herself, I found even lovelier looking than I had anticipated and with not unexpected sparkle and humor. As the studio is very strict about photos taken, the film packs are turned over to one of the publicity men to be developed and printed on the lot. Miss Crawford was to put her personal O.K. on them the next morning and I was to get them at noon. What I did get back was one print of Miss Crawford and one of Mr. Van Dyke. The others, of my own photos, I was never shown and I have yet to learn what became of the ones of Brian Aherne. Of course, such high-handed treatment is quite an exception, for in the first place, most of the stars are exceedingly considerate; and, in the second place, the studios, realizing photographers can be as temperamental as their own prima donnas, handle them with care.

Carole Lombard is the very opposite of Miss Crawford. Fortright, witty and naturally very beautiful, Carole can't take a bad photo. Once I arrived at her house very early for a sitting. Fieldsie, her friend and secretary, insisted on waking her, and down she came, no make-up and the mist of sleep still on her eyes, and she was incredibly lovely. How few of us ever look human when we have just wakened, I know I don't. Carole was also one of the first to take an interest in candid camera photography, and one of my first such shots made in New York was of her at the Central Park Casino with William Rhinelanders Stewart.

Marlene Dietrich is another star whom I find [Continued on page 70]



A real beauty like Carole Lombard can make a face like this and still be beautiful.



Mary Pickford primps. Harold Lloyd has his giggle water in hand.



According to some pictures, all great ladies are upholstered sea-going dowagers.

SOCIETY JEERS

By

Lucius Beebe

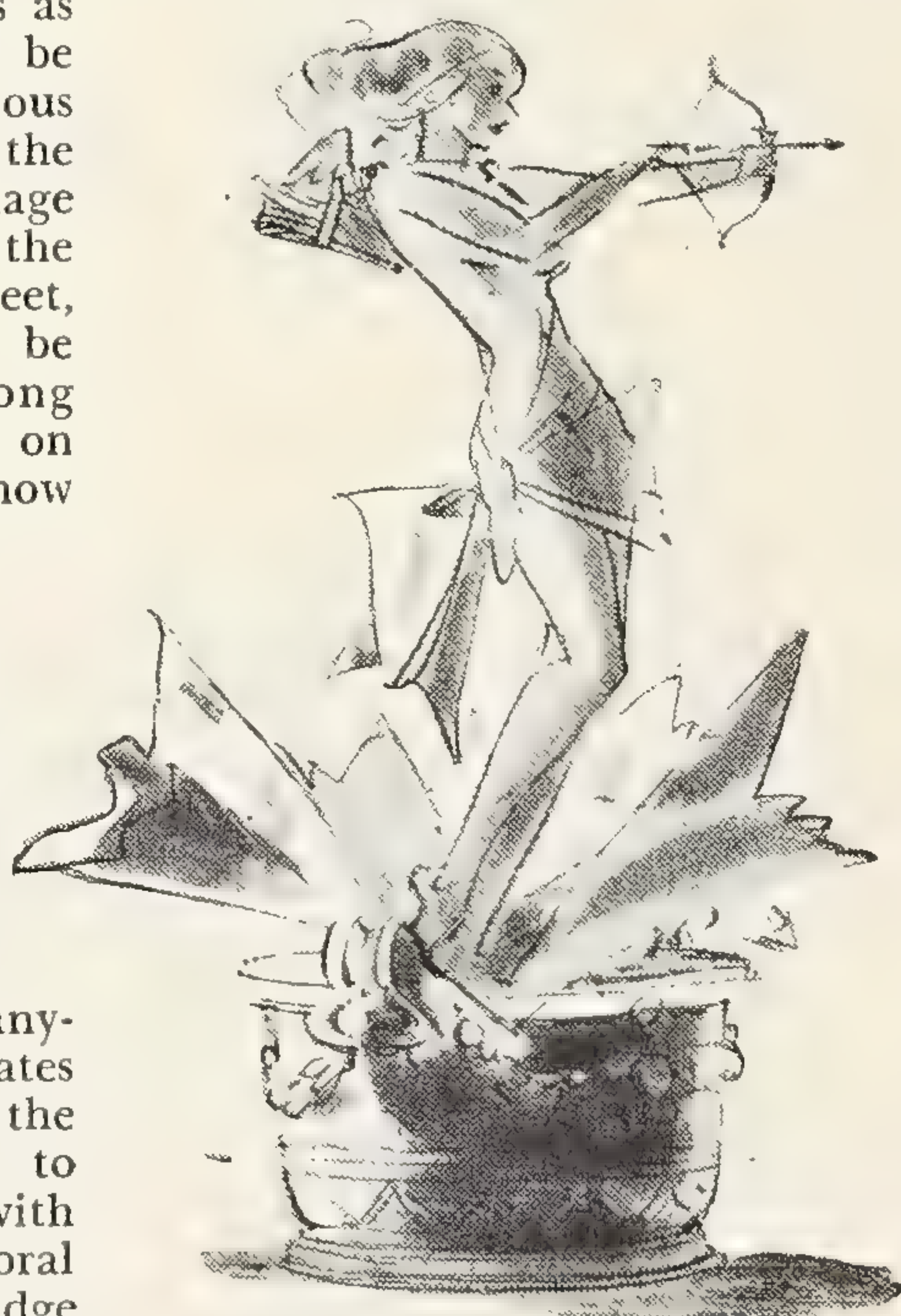
Illustrated by James Trembath

Film Versions Of Life Among The Affluent, Reveal A Complete Unfamiliarity With Upper Case Society.

IN THE world of crime and violence the films may have progressed from the era when the heroine saved the hero, just in the nick of time, to the civilized and convincing humors of, say, "The Thin Man." In character delineation they may emerge from a farrago of dubious youths, convinced that they are impersonating the noble scion of the House of Montague, to Paul Muni as Emile Zola. When the epic is their chosen field of endeavor they have risen from "The Fall of Babylon" to "The Good Earth" and in the realm of frontier heroism from William S. Hart's "Hell Hinges" to "High, Wide and Handsome."

But one setting, dearly beloved of the silver screen, is as yet almost wholly virgin of any tempering of probability which might tend to abate the sneezes and jeers of the impious, and that is what is known with a snort as society. Society, heaven knows, is a pretty comprehensive thing nowadays, as the 24,000 names in the New York Social Register alone will tell you, and its legions embrace some pretty expansive ways of living. A variety of fancy notions as to what is *au fait* may be subscribed to by its various members, but listen to the snickers in such a carriage trade house as, say, the Plaza in Fifty-eighth Street, when scenes alleged to be cultivated doings among the bon ton are thrown on the screen, and you'll know what we mean.

Reticent and discreet in other fields, possessed of technical advice and sources of research which can recreate any atmosphere or the details of any event within recorded history, the pictures can duplicate anything their fancy dictates from palace ritual in the Egypt of Amen-hotep to the type of weapons with which the Little Corporal triumphed at the Bridge of Lodi. But can they even approximate the manners, language and accustomed habits of what



The dinner feature of a dancing girl emerging from a pie has gone the way of flaming youth.

passes in the same country, contemporaneously, for formal society? No more than they can put corrective makeup on the man in the moon!

The errors stem, apparently, from two principal sources: a complete unfamiliarity on the part of directors with the life technique of the sort of person in process of representation, and a curiously Byzantine notion of Newport and Fifth Avenue subscribed to by the players of the films, whose entire concept of polite usage and formal existence derives from the shambles of amateur night at the Trocadero and from the largely professional—not formal—social razzle dazzle of Jack and Charlie's in Manhattan. The actors make the mistake of imagining that cafe society—a non-cohesive, very loosely defined although amusing and vital assortment of professional celebrities—is the same thing as established upper case Society, and the men who direct them don't know any better. All these generalities, mark you, with exceptions. But all too infrequent exceptions.

Everything in the film version of life among the privileged and affluent is laid on with a trowel and, as a result, phoney. The motor cars of heiresses are almost invariably imported sports models, rolling gin palaces with liveried footmen hanging to footboards. The films have never heard of the Ford station wagon which, for every purpose save town use during the season, is probably the most widely driven car type of any along Bellevue Avenue or in the most conservative reaches of Boston's North Shore, and in all New York there are only three families who drive out with footmen beside the driver, and then only to the opera and the most magnificent of levees.

Is there a ballroom scene, a cocktail rout, a musicale or a dinner deathlessly perpetuated in imperishable celluloid? Posterity will get the impression that in American country club circles the single eyeglass and its feminine version, the lorgnette, were as common as dinner jackets, which they simply are not. It is infrequent that at any gathering of Manhattan chivalry it is possible to count three monocles in a room and then only if Jules Bache, Nino lo Savio and Auriel Lee are present. The best known lorgnettes in New York are those of Libby Holman who uses them





On the screen, life in society is misrepresented and, as a result, is phoney. Time was when the screen overdid everything—even grand dukes came in bunches.

because she can't see a foot in front of her face without them, and who would smack you down if you classed her with the silly Astors or the Belmonts, whose name never was Belmont anyway.

Or take the matter of night clubs. There is only one night club between the North and East Rivers that even approximates the Hollywood version of an intimate *boite de nuit*. It's the French Casino and a very amusing place, too, but not the exclusive romping ground of the Fricks and the Frelinghuysens. If a screen director should show a factual interior of El Morocco, the Stork Club, the Colony Restaurant or the St. Regis Roof on the screen, the film patrons, accustomed to whoopee Taj Mahals only a little less gaudy than the Crystal Palace, would hoot him into oblivion. Nor are these gay night spots jammed to the guard ropes with beautiful youths in full evening attire and maidens bowing their shoulders under ropes of ancestral pearls. To be sure, during the season, and especially at Morocco, everybody necessarily wears formal clothes, but the new elegance hasn't entirely, as yet, banished the dinner jacket from general polite usage.

If there has been any abatement in studio enthusiasm for the rococo, the florid and the preposterous in Hollywood's versions of life in the foie gras faubourgs—and the dancing girl leaping to the midst of the dinner table from the innards of a lamb pot pie which has gone the way of youth aflame—it has as much as anything been due to the informed worldliness of Adolphe Menjou who,

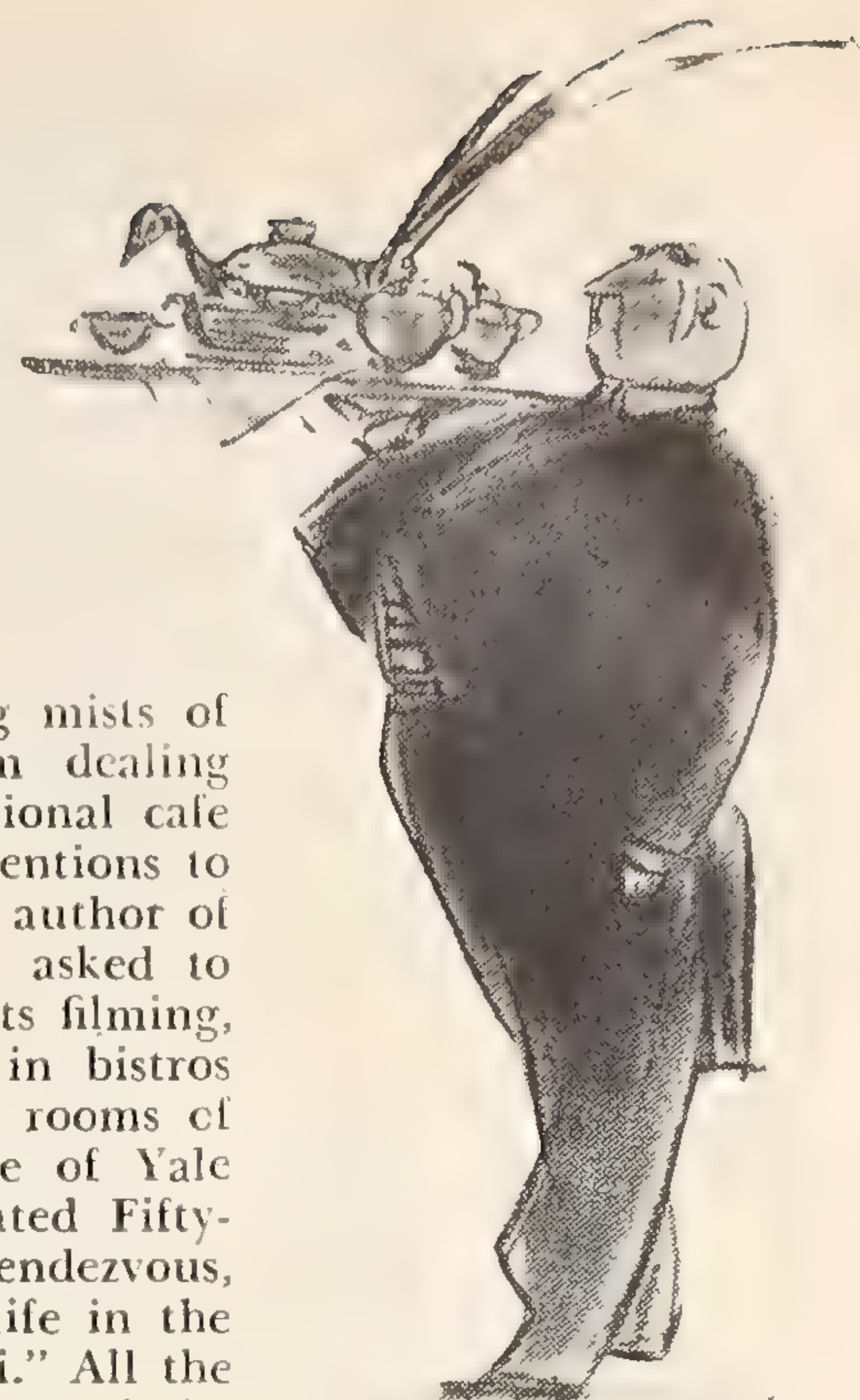


while he is said to be an arbitrary and insistent fellow, has still contrived to persuade directors not to serve pheasant en casserole for tea or provide more than one grand duke suitor for every American heiress.

There was a time, and that not so long ago, when the directorial notion of *ton* was Katharine Hepburn at a beach party with an imperial sable wrap covering her swimming suit, but Mr. Menjou has rendered such excessive chichi as this, at least, tolerably obsolete. The public's illusion of grandeur, however, has been fostered to such an extent as to demand the vastly improbable extreme of elegance in screening the 400, and Mr. Menjou told the reporter, during the filming of "Cafe Metropole" on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot last winter, that the reason for such an unconscionable number of extras in French officer's uniforms during one scene in the restaurant for which the film was named, was that audiences wouldn't believe it was a French setting unless it had P. Christopher Wren overtones of military magnificence.

Expert film observers are willing to concede that in no way during his long film career has Mr. Menjou ever overreached himself in the province of worldly deportment, which is more than can be said for scores of actors who have represented Mrs. Astor's horse to a gaping yokelry.

I recall from the swirling mists of the middle twenties a film dealing with a fragment of international cafe society which had some pretensions to veracity, if only because the author of the original story, who was asked to assist in the atmosphere of its filming, was a celebrated character in bistros and Trans-Atlantic smoking rooms of that era. Jack Thomas, late of Yale and Dan Moriarity's celebrated Fifty-eighth Street college boy's rendezvous, wrote a little feuilleton of life in the Ritz Bar called "Dry Martini." All the more celebrated Ritz Bar boys of the generation, Erskine Gwynne, the Esquimo, Berry Wall, Donald Rogers, Pete Chambers and innumerable other gilded youths and gentlefolk of the mid-F. Scott Fitzgerald era were in it and they were transferred bodily and almost in person into the picture. So was Frank, the Ritz Bar's head barman, celebrated in every legend of the time of the great Place Vendome pilgrimage. The principal set of the film was laid right in the Ritz Bar itself with shots of the Steam Room, where girls used to wait across the corridor for endless hours for their escorts, and there was even a shot of Olivier, the only waiter captain extant to sport both whiskers and a monocle. It was to cry for sheer nostalgia. Here was a justified monocle and here was a character actor with long mustaches and a stock collar



At any rate the movies no longer serve pheasant en casserole at tea.

playing Berry Wall for fifteen dollars a day in a justifiable pearl gray topper.

The most characteristic and lifelike scene, if fond memory recalls, of this long since vanished nonpareil of realism in the plush faubourgs, showed two college youths drinking champagne cocktails at the bar and cashing spurious cheques as a not too convincing gesture of making some boat or other for home, perhaps it was the "Disgrace" as the Degrasse was in those days known. They had been there so long they had gotten a little confused about the seasons and were wearing racoon fur overcoats of the type then favored by Americans from Princeton, and straw hats. There sat down next to them a patron who was clearly a Frenchman, black gloves, wing collar and four in hand tie, a sad black suit, button top boots and a Homburg hat, and one of the collegians turned to the other—this was at the Ritz Bar, mark you, in 1924—and enquired "Who is that foreigner?" It captured the spirit of an age as clearly as an epigram of Aretino or a drawing by Michelangelo might have done at another time.

But for all the exceptions, films of society continue to show all great ladies as upholstered and seagoing dowagers and every dinner party in a private home a microcosm of a state ceremony at Windsor Castle. More and more the screen version of existence among the headlines of wealth and fashion becomes a caricature, a parody of the simple, and frequently not too glamorous truth, its every pattern one of stereotyped fraudulence, its every aspect a cliché.

Perhaps, however, it were just as well not to interfere with the progress of such a legend, which is, if you look at it that way, a part of the providential scheme of things. When people in the know go to see themselves in the films they go to get a laugh out of the howlers; when other folk go they do so to get a load of glamour. It's Jack Spratt and his wife all over again.

In "A Star Is Born," Janet Gaynor, magnificent in the part, very simply spoke the memorable line that originated through the genius of Dorothy Parker.



BITS OF PERFECTION

It Is The Brief Moments Of Perfect Artistry That Set Your Pulses Racing In Appreciative Fervor

By Howard Barnes

IN A recent article here I wrote: "It may have been the assistant cameraman or an electrician or the script girl who thought up the business that intrigued you in the film you saw yesterday." I still stand on that statement. The stars, with their color, glamour and artistry, flood a production with warmth and excitement. The writers outline a story in images and dialogue and the director shapes it to film terms. In every notable and entertaining

that make the real difference between sitting through a show with moderate enjoyment and coming away from it so excited and moved that you tell your friends not to miss it. They are the distilled essence of all the thought and feeling in a motion picture. To put it another way, they form an artistic yardstick, which critics and public alike carry somewhere in the back of their heads, to measure each new achievement of the screen and say:



It is because this set was so vivid that "Dead End" has so much power. Julie Heron designed the scenic effect.

picture I have seen, though, there is some fleeting passage which expresses the whole spirit of the film. Very often it has been inspired by someone connected with the production in a minor way who has reached out and touched the very heart of the offering. Not even 25 per cent billing for him or her, though. There is the satisfaction of a good job well done—and anonymity.

If you stop and consider for a moment, it is these brief moments of perfect artistry

"this is good," "this is great" or "this is magnificent."

Make no mistake—I do not claim that these small, stirring interludes of perfection are not contributed to enormously by the stars, featured players and directors. Usually they find these top craftsmen of film-making at the very top of their form. It seems to me terribly important, however, to place one's finger surely on these passages. Once this has been done I am terribly curious to find out just who contributed the inspiration for the particular passage. I repeat—it may have been the assistant cameraman or an electrician or the script girl.

Of this much I am certain. If you really

want to understand and appreciate films, you must constantly bear in mind that behind every name in bright lights, behind every individual cited for distinction by screen reviewers, there stand dozens of experts who are almost never celebrated by word of mouth or in print. Their individual contributions to a film may be small, but it is the sum total of their skill that makes for the sum total of a photoplay's quality. The motion picture involves the greatest collaboration of diverse genius and talent of any art form that the world has known. It is what makes it the most

exciting medium in the world today. Hundreds of signatures could be placed on every film. Hundreds of artists and technicians are responsible for whether each one is good or bad.

In no other manner can you explain the fact that even the most popular and best-liked stars can give really atrocious performances. If I had never seen Barbara Stanwyck before and watched her in "This Is My Affair," I would have called her one of the most wooden and uninspired actresses I had ever had the misfortune to see. In her very next picture, "Stella Dallas," I found her extraordinarily fine—moving, honest and terribly appealing. Her acting talents hadn't gone from bad to



brilliant that quickly, though. It required the applying of the artistic yardstick I mentioned earlier to understand the tremendous change. It will be actually applied a bit later in this article.

Before that, consider "The Life of Emile Zola," one of the finest photoplays of this or any other year. I know perfectly well and you know, if you have already seen the picture, that it is the inspired and inspiring portrayal of the great French novelist by Paul Muni that makes this a memorable screen offering. It has had a fine, eloquent script and imaginative direction by William Dieterle. Give credit to Warner Brothers, too, for having had the daring to make a straight biography without a shot in the arm of romance and for

having handled the Dreyfus case, that takes up a great deal of the production, with understanding and power. And to Joseph Schildkraut for his Dreyfus, Gale Sondergaard for her impassioned Mme. Dreyfus, Donald Crisp for his fiery Maitre Labori and Erin O'Brien Moore for her exquisite realization of Nana.

There you have the credits—picture, star,

director, producer and featured players. How about the artistic yardstick? To me, there is one haunting sequence in "The Life of Emile Zola" which not only expresses the whole spirit of the show but binds it together surely. It comes just before the middle when the production is on the edge of falling to pieces. Zola has become a great success—rich and famous. His old friend, Paul Cezanne, the great French painter, visits him and tells him he is going away—forever. Before the final farewell, he turns to Zola and says:

"Your soul's gone to sleep . . . asleep and snoring under layers of fatty complacency: I'm sorry, Emile. But I had to say it. I couldn't go without telling you this."

Zola begs him to stay to remind him of the old struggling days—fighting for a foothold, but Cezanne answers:

"You can never go back to it and I've never left it . . ."

They walk together toward the door. Again Zola speaks:

"You'll write . . . ?"

Cezanne shakes his head.

"No . . . but I'll remember. . . ."

Muni, needless to say, is great in the scene. But it is a character actor you probably never heard of—Vladimir Sokoloff—who makes it so hauntingly beautiful. The script doesn't call for it but he actually whispers that last line and as he turns and shuffles off awkwardly, a lump comes up in your throat.

Now, skip down through the picture to the scene where Mme. Dreyfus is begging Zola to come to the defense of her husband. In his "fatty complacency," he doesn't want to have any part of the affair. She goes out, leaving behind a portfolio of evidence of the case. He picks it up and is about to hurl it from him savagely when he looks up at Cezanne's portrait. His hand reaches out and touches the picture frame tenderly—he sits down with the evidence and launches on his famous defense of Dreyfus, the turning point of the film.



(Above) The assistant cameraman was responsible for the splendid sea-scapes that set the tone for this, the greatest of sea pictures. (Right) Paul Muni as Zola and Vladimir Sokoloff as Cezanne. It was the latter's beautiful and moving acting which makes this scene so hauntingly real. (Left) In "Stella Dallas," an anonymous screen artist made this sequence memorable.

Without that first scene—without Sokoloff's beautiful and moving acting, the picture never could have shifted smoothly into the Dreyfus case. Even through a portrait, his brilliant character acting has afforded motivation and urgency to the plot. Here is indeed an artistic yardstick. What about the man who inspired it?

He is a Russian, once the most famous member of the Moscow Kammertheater. Later he became a leading actor in the German theater. He came to this country in 1927 with Max Reinhardt but went back to Europe, mastered a fourth language, French, and appeared in French plays and pictures, among the latter "Lac Aux Dames" with Simone Simon. He has never had a leading role. For character acting I can remember few scenes to equal that one in "The Life of Emile Zola,"

[Continued on page 74]

Three Careers Have Started Brilliantly, But Ahead Are The Hazards Of Love And Life.

IN ALL Hollywood town, and you'd be surprised what a lot of territory this area embodies, I have never encountered three more enthusiastic or vivacious young actresses than Jane Wyman, Olympe Bradna and Jane Bryan.

Of course, strictly speaking, there's Martha Raye, whose ecstatic zeal amounts to a mania; and Lupe Velez, with a sprightliness something akin to an Indian brave energetically scalping a defenseless white settler . . . but they're rather exceptional cases and not to be confused with the issue at hand. For downright genuine enthusiasm and vivacity, give me my trio every time.

Unlike as nations, they possess one characteristic in common, each is utterly without pose, each is honestly sincere. In my perambulations about the film colony these many, many years, I have met practically every personality ever to set foot in a studio, but I can recall no three persons so absolutely devoid of guile as my three little gals.

To each of them, her career is all-absorbing, all-consuming. "I can't remember the time I didn't want to act," exclaimed Jane Bryan breathlessly (I hope you won't get my two Janes confused) when I asked her when she had made up her mind to be an actress. "La!" cried Olympe, my petite French one, in her cunning youthfulness, "I 'av nevaire weesh to be an'theeng else." "I've always acted, whenever I could," smiled Jane Wyman . . . "at school, in Little Theatre groups, every place I could."

So that you may more readily identify my maids, I've definitely decided to adopt 'em all, because they ARE newcomers to the screen, and you may be somewhat doubtful about them . . .

Jane Bryan played Bette Davis' sister in "Marked Woman," Edward G. Robinson's sister in "Kid Galahad" and Kay Francis' daughter in "Confession."

Olympe Bradna was leading lady in "Last Train from Madrid"—remember her scenes with Lew Ayres?—and figured prominently in "Souls At Sea," as Frances Dee's maid.

Jane Wyman out-Simoned Simone Simon as Babette in "The King and the Chorus Girl," and appeared opposite Kenny Baker in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air."

Now that you know them—and you most certainly would recollect them if you saw any of those pictures, let's get on . . .

Their birthplaces were as far-flung as their talents are diversified. Jane Wyman—watch your Janes, now—first saw the dawn of life in St. Joseph, Mo., one January 1, and probably from her French actress mother inherited a love for



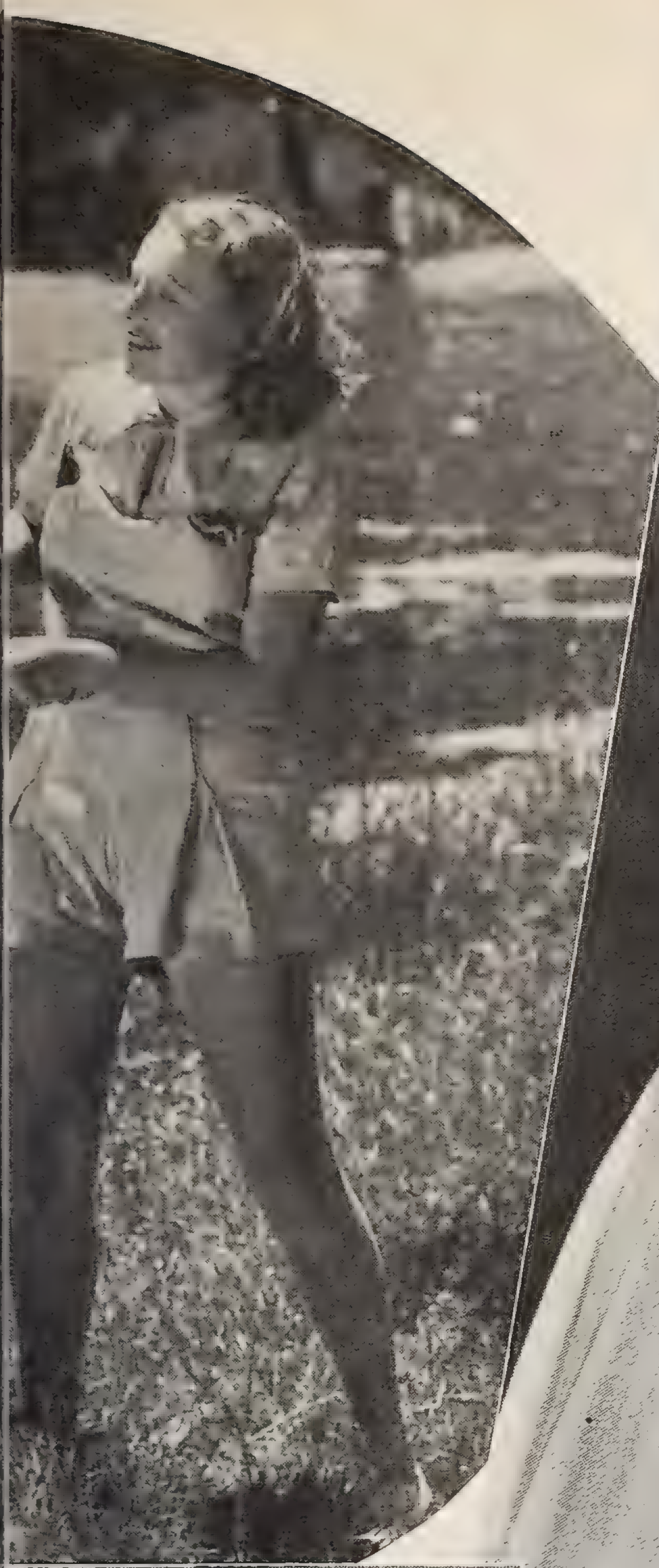
Charming Olympe Bradna sparkles—it's the Parisienne's birth-right. The girl with rod and reel is Jane Bryan, and, below, Jane again. Her gray eyes glow when she mentions her career.

WHICH WILL WIN THE GOLDEN APPLE OF SUCCESS?

By
Whitney Williams

expressing herself. Olympe Bradna was born at the Olympic Theatre in Paris, between the matinee and evening shows, of circus parents, on an August 12, and from the very first was destined to join her mother and father in their famous bareback act. On the other hand, no one in Jane Bryan's family had any connection with the entertainment world, and when small Jane arrived that June 11th day, only a stone's toss from a Hollywood studio, her parents wished nothing more than to see their child happy in years to come.

My two Janes attended school as any other children their age, engaging in the studies and games of a normal existence. Olympe, though—the French pronunciation of her name sounds something like "O-lamp," but in Hollywood it's changed to "O-lim-py"—never saw the inside of a school. Her education was acquired through



Jane Wyman—the gift of Kansas City to the movies. Thank you, Kansas

private tutors and from the teachings of her parents . . . yes, and from a study of life, for the little foreign one is a close observer.

So many girls come to Hollywood, and pose. They try to make people believe they are something they aren't,

and can do what they know they can't. The majority, in other words, put on "an act," and do their best to impress whomever they meet.

Through the strict training each of my gals received, there was little danger of their following the usual custom when they finally entered upon studio recognition. Not one makes a claim to anything but honesty and sincerity of purpose. Reflection of their true natures is seen in Jane Bryan's retort to a cosmetic company, when that concern wrote and asked her to what she attributed her beauty. Jane's succinct reply was: "I haven't any beauty."

At the age of eighteen months, Olympe made her public debut with her parents in their equestrian act. When she was six, the bareback act was discarded for a trick dog number, but shortly

thereafter disaster overtook the small family. All the dogs sickened, and died.

Having no money to buy and train more dogs, the resourceful Papa Bradna began to train Olympe. He taught her dancing. So proficient did she become that at eight she made her terpsichorean debut, scoring a terrific hit with her specialty and acrobatic dancing in "Hit the Deck," on the Paris stage. It was in this show that she received the tag, "Smallest Sailor in France," a title which she retains to this very day.

"But I av' want to be cinema actress aftaire I see my first picture," the naive Olympe informs one, joyously. "I work hard in the Folies Bergere, for almos' two year, and I travel all Europe, but always I look to being actress in the cinema."

After acquiring fame as a dancer in Europe, Olympe came to this country for an engagement at the French Casino in New York. But she came with two French picture appearances under her belt. While dancing in New York, Oscar Serlin, Paramount talent scout, caught her act, and straightway arranged for a film test. Studio executives were so delighted at her obvious talent that she was summoned west forthwith, securely bound by a long-term contract.

Of our trio, Olympe was the only one with years of professional experience behind her when she embarked upon her Hollywood career. Jane Wyman sang over the radio, from Kansas City, Mo., for two years, and appeared in Little Theatre plays both there and in her home town, but insofar as actual stage training was concerned—apart from amateur theatricals—she had none. Nor had Jane Bryan, whose real name is O'Brien, by the way, with the exception of what school and Little Theatre dramatics she had engaged in.

When Jane Wyman left Kansas City for Los Angeles on a visit, the possibility of a screen career was farthest from her thoughts. "Of course," she declares, in her crisp manner of speaking, "I had always dreamed, like any other girl, I suppose, of being a picture star, but I didn't expect to try out for the movies when I arrived in town. It was purely accidental that I landed in pictures."

She met an agent one day who told her she should be in pictures. "The old rib," she

thought, but agreed vocally, dismissing the idea from her mind. Scarcely forty-eight hours later, the agent called her to go out to Universal studios with him, and by the time she left the lot she had been signed for a small part in "My Man Godfrey." Apparently, the agent had faith in her and was a hustler, for he convinced Warners she should be given a test. Outcome . . . CONTRACT!

The same studio that signed Jane Wyman caught Jane Bryan's appearance at about the same time, in a play which Jean Muir produced at her experimental theatre, "Green Grow the Lilacs," it was—and those who saw her were so impressed with her possibilities that she immediately was placed under contract. Which shows their far-sightedness, for both Janes have developed into splendid actresses since they joined the Warner Brothers' banner.

But though they invariably give excellent accounts of themselves on the screen, both personally and professionally they are opposites. Jane Wyman is slender, sophisticated in bearing and in speech, and excitingly attractive. Jane Bryan is more the "little sister" type—and I do not mean this derogatorily. She is the sweet maid that every man would spring to defend; wholesome—again, I do not mean to be unkind—and intense.

For her part, Olympe is typically French. Naive, she casts wondering brown eyes upon life, and thrills to every situation. One would like to cuddle her, and everybody [Continued on page 8]



Joan Crawford's hand. Mrs. Meier tells what the impression reveals.



Read how this impression of Dinehart's hand shows his character.



From the lines Myrna's hand, the palmist tells her true nature.

NOTHING, it seems, has been left to the imagination where the motion picture folk are concerned. The publicity writers take the whole world into their confidence. Lives of the great and the near great are turned inside out for world-wide inspection. As for privacy, their home life is just another bowl of guppies!

It seldom happens that these written statements in the press concern anything but the best in the ladies and gentlemen of the screen. Even the worst is given the best interpretation until one wonders if they really are so nearly perfect? Don't they have any faults? Are all their character traits virtues? No, indeed! They are quite human, even as you and I. When taken apart to see what makes them tick, one finds the same frailties that are found in most of us, and in no place is this shown so conclusively as in the hands of the stars themselves.

Those funny little lines running through the palms of the hands, to the initiated, are real life maps. They tell an amazing story. By studying these lines in the hands of the celebrities, we may see the same lines in our own hands. If they mean flaws in character, we will correct them if we are clever. All that is required is a little introspection.



Joan Crawford

We will soon see what we need to change, or what we need to strengthen. We will also discover what can be advantageously modified.

Having been one of the privileged who has had the opportunity of holding the hands of outstanding persons of two generations, I can state with authority that the potentialities for a successful career literally lie in your hands.

Please let me make myself perfectly clear. Knowing the significance of the

lines in the palms is not fortune telling! There is no fatalism about it! These lines may be likened to the muscles controlling the body. I always refer to the lines as "mental muscles" because they indicate natural tendencies of character.

We are born with some of these tendencies, others are acquired through environment, early training, or just plain habit.

The hands of Hollywood's favorites are interesting, and we will find them much like our own. We know about everything else there is to know about them so let us

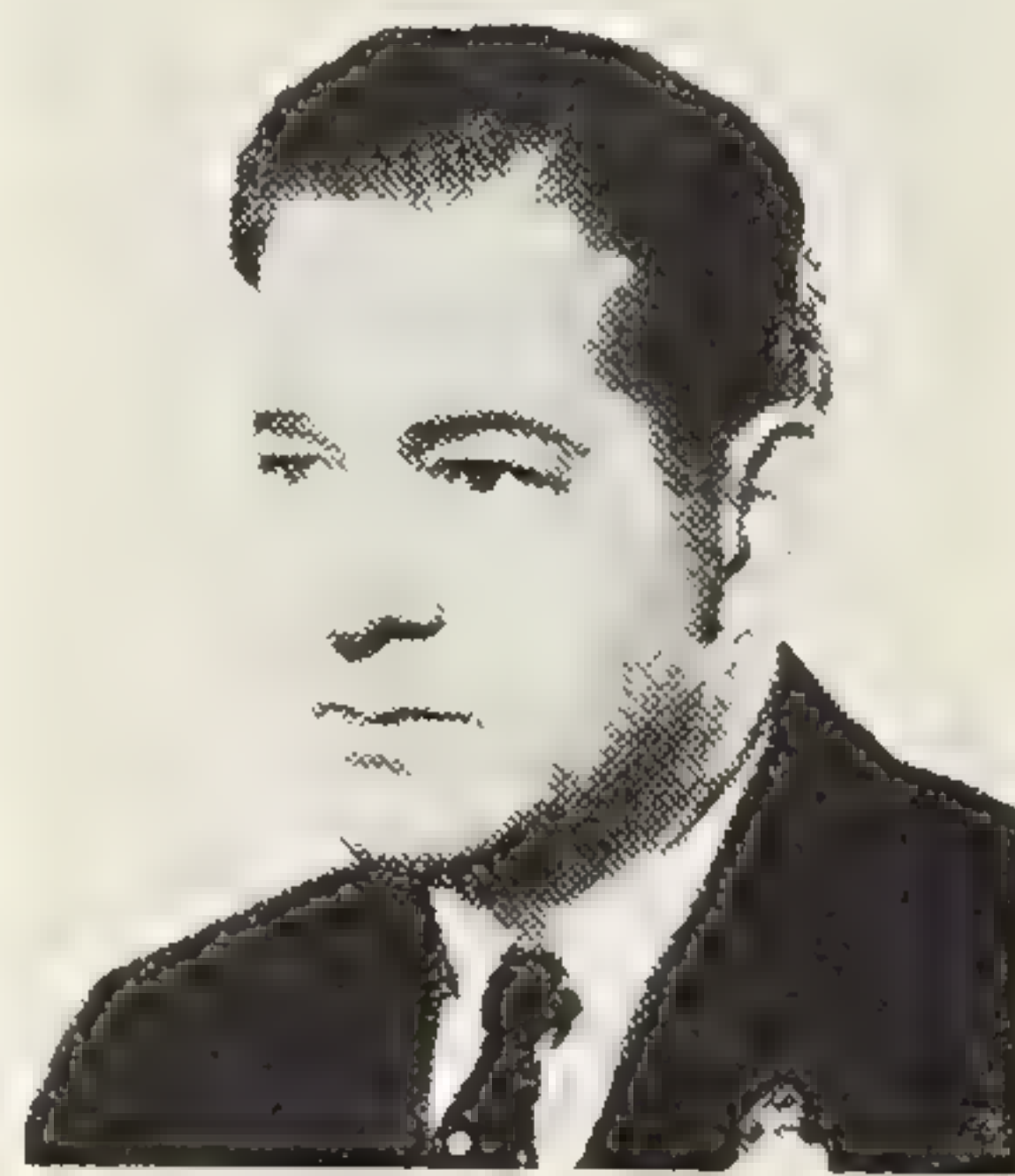
look for their faults and see what we discover.

Here is Joan Crawford's hand. Is it so different from the hand of any other woman? Not at all. Here are lines showing tendencies outstanding in thousands of hands. There are faults Joan must overcome if she is ambitious to keep her light bright and shining when old Father Time has taken his toll of her youth and beauty.

Note the length and shape of her first finger. The index finger. It denotes not only a love of power, but a liking to shine through external means . . . such as clothes . . . surroundings and associates. Then consider the length of the first phalange of her middle finger. That indicates a tendency to exaggerate the importance of personal affairs.

These tendencies run through the whole human family. They are grave faults. Less ego, more disregard of personal importance, an attempt to win the love and approbation of our associates would give all of us who have these characteristics a stable foundation. In Joan's case, she could build a lasting and permanent place for herself.

Here is another little fault Miss Crawford could easily correct. That high mount at the outside of the palm between the head line (which runs across the middle of the hand) and the heart line (the long line under the fingers) tells me the little lady can be exceedingly blunt when her combativeness is aroused. If she



Alan Dinehart

REVELATIONS

FROM

STARS' PALMS

By

Nellie Simmons-Meier

(As told to Marian Gillespie)

The "Impressions" Above Were Made By Mrs. Meier Who Inked The Famous Hands And Then Pressed Them On White Paper.



Myrna Loy



Roland Young's hand. A difficult hand to print, says Mrs. Meier.



Here, in Ramon Novarro's hand, is written his greatest weakness.



The hand of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., shows he is prone to a real fault.

will work to subdue that natural tendency she will probably never have occasion to use it. The outside influences that arouse this fighting desire, will gradually fall away. There will be nothing in her character to attract it. If she eliminates this trait, it is quite likely the change will show in her hands.

Being a slave to the emotions is nothing more nor less than a bad habit, one that can be broken if the person so desires. This emotional nature is indicated in the Mount of Venus, which lies directly under the thumb, and the heart line starting immediately under her middle finger.

True, Miss Crawford needs emotion in her acting. In every day life, however, emotions must be controlled lest they dominate the will and eventually control the individual. It then amounts to a weakness. A detriment to the person lacking the intelligence to practice self-control.

When you see that wide stretch between the thumb and fingers and between the fingers themselves, you can be pretty sure the owner of the hand has a tendency to disregard established traditions. The emotional nature has the right of way. In other words, the heart rules the head. In Joan's case, her heart can rule her acting, but for happiness and peace of mind, her head should be taught to rule her heart.

Now here is Roland Young's hand. It is such a decided opposite it makes a good comparison.

When I made the impressions of Mr. Young's hands I had some difficulty in getting a good print. His palms were hard and unyielding. This may be indicative of his Scotch ancestry, but it tells me, here is a will amounting to stubbornness. When you find unyielding palms coupled with a long first phalange of the thumb you are safe in assuming the line between stubbornness and determination is finely drawn!

Mr. Young has a fine hand-shake. He grasps your hand fearlessly and with sincerity. No doubt he applies that will as a driving force in his stage and screen work. It is for him to determine which mental groove he will use. One

makes for success, the other blocks the path.

His fingers are smooth to the second, or middle joint. This indicates inspiration—a faculty applied to Jupiter—also a quickness to take advantage of an opportunity. The middle finger shows mental flexibility. The third finger, brilliancy to apply artistic expression. The little finger, the power of speech and action. But, and here's the rub, all these attributes are stopped by the development of those joints indicating the attributes of law and order which must govern every inspirational expression.

The speed, which by application of the qualities noted, would enable Roland Young to rise to great heights, is lost in the desire for reason and logic in every action. One can have too much head and not enough heart! There must be a balance.

Here we have a hand showing an undeveloped richness of expression whose owner places obstacles of his own fashion-

ing in his path. Will he realize this fault and correct it so he can attain the heights to which he is entitled? This is a riddle that only the future can answer.

In Douglas Fairbanks Jr.'s hand the potentialities for being a personality on the screen or in any phase of public life are outstanding. Make no mistake, the lines denoting his limitations are also outstanding. It is for him to decide whether he becomes a planet, or just a shooting star!

Look in your own hand and notice whether there is a joining of the life line—the line around the thumb—with the head line, that line across the center of the hand. Also note if the pads in the first joints of the fingers are well developed.

If you find this arrangement you will probably admit that you have at some time in your life missed out on an opportunity because of the desire to avoid censure or criticism. A desire to play safe. Those well developed pads indicate super-sensitiveness

and the close joining of the head and life lines denote caution.

Now look at the hands of Douglas Jr. Note the space between the life and the head line. No caution shown there. Instead, the space shows an aggressiveness. An independence leading to exaggeration of action and statement.

Doug's short fingers coupled with the combination mentioned reveal he is prone to come to hasty conclusions. It also indicates a dislike for detail. That large mount under the first finger means self pride. A desire for spectacular activity.

His head line shows that concentration is not one of Douglas' strong points. He will close his mental door to wise council and open it too quickly to the warm rays of adulation.

I feel sure that if young Mr. Fairbanks submitted to wise guidance in the development of his innate possibilities, he could become a writer of ability, or he could be a lasting star in the dramatic firmament.

Unlike the Fairbanks scion Myrna Loy has not reached the pinnacle, but her hands indicate that she will arrive. How long she will remain is another story. Her head line running clear across her hand, shows she has marked determination. She will never stop until the thing she undertakes has been accomplished.

The softness of Myrna's palms indicates her ardent dislike for anything which could be classed as manual labor. Her long smooth fingers show a demand for detail. However, the detail will have to be worked out by some one other than herself. She has no interest in applying her energy to patient laborious detail.

All her fingers are extremely flexible. This reveals a chameleon-like mental quality. Miss Loy reflects her environment and associations. There is a marked tendency to drift with the current of life,

especially if it leads into the smooth waters of material pleasure.

If Myrna will take the trouble to change her viewpoint, accepting things that are really worth while, those mental muscles of will, shown by the length of the nail phalange of the thumbs, could be tools for

[Continued on page 77]



and Young



Ramon Novarro



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

PROJECTIONS *By Elizabeth Wilson*

WHEN she was twelve years old that lady of looks named Madeleine Carroll was having a very dull time of it. She was, of all depressing things, a child prodigy. And her twelfth birthday found her enrolled in the freshman class of Birmingham University where she flaunted her knowledge of the quaint idiosyncrasies of French verbs with such brazen abandon that her classmates and instructors considered her quite obnoxious. They referred to England's future Dream Girl as "that damned little genius," and sincerely hoped that she would choke, or at least break out with measles.

It was no fault of her own that she was a child prodigy. She just happened to be born into the erudite home of the professor of languages of the University of Birmingham, England, and from the day of her birth—February 26, 1910 to be exact—the good professor decided that his little daughter should follow in his esteemed footsteps, graduate from the University with high scholastic honors, attend the Paris Sorbonne, and academically set the world on fire. Madeleine barely had time to get her thumb out of her mouth before the tutoring started.

Now Madeleine didn't want to grow up to be a school teacher. "I wanted to be a nun," she says, "and look ethereally beautiful and other-worldish like Lilian Gish in 'The White Sister,' but my father was Irish and adamant." She might have gone on saying "Yes, Papa" in the best Elsie Dinsmore tradition, improving her French, and minding her own business for a number of semesters if it hadn't been for the annual University play along about her junior year. Her classmates had finally forgiven her for being such a smarty-pants—after all it wasn't her fault and she was a sweet little thing—and they began to say all over the campus that a girl as pretty as Madeleine with beautiful blue eyes and all that gorgeous golden hair ought to be in the annual play.

So she was given a leading part in the college play that year, which was "Salma," and she was so surprisingly good, or maybe only beautiful, that after the performance Barry Jackson, head of the Birmingham Repertory Company, came backstage and asked her if she'd like to sign a contract and turn "professional." Madeleine said Yes. But the professor said No, and he said it so emphatically that his daughter scurried right back to her class rooms and eventually graduated with a B.A. degree.

In the Columbia film "It's All Yours," Madeleine, co-starred with Francis Lederer, turns comedienne with rare success

As the Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman. A most romantic story.



MADELEINE CARROLL



Madeleine Carroll with her husband, Captain Philip Astley.

Madeleine went. It was a cold night, but it wasn't snowing and she wasn't going to have a baby. Life really isn't as difficult as the screen would have you believe.

Naturally, after that scene, she couldn't ask her family for money, besides she was much too proud, so when no producer seemed at all concerned that Madeleine Carroll was sitting in his outer office, had been sitting there for days in fact, she decided that teaching was better than starving, if nothing else. She answered an ad in the newspaper and for \$3.50 a week, plus bed and board, she became the tutor of the six children of a second hand clothing dealer, and never even attempted to poison one of them.

On her day off she would pretty herself up as much as possible on her small salary and continue to make her rounds of the producers. Her first "break" came when she was given a small part in a touring company of "The Lash," wherein she practically ruined her digestion in third rate boarding houses, all for the magnificent sum of \$15 weekly.

When the company disbanded she modeled hats, until one bright day by some hook or crook she managed to worm her way into the office of Seymour Hicks, the actor-producer, who signed her to a contract and proceeded to teach her a lot she didn't know about acting. While she was touring the provinces with him in one of his plays her press agent back in London, a former instructor at the University who was just a little bit in love with his former pupil, entered her photograph in a moving picture contest, and from one hundred and fifty applicants Madeleine was chosen. The prize was the lead in "Guns of Love."

When England saw how easy on the eyes Miss Madeleine Carroll, B.A., was, the movie offers began to pour in and Madeleine was in quite a dither—the stage was more fun, but the movies were more money. She did not inherit her father's aversion to money.

So for the next few years she alternated between the two and has to her credit such stage successes as "Beau Geste," "The Roof," "Mr. Pickwick," "Pleasure Cruise" and "French Leave," the last with Charles Laughton. And on the plus side among her screen productions are "Young Woodley," "The W. Plan," "I Was a Spy," "The 39 Steps," and "The Secret Agent." Practically every Hollywood studio sent their scouts around to the London dressing room with instructions to tell Miss Carroll in flowing language about the sunshine in California, the swimming pools with cupids, and the gold in them thar hills. But just at the moment Miss Carroll was far more interested in gangsters. "Will they kidnap me?" she inquired, "I don't want to be put on the spot in Hollywood." After being assured, or almost, that the American gangster, like the American Indian, was biting the dust, and hadn't she heard about the American G-Man, Madeleine, on a loan-out to Fox, insured her jewelry, and crossed the Atlantic.

That was in 1934, and her first American picture was made at Fox, and it was called, "The World Moves On." "But it didn't move fast enough," Madeleine adds. It was certainly no great shakes as a picture, and the Hollywood Glamour Girls breathed a deep sigh of relief, (Oh you know how girls are), and Miss Carroll returned to England. There, among other pictures, she made the famous "39 Steps" with Robert Donat, which, when released in America, had every Hollywood producer on the transatlantic telephone. Contracts were arranged and re-arranged, with Walter Wanger winning out, and in May, 1936, Miss Carroll again crossed the Atlantic and immediately went to work on "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," which picture put her right up on top as a Hollywood star. After that came "The General Died at Dawn," "On the Avenue," "Lloyds of London," "It's All Yours" and the muchly publicized "Prisoner of Zenda." Miss Carroll is here to stay. She is beautiful, and what's more she can act. The Glamour Girls might just as well face it.

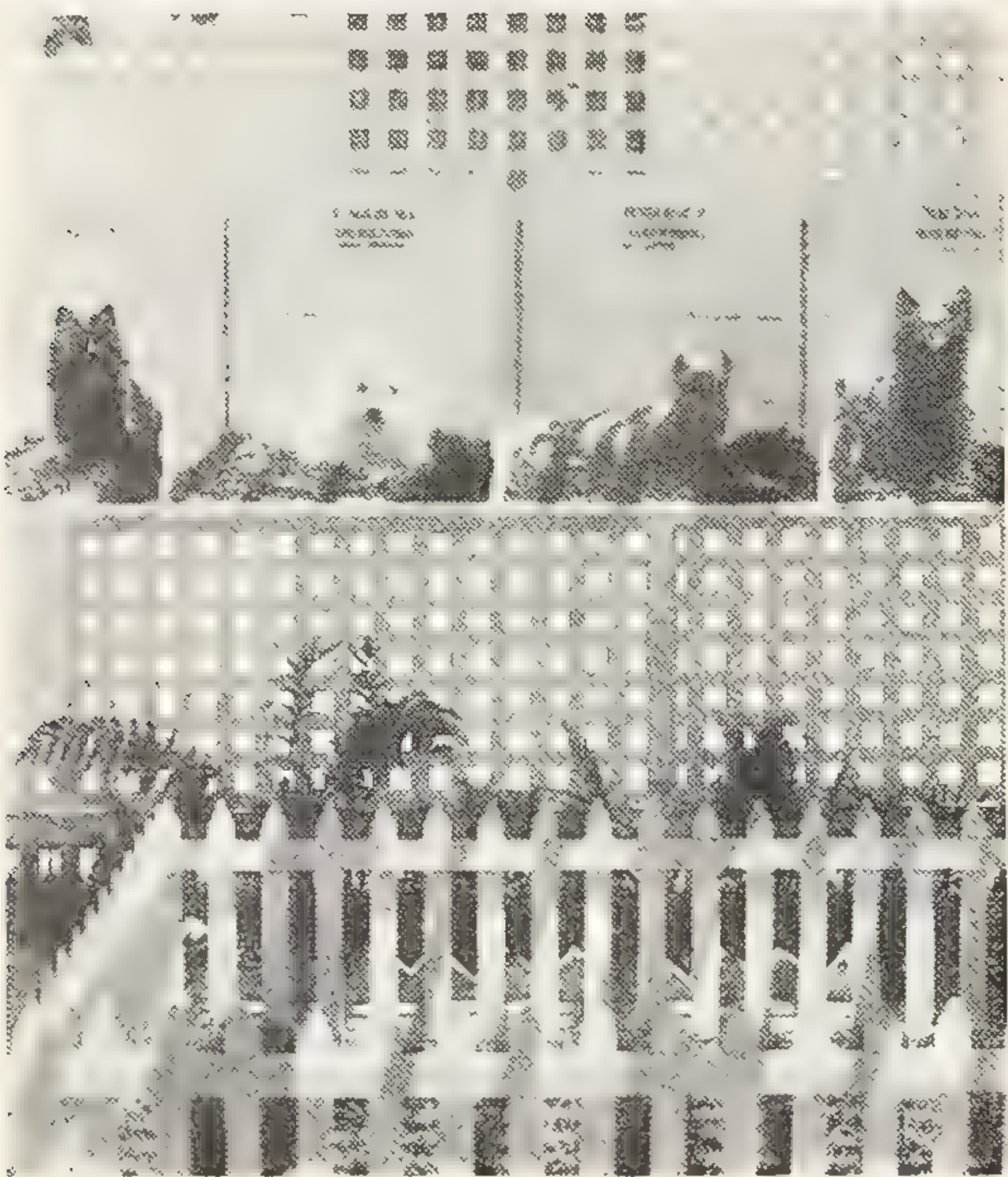
But it wasn't gangsters who scared [Continued on page 78]

She is the fashion designer's delight. At left, wide shirred bands add distinction to the extremely low décolletage of her Empire period black velvet evening gown. Above, for dinner in a restaurant and a visit to the theatre afterwards, Madeleine wears a full-skirted taffeta wrap, in a heavenly shade of green, that swishes enticingly when she walks.

After graduation she taught "very nice little girls" in a girls' seminary at Brighton, and you don't have to be a mind reader on the Keith Circuit to gather that the year she spent with the little pets wasn't the happiest in her life. The more she saw of the younger generation the more she thought of Barry Jackson's offer which she had turned down, so at the

end of the term she kissed her darling little charges goodbye, congratulated herself on curbing her murderous instincts, and caught the train for Birmingham. She told her father that she was through with teaching and would be an actress, whether he liked it or not. He didn't like it at all. There was a terrific scene in which he played the heavy and said with gestures, "Go, and never darken my doors again." Or words to that effect. So

PETS FOR PALS



Charles Ruggles, owner of the "Terrier Shop," boards the pet dogs when owners are away. It's a business that only a pet lover would have. Charlie has seven champions of his own.

REVEAL the untold facts about a person's pet and you'll be reporting the inside secret of his character! Tyrone Power said this to me emphatically, only it was a "her" instead of a "his" as he ended the suggestion. It always is—his mind just will run forever to the feminine sex. Regardless of this dominating trend in Tyrone, however, I had to admit that he really had something there. The important clique I have somehow completely overlooked in my monthly spotlighting of Hollywood's star coteries is the animal-loving circle. Talk about the tennis enthusiasts, the golf nuts, the music addicts! They are mild, seemingly cold-blooded souls in comparison to these players who impetuously choose pets for pals. For there is no belonging to this particular crowd unless the heart is genuinely warm. Affection must be given freely. And what returns it rates!

Hollywood is heaven to pets. Here they are more than a mere hobby. No dog is kept outside nor shifts for himself. Cats aren't mistrusted. Prized birds sing more gayly, speak more amazingly. A turtle I met practically goes into a truckin' step when its master comes home. The pets of the famous are honored guests in the Beverly mansions until wooed into becoming favored friends. They are, invariably, taken care of correctly and the resulting loyalty is obviously gratifying indeed.

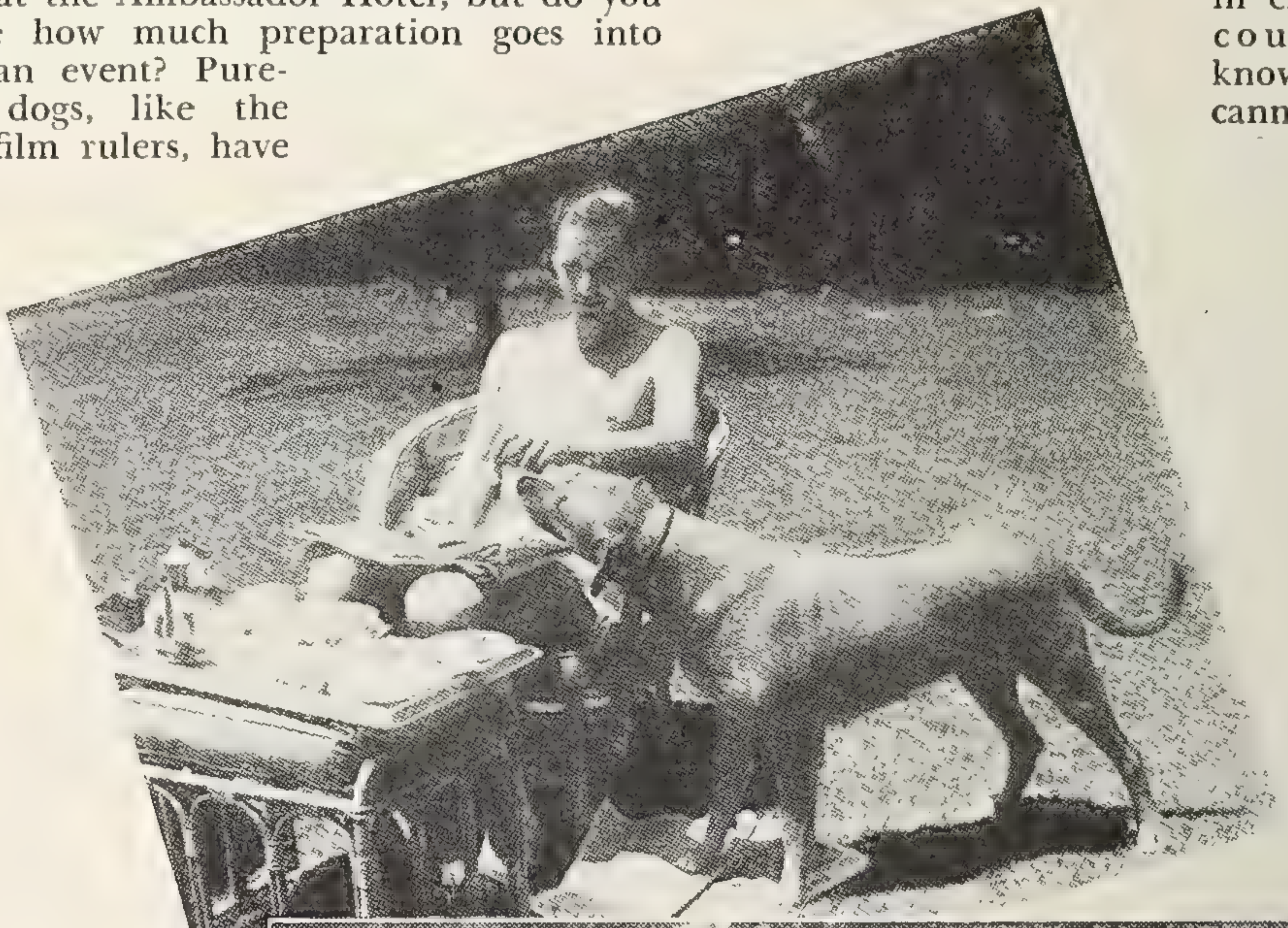
You may have heard of the swank dog show at the Ambassador Hotel, but do you realize how much preparation goes into such an event? Pure-bred dogs, like the local film rulers, have

that extra glamour because they have been literally treated to a dose of beauty-culturing. The best dogs are manicured, plucked, combed; their teeth are polished regularly and their coats are constantly glossed.

Stu Erwin possesses Hollywood's champion Scotties and English bulls; in fact, his Scotties are the country's foremost. (Thinking of another dog, Stu fingered through his mail and discovered a check, just enough to purchase the one he wanted. So he named it Technicolor Dividend, and that's how strange names are born.) Marion Davies' Mahatma Gandhi hasn't materialized at the show yet, but he's been acknowledged the colony's snappiest dachshund, so maybe he won't take the trouble to bow. Jeanette MacDonald's sky terrier, Stormy Weather, is a champion of his breed, and is after still another blue ribbon.

Boris Karloff wants a cup for his Bedlington terrier that resembles a lamb. Charlie Ruggles has seven champions on display—miniature schnauzers, afghan hounds, and a West Highland White Terrier. He is, actually, the owner of the most champions. Errol Flynn boasts two Rhodesian lion dogs straight from South African safari assignments. Even if he did have to give away the dog he had on hand, to suit these imports, he's scoring as the sole owner of this kind of animal in America. Mary Pickford, as a contrast, has the cutest dog in the show—Ming Toy, the tiniest pure-

white toy Pekingese in existence. Of course, you know that a dog cannot be called



Errol Flynn has two Rhodesian lion dogs and is the sole owner of this kind of animal in America. (Right) A trailer for his dogs is Basil Rathbone's idea for going a-hunting in fine style.



By Ben Maddox

a champion until he has topped in at least three major shows.

There is something about the excitement of the dog show that simply slays Edward Everett Horton. His dogs could walk away with ribbons, but he can't feel that they should have to go forth and compete when he already senses how swell they are. He isn't old-fashioned; he's individual. For instance, he has microphones for his dogs' benefit! Many of his rooms are wired with them, and the kennels are fixed up with loud-speakers. At breakfast-time he says, "Good morning, good morning!" And they all bark back. If, of a night, they should awaken and sound off he can reach for the mike on his bedstand and give them a quiet talk about good little dogs. Quite a convenient set-up!

I am certain that you have heard of star diets, but are you aware of Hollywood's fancy canine dietetic services that send over an attendant with the proper meals for your pooch? You don't even have to do the serving, no stoop, no bother! Anita Louise is a steady client. Speaking of Anita, she now has a fence around her back yard, built at a cost of \$75 even though she's only renting her place. Her Scottie ran away so often during the past year that she was out \$150 in rewards. Joan Crawford, on the other hand, demands to feed Baby and Pupchen, her faithful dachshunds, right along with herself. They settle at her feet, even when she's throwing one of those Saturday night suppers, and there is elegance everywhere. They eat directly under her fond eyes.

When a Hollywood dog steps out it naturally appears in an expensive tailored sweater. Except for Connie Bennett's spaniels—she has Spic, who's tan-and-white, and Span, who's black-and-white, and she

Gossip and Publicity Might Lead You To Think That Players Are "Different" — Dogs Don't Think So.



Alice Brady is a militant defender of dogs. She has six. (Left) The Mauch Twins have two pet ducks that they raised themselves.

Imagine tough Victor McLaglen having ant-eaters for pets!

attires herself according to which she's taking with her! The lady dogs are, as a rule, going further this season; they're introducing knitted dog pajamas.

When a Hollywood dog is ill the best is none too good. So there are all-white hospitals where a uniformed nurse tenderly handles the case. Registered dog doctors prescribe and operate when necessary. Drama rears with a typical movie touch occasionally. When Marion Davies' dearest sealyham took suddenly sick she telephoned long-distance from her ranch, secured a diagnosis, and—learning that a transfusion was the answer—had a nurse and a dog blood-donor hop a special airplane.

Even for a bath there's generally a whisk to a convenient hospital for the works. Bette Davis must be a sister-under-the-skin to Joan Crawford, for she insists upon bathing her Scottie and her sealyham herself. Not in an elaborate and appropriate room, as some stars wish, either. Bette has a big iron washboiler in her back yard and there she splashes them with delightful abandon.

To an indulgent master or mistress a dog deserves a pleasant vacation. Charlie Ruggles caters to this instinctive unselfishness. He owns the leading vacation kennels. First there is the clinical laboratory for an entrance examination. Next the happy boarder receives a [Continued on page 66]

In Hollywood The Players Who Click In Radio Settle Down In Luxury. Their Homes Are Show Places

By Radie Harris

BACK in the good old days when "Fanny" was still a girl's name, there used to be a sentimental ditty called, "My Little Grey Home In The West."

The melody lingers on, but out here along Hollywood's Radio Row, the words have come to have a different meaning. Earthquakes and "unusual climate" notwithstanding, the homes are still in the west but they are rarely grey and they certainly are far from little!

In other words, dear readers, the men who make dated coffee out of tin, six delicious flavors, lotions of love and cigarettes that satisfy (sponsors to you!) have made it possible for crooners, comedians and just plain coloraturas to heed Paramount's advice and "Go West Young Man" to dig for the gold in them thar Beverly Hills.

I can remember as far back as the winter of 1932 when Hollywood and radio were as far apart as Connie Bennett and the press. Today, you can't twist a dial without hearing the *ethereal* tones of your favorite "moom pitcher" actor. Unless your talents encompass both the radio and the screen you just don't rate any more (off stage income tax voices of Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Walter Winchell, W. C. Fields: "Maybe you don't know how lucky you are!").

The result of this interchange of talent is slowly but surely shifting the radio scene from New York to Hollywood. N. B. C. and Columbia are already building large studios. Radio artists can broadcast anywhere, but screen stars can only act in Hollywood. (There are those who may refute this point, but we won't go into that now!) Consequently, if Edgar Bergen, Deanna Durbin, Joe Penner, Gertrude Niesen, Bobby Breen, Frances Langford, Kenny Baker, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen, to mention a few, want to combine both mediums, they must adopt, "California Here I Come—And Stay" as their theme song.

I have yet to find anyone to object—least of all the California realtors. What Lombard is to Gable, that's what the radio in-

vasion is to Hollywood real estate.

Take Gertrude Niesen, for instance (provided that Craig Reynolds, Columbia Pictures, Inc., and Richfield Oil will let you!), Miss Niesen has just bought a three-acre estate of Mediterranean design in the exclusive Holmby Hills section where her neighbors on Ferring Road are Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne—two very nice reasons to "Love Thy Neighbor," even if

It was only four years ago that she made her radio debut in a guest spot on the Vallee variety show, emanating from New York. Her remuneration was \$200. Within that span of time her rise has been so rapid that her salary is now in the upper brackets. Her fame as a torch singer preceded her to Hollywood, where Universal signed her for a featured spot in "Top of the Town." (She would just as soon not revive that memory!) Now, she is "carrying the torch" for Columbia and will soon be seen in "Freshman Follies," a gay musical with score by Johnny Green, with whom she will be united again for the first time since she was his featured soloist in a sustaining series called, "Music in the Modern Manner."

Yes indeed, La Niesen's "singing for her supper" has given her a pretty good meal



you have to walk a couple of acres to borrow cream and sugar!

"The afternoon I bought the house, I left on a personal appearance tour," Gertrude told me, as she took me on an attic to cellar inspection of twelve rooms and four baths—with not an escalator in sight! "I expected to be gone for five weeks and stayed four months. When I finally came back, my mother and father drove me up to the entrance and said, 'Remember, this belongs to you?'"

Before purchasing this Holmby Hills Mediterranean palazzo, Gertrude had made a bid on the Rudy Vallee estate which was on the market at the time. And therein lies a story.

Gertrude Niesen, radio singer, is also cast for "Freshman Follies." Between calls she relaxes on her circular bed. It is covered with velvet in a lovely shade of turquoise. A large wall mirror of dusky blue reflects two built-in lamps.

ticket in Hollywood. She may be "Moanin' Low" in song, but she really is the happiest girl this side of Holmby Hills.

Not far from the Niesen hunk of house, lives another "torch singer" who is doing all right for herself, too. Her name is Frances Langford.

MAGIC! BEAUTIFUL HOMES OUR

It was her expert "canarying" over the major networks that first brought Frances to the attention of the movie moguls. M-G-M imported her to Culver City on a long term contract and "Hollywood Hotel" immediately annexed her as a permanent guest. The result of her combined salary in these two separate fields of entertainment is epitomized in the large Italian facade set back imposingly on Sunset Boulevard.

It is unusual enough for a twenty-three-year-old youngster to be the owner of such an elaborate domain, but what is even more unusual is the fact that Frances hails from Florida! And what Florida thinks of California is somewhat akin to what the Duke of Windsor thinks of English politics.

However, Frances is not quite as traitorous to her native soil as you might suspect. She has also invested a goodly share of her California earnings in an orange grove in her



On Maple Drive in Beverly Hills, Burns and Allen—George and Gracie—have a house that is real evidence of their success. It lifts their spirits like tumultuous applause, and it is a splendid home for them and the children. (Left) The charming boudoir of Frances Langford is made attractive by the simplicity of the white painted furniture and lovely drapes, which are of pale blue moire. The chaise longue is upholstered in blue satin in an harmonious tone. The windows, which overlook an expanse of lawn, have white venetian blinds.

knees. The gravel was quickly changed to asphalt, but it seems that the asphalt caught the rays of the sun and the reflection hurt their eyes. Again, the carpenters were summoned and as the asphalt was being dug up once more, a chip flew into one of the workman's eye. He immediately sued for damages.

P.S. Gracie and George are now saving all their "brilliant" ideas for radio.

On the same mapped drive as Burns and Allen,

a little further south, is another home for the movie guides to point out. For here at 612 live Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

Last summer when they were in Hollywood, playing a supper club engagement at the "Casanova," and no one could foresee their radio and screen possibilities, the best they could afford was a small furnished apartment, with a kitchen large enough for Ma Bergen to prepare the home cooked meals.

Now, by the grace of Chase and San-
[Continued on page 71]

Florida birthplace—Lakeland, to you, suh!

She may be living in high estate on the gold coast, but the oranges on her breakfast table every morning come from the sunny south. And if you have ever tasted California oranges, that's not half so much loyalty as good common sense!

Speaking of sense, reminds me of that non-sensical duo, Burns and Allen, who through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures and General Foods, are also property owners in Hollywood.

Their dwelling is a charming structure of Colonial Monterey design, situated on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. It is "the house that gags built"—a magnificent monument to the self-made success of these tireless troupers. It is the story of this success in capsule form . . . hotel trunk . . . one room flat . . . parlor, bedroom and bath . . . duplex apartment . . . rented house—each a forerunner to the twelve room estate with swimming pool, playground, nursery and landscaped gardens that they now call "home."

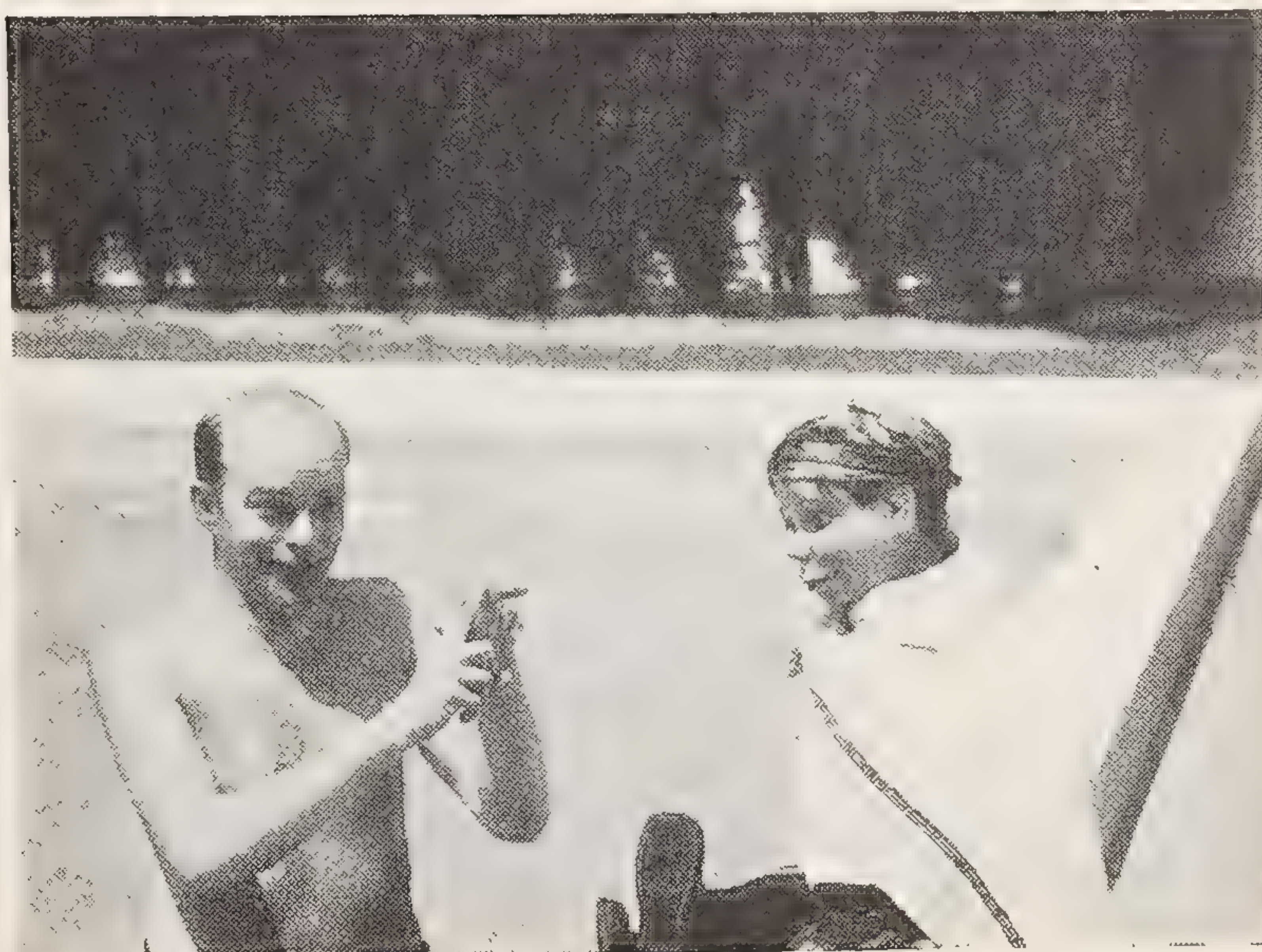
When they moved in, the only possessions they brought with them from the "past" were a Capehart radio and Gracie's

modernistic boudoir clock. The radio is now concealed in an early American cabinet hundreds of years old, and the modernistic clock has been replaced by an antique alarm.

Wisely, they have conceded their lack of experience in the art of decoration and have turned over the entire job of furnishing to the exquisite taste of Harold Grieve. In only one thing did George and Gracie have a personal hand. And they have lived to regret it.

It was their brilliant idea to install a separate playground off the nursery for their adopted youngsters, Sandra and Ronnie. A gravel walk was set in, and the first day both children fell and cut their

Edgar Bergen, the radio ventriloquist, and the most famous dummy in the world—Charlie McCarthy by their swimming pool.



F THE AIR!

MY BATTERED Ford finally managed to climb the last hill and cough its way around the bend from which I could see the Hollywoodland sign on the opposite hill. Jungfrau, Gale Sondergaard's long, streamline dog, came out to meet me and wagged his greeting. I knew I had found the right place, the last house on the highest point. Standing on the front steps, one can look down across Hollywood to the sea.

Gale, herself, was in the garden watching her producer husband plant roses. Each time I meet Gale, I am more surprised. Each time she seems more striking than the time before. Her charm lies in her overabundance of vivaciousness. She is naturally exotic and much younger than she appears on the screen.

She greeted me with her broad smile and outstretched hand. She was wearing a print dress . . . red roses on a black background. Her blue-black hair was parted in the middle and combed back behind her ears. Her long, gold earrings cut the severity of this style.

We had no sooner settled ourselves in her sunken living room and begun to make plans for our day together when a call came from the studio. She had to return for retakes for "The Life of Emile Zola." And so our plans were made for us.

Gale didn't seem to mind this additional work, which she had not counted upon.

"I don't mind doing anything for Warners," she said. "It seems like my 'home lot.' Although I'm not under contract to them, I've made two of my three pictures there."

Gale, an established actress with The Theatre Guild in New York, never has been particularly interested in pictures. It was only after innumerable actresses had been tested for the part of "Faith" in "Anthony Adverse" that she was persuaded to accept the role. Imagine her delight to discover that she was to play opposite Claude Rains, with whom she had appeared on the Broadway stage. It was this, her first role in Hollywood, that won her the Academy award.

"You will be surprised," she said, "to find me in a sympathetic role at last. I play the wife of *Dreyfus*, who was banished from France when he was accused of selling information to a foreign agent. You remember his case was carried on in France from 1894 to 1906.

"Besides," she added with a twinkle of her eye, "I'm glad to be in a picture with Paul Muni, who has always been one of my favorite actors. Oh, yes," she replied to my expression of astonishment, "I'm a movie fan, too. I have my favorites. I run to see every picture in which Leslie Howard, Herbert Marshall, Helen Hayes and Greta Garbo appear."

This vivid, interesting daughter of the Vikings is the daughter of Hans Tjellesen Sondergaard, a Professor at the University



The Immediate Recognition Which Gale Sondergaard's Talent Received Has Made Her Rise Remarkable. She Has Won The Highest Honors in The Fewest Pictures.

By Alyce Shupper

of Wisconsin. She was born at Litchfield, Wis., and attended high school in Minneapolis and college at the University of Minnesota. She was always prominent in school dramatics and graduated directly to the stage. Her first professional engagement was as *Jessica* in "The Merchant of Venice." She then played in stock with Jessie Bonstelle's company in Detroit.

Already a seasoned trouper, she has no ambition beyond acting. She was with The Theatre Guild for three years, playing in "Faust" and "Karl and Anna" before she graduated to leading woman in "Red Rust," "Alison's House" and "Doctor Monica." She also played the neurotic *Nina* in "Strange Interlude" for six months, a

strenuous test for any actress, since the play began in the afternoon and ran through the evening with time out for dinner. Gale has traveled in England, Denmark, Sweden and Germany. She is married to Herbert Biberman, Theatre Guild director of such outstanding successes as "Valley Forge" and "Green Grow the Lilacs." In spite of the fact that Mervyn LeRoy is responsible for her first picture opportunity, she lists her husband as her favorite director.

As Gale turned into the road leading to Burbank and the studio, she warned me that there might be some difficulty getting me in on the set.

"Muni has been giving so much to his role," she explained, "that he has been pretty high-strung and all visitors have been barred. But we'll see what we can do."

It was all easier than we anticipated. By a stroke of luck, we had no sooner turned into the studio gates than we saw Muni leaving the set. He came over to say "hello." Finding him in a serene mood, Gale explained the situation. He said he thought it would be all right for me to visit the set, and took us in.

The scene was a court room. The first person I encountered was Louis Calhern, looking his most villainous self in a uniform with red tunic. I stayed to talk with him while Gale went to get into her costume and make-up.

A few minutes later Muni returned and again the cameras began grinding. He stroked his beard, which I supposed was a hangover from the one he grew for "The Woman I Love."

The luncheon call came in before Gale had a chance to emote. I had a peculiar feeling, sitting there in the green room of the commissary. With

the exception of the director, I was the only one in our group in modern dress. For a moment I wondered whether the present day courtiers aren't making a mistake. The women looked beautiful.

I mentioned this to Gale. She said, "Just wait until you see me in costume for my favorite role, which I hope to play some day. It's the loveliest period of fashion in history. My secret ambition is to play 'Josephine.'"

Gale had reached the dessert course when she was told that they were ready for her. I declined joining her and promised that I would come back for her within a few hours, during which I hoped to snoop around some of the other sets.

When I returned, I was surprised to find her finished and in street clothes waiting for me. We drove back to Hollywoodland so that I could pick up my flivver, which I felt had rested long enough to make the trip back home. Besides, it was all down hill! I hesitated long enough to sip a glass of sherry as a bracer. Gale joined me, although she didn't seem to need a bracer, even though she had been doing the work.



WE POINT WITH PRIDE



In "The Bride Wore Red," Robert Young and Joan Crawford. (Below) One of his great successes was with Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him In Paris." (Bottom) Living room in his home.

TO ROBERT YOUNG

HE has introduced to the screen a new type—a character actor who is neither a slave to make-up nor yet a comic. He has played youthful lovers, but escaped the label "Great Lover." Comedy is natural to him, yet in straight dramatic parts he has few superiors.



(Below) Robert and his proud wife. The two babies must be having their nap



"WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN"



Reading from left
right—Eleanor Whitne
Wendy Barrie, Franc
Farmer, Dorothy
Lamour, Mary Maguir
Ida Lupino, Ann Sof
ern, Ann Sheridan, G
Patrick, Eleanor Pow
and Nan Grey. Please
to meetcha!



Every Girl Who Signs
Picture Contract
Is Dreaming Of
Glorious Days
Come And Fortune.

THE salaries that are paid to the girl stars seem to most of us quite out of proportion to the work they do. But that is because we forget the essential character of this business of the movies.

If a girl plays a role so well that she endows a character with real personality, we feel a bond of sympathy with the stranger that talent has created. If fifty prints are made and if the picture reaches even one half of the theatres, at least ten million people will thrill to the inspired moment when the picture was made. If the actress gives you a penny's worth of pleasure, she has truly earned ten million cents—one hundred thousand dollars. And many stars receive as great amounts, or even greater, during the year.

No wonder that actresses are anxious to lend their beauty and artistic skill to the screen. Nor is it strange that each one of the girls looks forward eagerly to the day when the ship of her dreams will come in.

THE SILVER SCREEN COMEDY HALL OF FAME



The Comedy Stars Deserve Pedestals A Little Higher Than Dramatic Actors, For Comedians Are Born With A Great Gift



FROM among the many players who are blessed with a sense of comedy there are those without whom no Hall of Fame could be fairly representative. These particular ten have given us a share in their droll personalities. Their art has awakened the whole world to laughter. At left, Harold Lloyd, in his famous bespectacled character, Alice Brady, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Gracie Allen, Charlie Chaplin, Martha Raye, W. C. Fields, Edward Everett Horton and Jack Oakie. Under their make-up, the players are modest and human and no one will look at our Hall of Fame with more interest than they.



(Left to right) Frank McHugh, Bob Benchley, Una Merkel, Ned Sparks, Roland Young, Mary Boland, Patsy Kelly, Charles Butterworth, Bob Burns, Stu Erwin, Mischa Auer and Billie Burke. They are all potential pedestal toppers.

THE COWBOYS ARE CALLING

The Drumbeat Of Running
Horses Still Stirs The Blood,
And The Scenery Of The West-
ern Trails Is Incomparable.



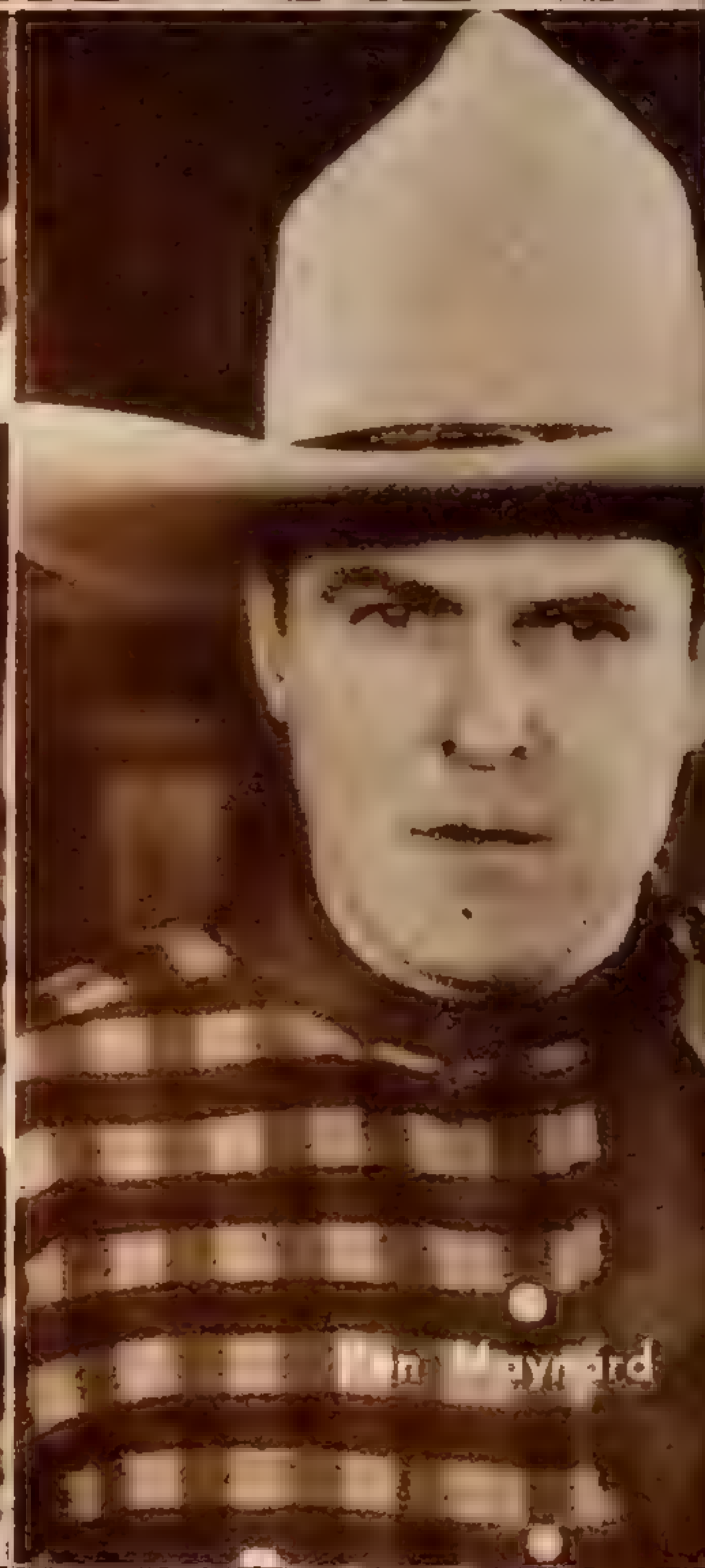
Dick Foran



Buck Jones



Jack Randall



Ben Maynard



LOVELY TO LOOK AT



Olivia De Havilland in a shimmering glacier blue satin frock with a graceful swooping train to the skirt, and latticed inserts of braided satin accentuating the wide belt and tight fitting sleeves. (Below—left) Black velvet and crisp white taffeta fashion Anita Louise's quaint frock with its corselet waistline and shoulder straps reminiscent of a bye-gone age. (Next) For the theatre Marguerite Churchill dons a luscious raisin-colored satin ensemble, the skirt of which sveltly molds her slender figure, and the jacket having modified leg o' mutton sleeves. (Below) Pat Paterson goes divinely romantic in a sheath of black velvet with a swinging skirt and dropped puffed sleeves. (Next) Canary yellow chiffon with a high neckline is Verree Teasdale's choice for a formal ball. An embroidered panel, in blue and silver and wine, draws attention to the bodice, while the flowing train adds charm to the softly flared skirt. A three-quarter length chinchilla wrap lends true elegance to this costume.





(Above—left) An evening turban of gold metal cloth wrapped over black crepe is sponsored by Joan Woodbury, and (above) Anita Louise wears a black velvet "boy's cap" trimmed with lilies of the valley for informal night club "partying."

(Above—left) The last word in ultra-sophistication is this luxurious silver fox cape of Ann Sothern's . . . lovely for the opera! (Next) Ginger Rogers smiles happily in her smoke gray crepe Elizabeth formal gown, over which is worn a casual bolero trimmed with a border of pale yellow and plum crepe to match the long, carelessly knotted sash. (Next) Translucent mousseline de soie in delicate pink is Barbara Stanwyck's selection when she wants to look particularly feminine and illusive. The décolletage and pointed tunic are subtly etched with silver sequins. (Next) Flame and gold lamé is Barbara Read's choice for a glamorous evening. (Right) Grace Moore makes a dramatic appearance in an opulent black evening coat lavishly bordered with silver fox, worn over a dinner gown of black and white striped organza. A flowered top knot is perched on her golden hair something after the fashion of an off-the-face hat.

Evening Fashions Enhance A Woman's Natural Charms

WITH the holiday season close at hand one's thoughts turn joyously to the many parties ahead. And parties mean getting decked out in one's very gayest clothes. Illustrated here is a variety of modes that should answer the requirements of the most exacting among you . . . for instance, the long sleeved, jacketed model to take you to the restaurant or the theatre, the long sleeved hostess gown when you entertain in your own home, the casual "Sunday Night" frock, the "Sweet Girl Graduate" affair for weekend dances at college or that house party in the country, as well as the sophisticated, formal gowns that look as if you had been plastered right into them.



NEW

PICTURES

FOR



Don Ameche, Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago"



George Burns, Fred Astaire and Gracie Allen in "A Damsel in Distress"



Ray Milland, Oscar Homolka and Charles Stevens in "Ebb Tide"



Robert Montgomery, Robert Benchley and Rosalind Russell in "Live, Love and Learn"



Frank McHugh, Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien in "Submarine D-1"



Roger Imhof, Burgess Meredith and Mary Boland in "There Goes the Groom."

NOVEMBER

EVENINGS



Olivia de Havilland and Brian Aherne in
"The Great Garrick"



Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard in
"Stand-In"



June Lang and Tony Martin in "Ali
Baba Goes to Town"



William Powell and Myrna Loy in
"Double Wedding"



Adia Kuznetsoff, Luis Alberni and
Gladys George in "Madame X"



Addison Richards and Jean Parker in
"The Barrier"

Still's That Reveal The Postures
Of Figures In Movement.

ACTION IN



Mischa Auer and Adolphe Menjou play checkers. They must be training to become fire-men!

Judy Garland, whose voice is a sensation. She may soon be starred

Lorraine Krueger and Joan Woodbury in some of the regulation poses of fencing

SEQUENCE

(Below) Carole Lombard. Bowling is down her alley. (Bottom) Joan Davis is very pretty, but she isn't interested in beauty prizes



WHY, BETTY—WHAT LANGUAGE!

BUT, MUMS—THAT GOSH AWFUL RUN MEANS NO LUNCH TODAY!

NOW, BETTY, YOU MUSTN'T SCRIMP ON LUNCHES. CAN'T YOU BE MORE CAREFUL WITH YOUR STOCKINGS?

LATER

MUMS GAVE ME YOUR LUX TIP, MRS. BROWN—IT HAS SAVED ME DOLLARS

I'M SO GLAD, BETTY. I KNEW LUX WOULD CUT DOWN YOUR RUNS

NEXT MORNING

BETTY'S ALWAYS BROKE, SO MUCH MONEY GOES FOR STOCKINGS

MY HELEN CUTS DOWN RUNS WITH LUX. IT SAVES ELASTICITY—DO TRY IT

Cut Down RUNS this Easy Way...

Nobody likes to have to spend lunch money on stockings. Why not keep stockings like new longer, with Lux?

Lux cuts down on runs by saving stocking elasticity. Soaps containing harmful alkali—and cake-soap rubbing—tend to weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali . . . cuts down costly runs!

—saves **E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y**

DOWN MEMORY LANE

The Great Character Actresses
On The Screen
Are An Honor
To Their Profession.

THESE girls of yesteryear, pretty and talented, were fine actresses. Many nights they looked out across the footlights, thrilled to the applause from "the house," and learned the art of expression. Their faces have changed, their talents have grown richer until today they are among the acknowledged artists of Hollywood.



When she was about 16 years old, Helen Broderick, whose recent portrait is below, started on the career that has now made her famous. (Below) Edna May Oliver. Taken from a group photographed on the piazza steps a long time ago



Jane Darwell in 1917 when she was with the Wilkes Stock Company in Seattle, Washington. Always attractive — always important



Jane Darwell, today



Culver Service

Helen Broderick, today

Edna May Oliver, today

Elizabeth Patterson as she was at 18, and, below, as she is now. She almost stars in "High, Wide and Handsome."



IT WAS late February afternoon in 1930, and Wesley Ruggles, the director, and William LeBaron, then RKO-Radio production chief, sole occupants of a studio projection room, were beginning to weary. For eight hours, with only a brief intermission for lunch, their gaze had been fixed on the screen before them, where they had viewed tests of more than 50 of Hollywood's outstanding actresses in their search for a co-star for Richard Dix in "Cimarron."

Neither had uttered a word during the running of the last five reels, Ruggles conveying his repeated disapproval by a mere shake of his head. Finally, though, it was he who broke the silence.

"It's beginning to look hopeless, but let's glance at one more, then we'll call it a day," he said to his superior.

"One more," volunteered the other, "for tomorrow's a new day."

The celluloid shadow of another beauty flashed on the silversheet. Ruggles, who had been slumped in his chair, suddenly leaned forward. Eyestrain and bodily and mental fatigue were forgotten. With the final fade-out, he called to the projectionist to re-run it.

"Whoever she is, I'm sure she's the one," he told LeBaron.

"She's Irene Dunne, a new contract player," explained the latter. "Plenty of Broadway musical experience, but very little in the dramatic line, and no picture record whatsoever."

"Well," replied the director, "if it's agreeable to you, we'll not only provide her with the camera experience, but we'll make her a full-fledged star in 'Cimarron!'"

"Fine!" agreed the studio boss.

And another Ruggles-made satellite had begun her flight across the cinematic horizon.

"Star builder!" That's the title Hollywood long ago bestowed upon Wes Ruggles, who has been converting neophytes into stellar material ever since he chucked his make-up kit for a megaphone, and that's almost a decade and a half ago.

Jack Oakie was penniless and hungry, and the soles of his only pair of shoes beyond repair from daily trudging between film plants in his fruitless search for work, when Ruggles, seeing in the comedian something that all other executives had overlooked, signed him to a personal contract and gave him his lens baptismal in "Finders' Keepers," which he filmed for Universal. Oakie was made!

Gladys George deserted Broadway in 1934, and, under contract to M-G-M, appeared in "Straight Is the Way." Neither Miss George nor the picture clicked, and her stock, insofar as Hollywood was concerned, rated far below par. A year later, Wesley Ruggles saw her in "Personal Appearance," on the New York stage, to which she had returned, and signed her for the starring role in "Valiant Is The Word For Carrie," in which she gave one of the finest portrayals in the history of the silversheet.

Arline Judge, with bits in a couple of Broadway musicals to her credit, was a glorified extra on the RKO-Radio lot when Ruggles selected her for "Are These Our Children?" in which he practically zoomed her into the talkie heavens overnight. He cast Eric Linden, until then in minor roles, opposite Miss Judge, and definitely established him as one of the better young actors.

He plucked George Raft out of the featured player ranks and boosted him into top position in "Bolero." In the same production, he gave Ray Milland, now one of Paramount's brightest hopes, a "bit," then went to the front office and argued his superiors into plac-

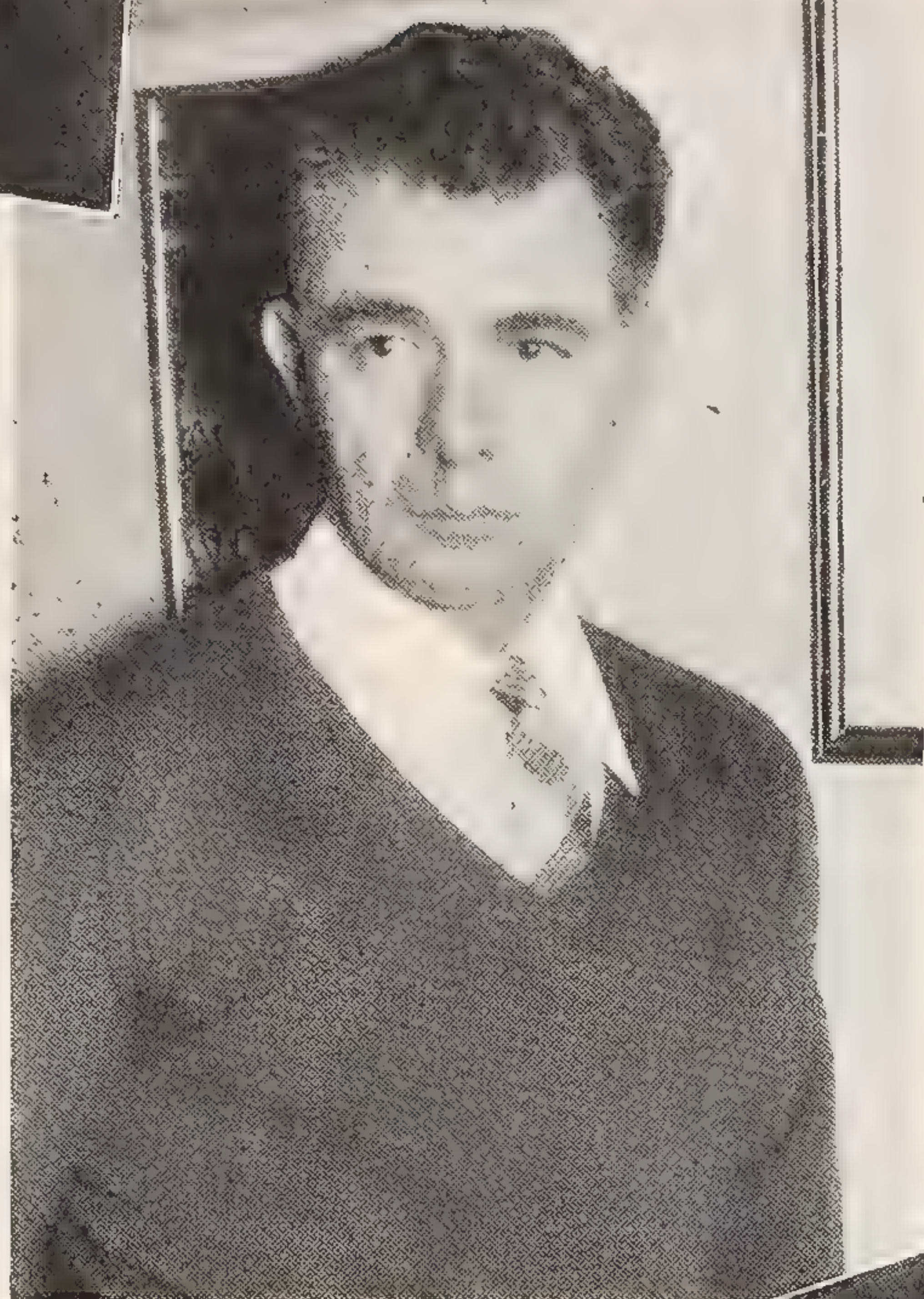
ing Ray under a long-term contract.

Fred MacMurray had played his first talkie role in a rather weak picture made on another lot, and interest in him was near the zero mark when Ruggles handed him the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in Paramount's "Gilded Lily" and definitely established a place for him among the better male luminaries.

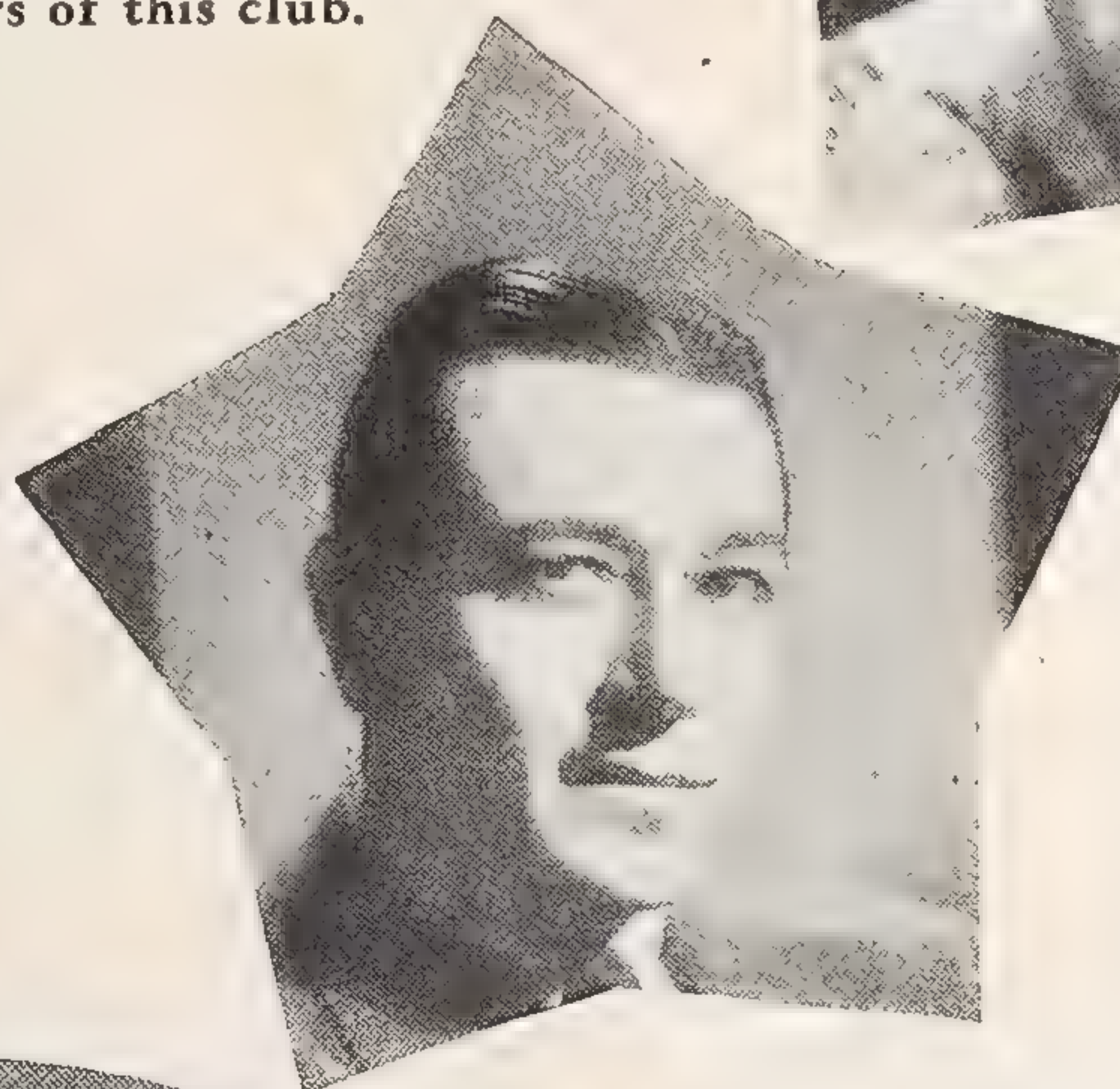
In "No Man of Her Own," he ripped a figurative shroud from Carole Lombard, and revealed her for the first time as one of the finest of light comediennees.

Fleeing the parental roof in San Francisco when he was only sixteen, Ruggles joined a roving repertoire troupe staging melodramas in cross-road "opera houses," and unconsciously pointed his steps along a path that was destined to lead him, years later, to fame and riches via the flickers. Today, heads of the motion picture industry look upon him as a "super showman." He is one of the very few rating the dual berth of producer-director. Behind his business-like mien, he hides the soul of an artist.

Since Paramount elevated him to a position of absolute command over his own productions, he has turned out two smash hits, "Valiant Is



Jack Oakie, Irene Dunne and George Raft were taught by star builder Ruggles. (Below) Ray Milland and Gladys George, both members of this club.

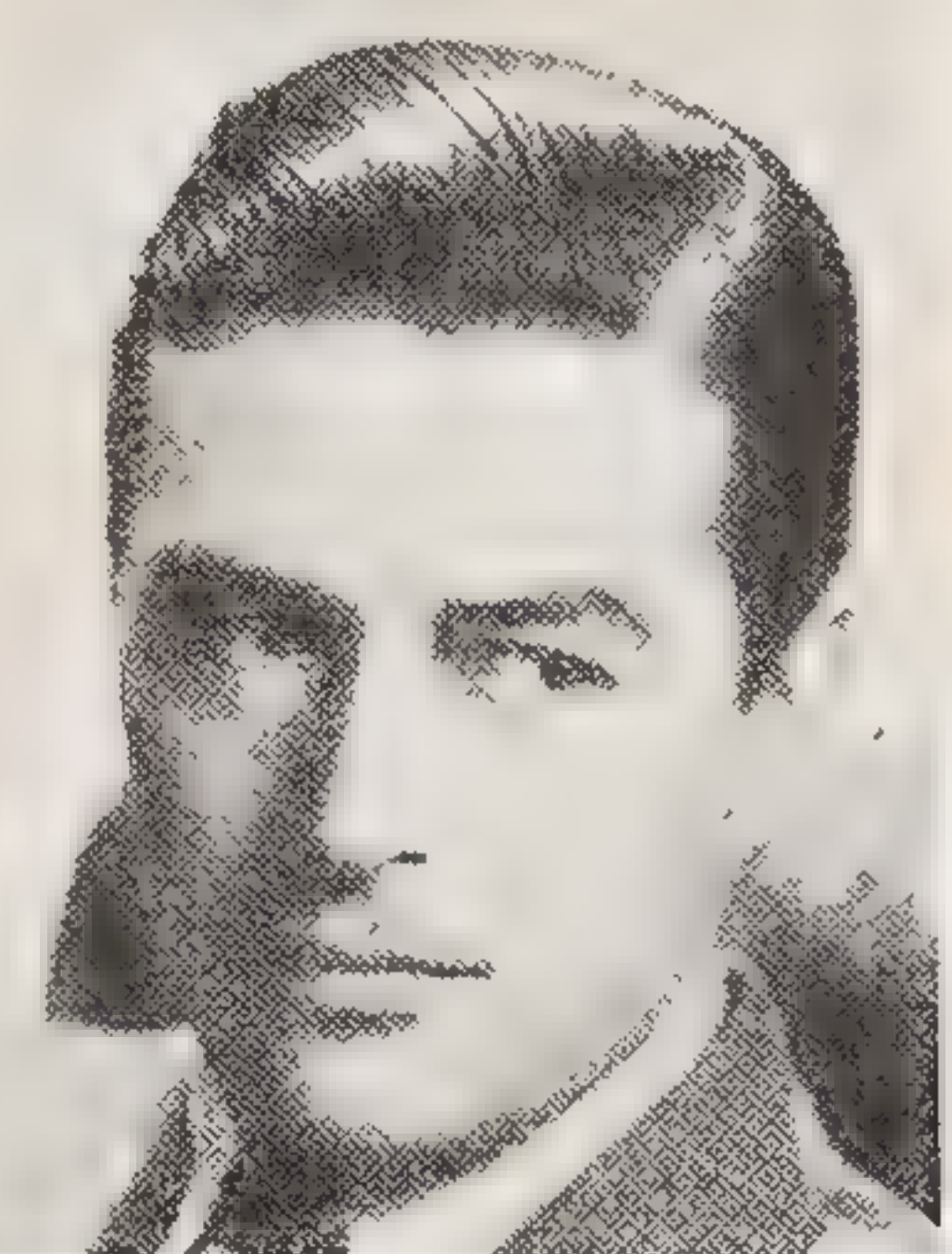


The Word For Carrie" and the more recent "I Met Him In Paris." Even before the latter was released, his unexpired contract was replaced with another continuing him as both producer and director for another two years.

Star Builder Ruggles draws a very definite line between the terms "new faces" and "new names." The picture business is suffering from too many of the former, too few of the latter, he insists.

"How often does the screen turn up a new Claudette Colbert, a new Robert Taylor or a new Deanna Durbin?" Ruggles asks, then answers

his own query with: "Not often enough, and the fault, I believe, lies with the directors. There is sufficient talent right here to keep the screen supplied with glamorous new names for years to come. But," he added, "it isn't handled right."



STAR BUILDER

A Short Short Visit
With Wes Ruggles

By
David Earhart





An Unexpected Flirtation May Obscure The Warmth And Glory Of True Love.

Fictionization of
"I MET MY LOVE
AGAIN."

Produced by Walter Wanger and Directed by Arthur Ripley and Joshua Logan. Screen Play by David Hertz. From the novel by Allene Corliss. (The cast will be found at the end of this story).

Imprisoned by the storm, Julie (Joan Bennett) found the stranger in the cabin irresistibly charming.

By
Jack
Bechdolt

LYNBORO had not changed. Julie Weir, looking from the window of the station taxi saw the same giant elms, the familiar white houses with green blinds. Girls in sweaters and sneakers carried their books to class across the college campus. Boys glanced after them and hastened to catch them up. Lynboro of 1937 was like the town of ten years before, but Julie Weir had changed!

Outwardly she still bore the trim, almost girlish figure of 1927. Her face had that same eager, youthful beauty. But life had done things to the heart of Julie Weir that she was almost afraid to remember. Life and her own youthful folly had snatched that Julie Weir from the arms of a man she loved and given her to a tragic fool. She was no longer the romantic girl who had attended classes in Lynboro. She was a widow and beside her in the taxi sat a seven year old daughter whose father had died a tragic death in Paris. Ten years was a bridge, a long bridge in dreary perspective at whose far end stood a wistful eyed Julie Weir she scarcely could recognize.

Returned from abroad after ten years, Julie told herself she had come to Lynboro only to see her Aunt William who was closer to her heart than her own mother had been. But it was mostly of a man that Julie thought as the taxi hurried on. He was the man she once had been engaged to marry—the man she loved still.

His name was Ives Towner.

That spring morning when Julie returned he was meeting his class in Advanced Biology, on time to the minute as he always met his classes through term time. He was saying in that dry, weary voice that poorly concealed his impatience with it all, "Monday we discussed the morphology of the ant. Today we shall study its polymorphism."

He still resembled the Ives Towner of 1927, a studious, intent man with the mature good looks that ten years had added. Every gesture he made, every sudden glint of his dark eyes showed practised restraint of nerves that were tortured by his tragic loneliness.

Ives Towner and Julie Weir had been boy and girl sweethearts. Julie had meant everything to the studious, imaginative young man—his dream of beauty, romance, ambition! He had been the happiest man alive—in 1927.

On Christmas eve Julie, hurrying home to Aunt William's, lost her way in the blizzard. Fate turned her to the cottage rented by Michael Shaw. She had mistaken Michael's practised sophistication for the one great love and next day Julie left Lynboro and Ives Towner forever—so she thought.

Ives lingered on, the shell of a man who taught Biology B.2 and remained a dutiful son to a managing mother. His life included neither past nor future, only a dreary present. He was pointed out as one man who had never lost his head over a woman.

A girl student in Ives' biology class knew this. Her name was Brenda Lane, the daughter of a rich man. She knew it partly

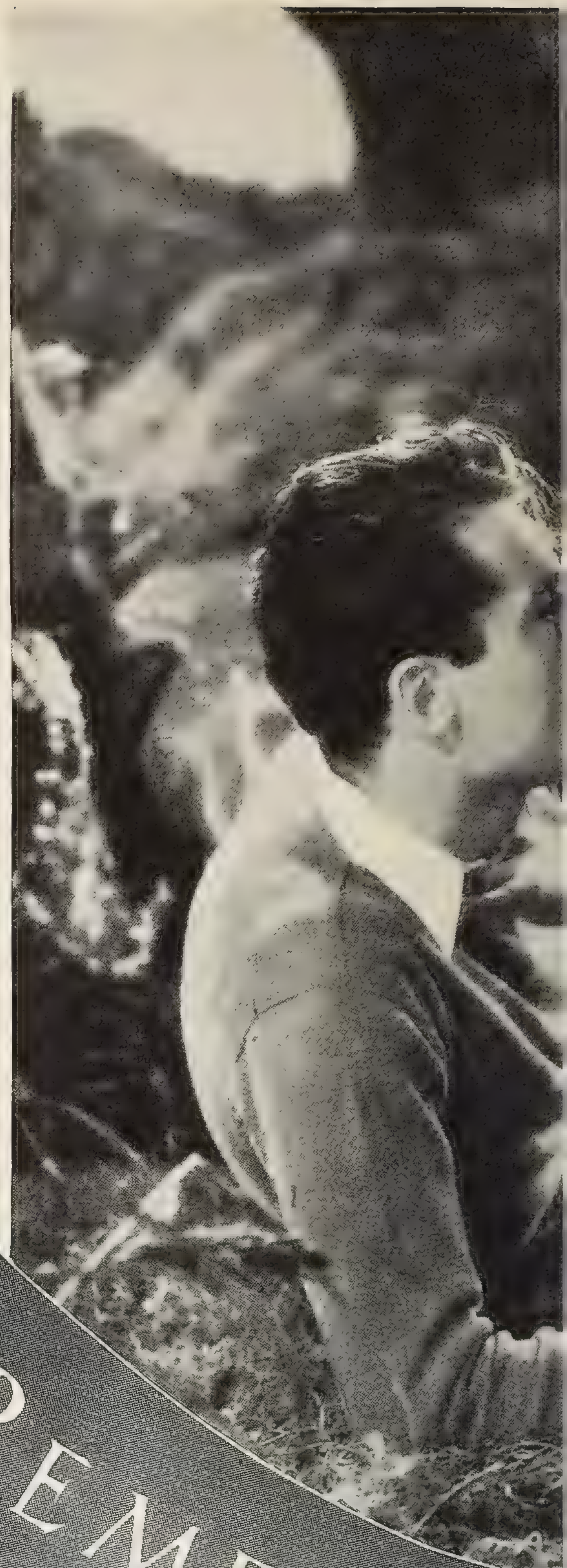
from campus gossip and partly from the sure intuition of a young woman romantically in love with her teacher. She was used to gratifying her impulses at any cost. In her own mind she was perfectly certain that some day she would make him love her. From this you will see that two women came into Ives Towner's life that spring day that brought Julie Weir home from Paris at last.

Julie was talking to her Aunt William, their topic Ives Towner. "I loved him so much I was too happy," she said. "Darling, do you know what I mean? Sometimes something makes you so happy you don't realize what it is—and you think it's everything else in the world except the thing it is. And you never know until you've lost it."

Bed-ridden Aunt William answered with a note of pleading. "He's old already, Julie—beaten. All the things he could have been are gone. He's lost." She leaned forward and her eyes begged her niece, "Unless you find him again?"

Julie's smile was regretful. "I suppose I still look young—and feel young to your fingers—but I'm not. I've thrown my youth into a Paris ash can . . . Whatever it was we once had that was young and fresh and new—now it would be old and stale. I can't bring it back. I don't want to bring it back. It's gone."

But Brenda Lane was young and she had the beauty and lure of youth. And the will!



HEARTS REMEMBER



tears and ran away. And Ives, with a weary sigh, picked up the routine of his dusty life.

Ives went on, but something had happened to him that spring day. The restlessness of the season was swelling in his heart. He could not bear the gentle nagging of his managing mother or the unfeeling curiosity of his sister and brother-in-law. He went down to the stream to escape them and on the other bank he saw the ghost of his lost love, Julie Weir, so little changed and yet so greatly!

They looked at each other, the stream between them, saying commonplace things stiffly and self consciously. The old bitterness was between them like the stream, but that bitterness was a wide ocean over which they scarcely could recognize each other, strain their eyes as they would. Out of common decency Julie made her plea in the name of old friendship. At least they had that left to share!

"Ives! You have that cast iron look of a statue of Nelson at Trafalgar. What are you staring at?"

He answered slowly, grimly, "Oh, all the things a statue stares at—windy, cold streets and—strangers walking by."

He left her standing beside the stream and when the little girl, Michael, asked her, "Mummy, who is that man," Julie's eyes filled with tears. "Oh, just someone I used to know."

Brenda Lane inherited the persistence that had made her father rich. Determined to fight for Ives she hid herself in his car. He had to listen to the story of her infatuation again. It was the old story of a girl who glanced up from the reading of Heloise and Abelard in the college library and saw the man of her dreams crossing the campus, a bundle of books under his arm. A silly story about a silly girl that sharply reminded Ives of another silly boy and silly girl who had broken their hearts ten years ago. Suddenly it made Ives Towner laugh.

He explained hastily that he was not laughing at Brenda, but at himself. "You mustn't ever make yourself unhappy over me. Ten years from now you'll laugh when you remember hiding yourself in my car. If I'd managed to laugh ten years ago . . . Come on, forget your melancholy and be happy now!"

She moved closer to him, her lips tempting him. "I'll laugh if you'll say you could love me . . . if you could ever love me—"

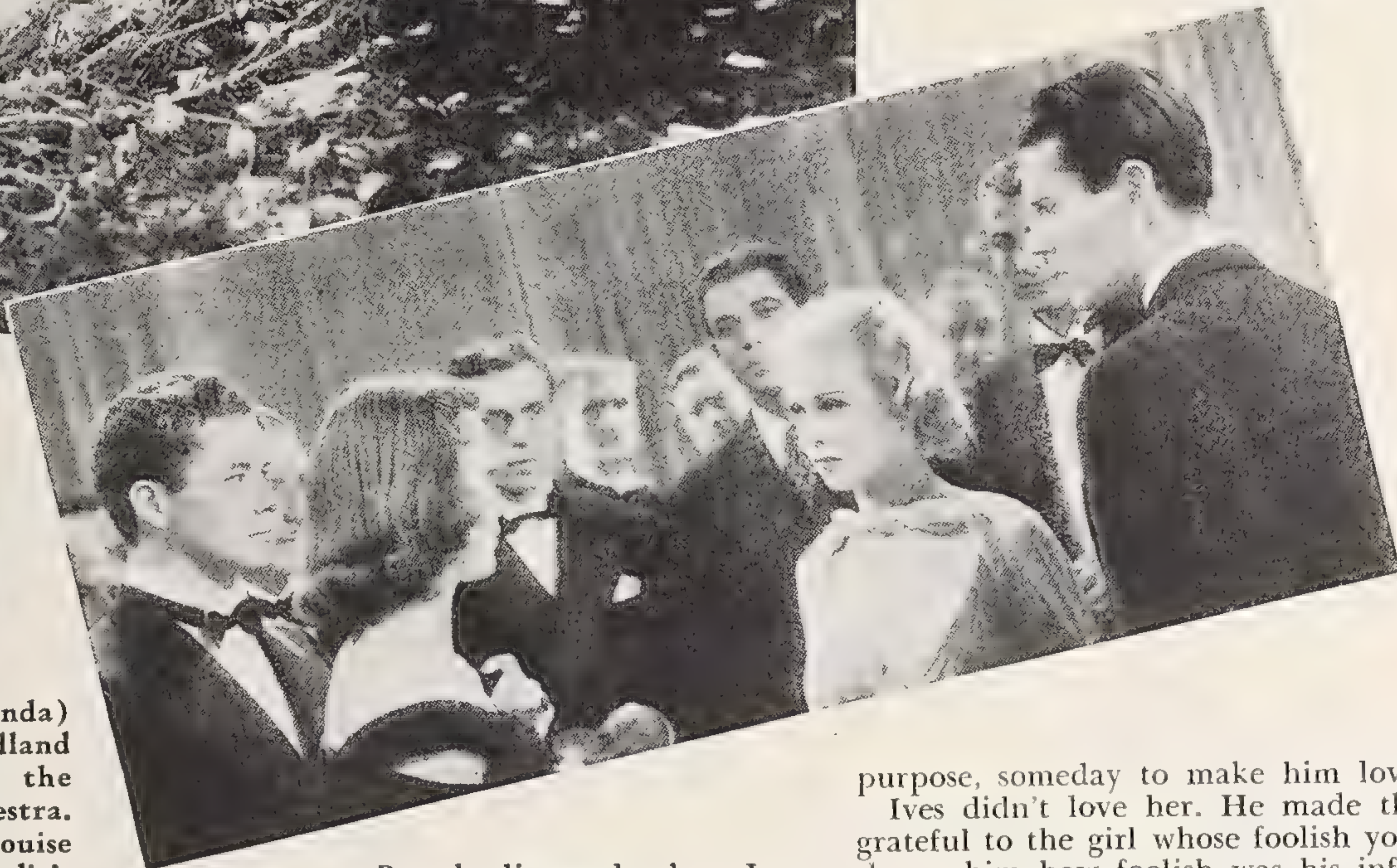
He took her into his arms and kissed her swiftly, impetuously. He still laughed a little as he kissed her. "If you'll just say that you'll love me some day—" Brenda persisted through his kisses.

"No," said Ives. "I'm not in love with you. I'll never be in love with you. I'm not in love with anyone and I'll never be in love with anyone." He held her at a little distance, laughing at his folly. "You're very pretty, aren't you? You don't mind that I'll never love you, do you?"

"I think I do mind," Brenda said, laughing too because his kisses had dazed her. "I think I mind, but I'm too happy to care, just now!"

Ives had made a great discovery. He had learned to laugh at himself and the old heartbreak over Julie. If you could laugh—and keep on laughing—and if there was a pretty girl like Brenda to help you forget—life wasn't so bad, after all!

Brenda was eager to teach Ives to forget. At a roadhouse she taught him to dance and to laugh more at himself. And in the back of her shrewd brain Brenda cherished her unflinching



For Ives (Henry Fonda) and Julie the woodland glade rang with the magic of love's orchestra. (Right) Brenda (Louise Platt) glared at Julie's terror stricken face with joy. She had broken the spell between Julie and Ives.

was in love with him, terribly in love. Ives might have whatever he wished if . . .

Reluctantly, because he was gentle to all living things, Ives replied with the one insult that would get rid of this persistent wooer, "I'm a very bad audience for your play acting, Miss Lane."

She took it in silence, all her young love and pride and defenselessness swelling up in her. Then she slapped his face, burst into

Brenda lingered when Ives dismissed his class in Advanced Biology that day. She suggested to Ives that her father would offer Ives a splendid position if she asked him to. In fact, said Brenda sweetly and quite unabashed, she

purpose, someday to make him love her.

Ives didn't love her. He made that plain to her. But he was grateful to the girl whose foolish young infatuation with him had shown him how foolish was his infatuation with Julie, ten years ago. He came back to campus and his classes a changed man, eager to laugh more. His sister reminded him of the annual faculty dance. His mother, fearful that her son was slipping away from her and blaming Julie Weir for his change, urged him nervously not to take Julie to the dance. Promptly, Ives went to the telephone and invited Julie.

She had reached an honest realization of herself. She knew now that always at the back of her mind had been the faint hope of returning to Lynboro and finding again the love she had thrown aside in 1927. Ives' invitation to the faculty dance, delivered with new-found optimism, convinced her that the miracle had come to pass. Julie went to the dance with [Continued on page 68]



Allan Jones Is Different From The Accepted Type Of Singer—Bigger And Better.

BORN WITH IT!

By
Laurence Morgan

ALLAN JONES knocked the pins right out from under me. Now, in case you haven't heard, when a reporter gets his pins knocked out from under him there's bound to be NEWS in large capital type some place in the immediate vicinity. There was! And I'm still wondering vaguely just who was interviewed . . . a singer named Jones, a scribe named Morgan, or three and a half horses. That may sound a bit wacky, I know, but, those three and a half horses are very important and will be explained a little later on.

In the first place, when I received this assignment I thought to myself, "Hmmm . . . Jones, Jones . . . no relation to Buck Jones or John Paul Jones or even to Bobby Jones, that's sure. Let's see . . . Oh, sure . . . Allan Jones, synonymous with operettas, the concert stage and the opera. Ordinary routine assignment."

So I glanced sketchily through the "Book of the Opera," made sure I still knew the meaning of such words as "fugue," "cantata," and "arpeggio," and sallied forth to Brentwood to interview an opera star. Which all goes to show just how wrong a guy can be at times.

A butler, sartorially elegant in his butling habiliment, admitted me and glided off in search of Mr. Jones. He was in the study, he thought. I wandered about the huge living room and admired the Steinway concert grand and the framed photographs of Irene Hervey, his beautiful wife, and wondered, idly, what an opera singer wore on hot afternoons . . . purple silk lounging pajamas or satin smocks. Or possibly semi-formal afternoon attire as illustrated in the newspaper advertisements.

It was then that Mr. Allan Jones entered. Or rather, I should say, he sauntered in. That was the moment when my underpinnings first began to buckle. For Mr. Jones was tastily, if slightly informally, attired in

a pair of faded blue dungarees . . . the kind sailors wear when they're scrubbing the decks . . . a blue woolen polo shirt (nicely ripped across the shoulder) that looked as if it had been used variously as, (a) a dust-mop, (b) a saddle blanket, and (c) something a large police dog had taken a fancy to . . . this whole natty ensemble being topped off by a pair of very tired looking house slippers. For the first time in my life I actually felt like O. O. McIntyre's description of a well dressed young man.

"Hi'ya, boy? What's on your mind?" was

his greeting and we shook hands. I glanced down quickly to see whether any blood had spilled on the carpet and if there would be any chance of ever pounding a typewriter with that hand again. Faintly assured, but still worried, I admitted to being a reporter with nothing on my mind but an interview.

"Interview? Oh, that." He dismissed the subject as something not very important. "Sure . . . anything you like. Shoot."

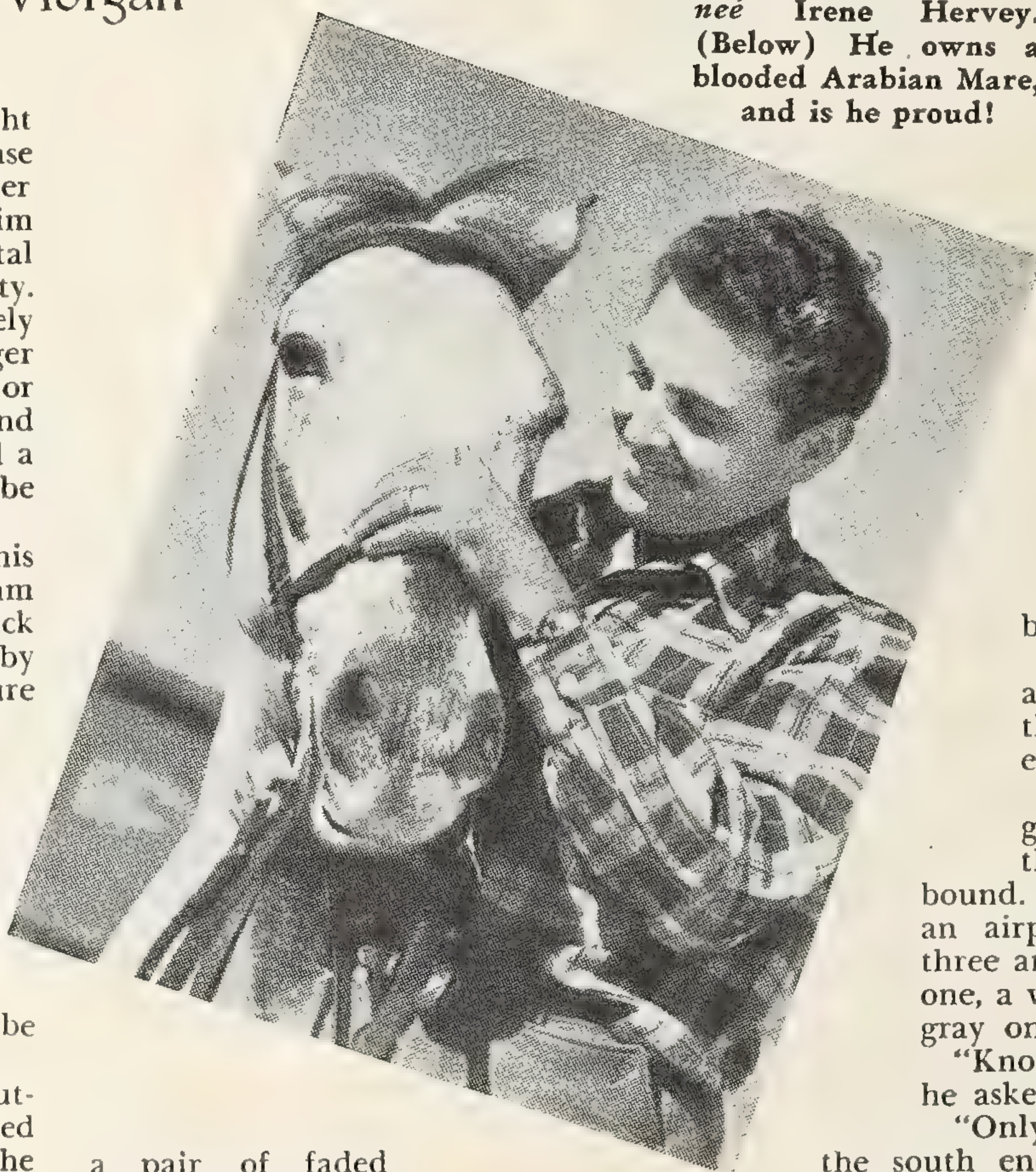
I grasped a pencil in my still benumbed mitt and prepared, determinedly, to find out how come a concert stage star happened to have the physique of an intercollegiate heavyweight wrestler, the taste in clothes of an unemployed longshoreman, and a set of teeth that looked exactly like a dentifrice ad. And, incidentally, to find out how he could stay so busy and still manage to keep a tan which can only be described as being two and a half shades darker than an old mahogany sideboard. I found out, all right.

"Is it true that you're planning to quit pictures and return to the concert stage?" I asked.

"Gosh, no! Where'd you ever hear that?"

"Oh, 'round and about town. I just wondered." I said.

(Above) Allan Jones with his lovely wife, *née* Irene Hervey. (Below) He owns a blooded Arabian Mare, and is he proud!



"Silliest thing I ever heard of." He paused to light his pipe, then, on a sudden thought, he said, "Hey, want to see something swell? Come on outside . . . we can talk better out there anyway." He arose and led the way out through the back of the house and around to the side where there was an adjoining field, or rather, a fenced-in pasture. We perched ourselves on the top rail of the fence and I wondered if he was going to show me a new autogyro or something, but all I could see were three horses and a brand new colt.

"Just look at that!" he said, and sighed ecstatically. "Isn't that the prettiest sight you've ever seen?"

I followed his enraptured gaze and sure enough it was the horses that held him spellbound. Nothing so commonplace as an airplane or a pet camel. Just three and a half horses . . . a brown one, a white one, and one and a half gray ones.

"Know anything about horses?" he asked.

"Only enough to keep away from the south end of them. Say, how about this interview? Where were you born, Mr. Jones?"

Allan grinned. "Oh, sure. Scranton, Pennsylvania. See that gray mare over there? Pure Arabian. That's her colt."

"Darned cute colt," I said. "When did you first commence to sing?"

"Back home at St. Luke's Episcopal Church when I was eight years old. Just look at those withers will you. Just look at them!" Dutifully I inspected the mare's withers.

And so help me, that's the way I had to

[Continued on page 72]

REVIEWS OF PICTURES

ONE HUNDRED MEN AND A GIRL

RECOMMENDED TO EVERYBODY—ESPECIALLY
MUSIC LOVERS—U

IF THIS doesn't give you one of the grandest evenings you've ever spent in a theatre there's something wrong with you. Little Deanna Durbin once more wraps herself around your heart, just as she did in "Three Smart Girls," and when she sings "Exultate Jubilate" and "La Traviata" with Leopold Stokowski's symphonic orchestra it's all too ecstatically beautiful to be true.

The story is about a little girl, Deanna, who is the pride and joy of her daddy, Adolphe Menjou, a poor musician who hasn't been able to get work in ages. One night he finds a purse, jammed with bills, and to make Deanna happy he tells her he has a job with Stokowski's orchestra. She is heart-broken when she discovers that he has lied to her and insists upon returning the purse to its rightful owner, Alice Brady, flutterbrain wife of a radio magnate, Eugene Pallette. Miss Brady promises to sponsor an orchestra on the air for her if she will organize it, then promptly forgets the child and sails for Europe.

The rest of the picture is centered about Deanna's disappointment, her search, and her eventual success in getting work for her father and a hundred hungry musicians—you will cry a little, laugh a lot, and enjoy it all most thoroughly. There has never been a more thrilling scene in any picture than the scene in which the celebrated Stokowski's fingers begin to move and he directs the jobless musicians whom Deanna has smuggled into his home.

The cast is grand, couldn't possibly be better, with much praise going to Frank Jenks in a stand out bit as a taxi driver music lover, and Mischa Auer in a completely new characterization. Stokowski plays Stokowski excellently, and never before has there been such music on the screen. You mustn't miss this one.

STAGE DOOR

WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THE SCENES—RKO

WHAT a lot of fun you'll have when you see this picture, fun galore, but a good old heart-ache too. The locale is The Footlights Club in New York, where



The new comedian, Rufe Davis, and Betty Grable enliven "This Way, Please."

girls with stage ambitions can live on thirteen dollars a week, with lamb stew every night and a community bathroom.

Into this theatrical boarding house one night comes Katharine Hepburn, with her three trunks and her fur coats, and immediately the girls take a dislike to her because of her obvious wealth and her fondness for Shakespeare. She and Ginger Rogers, a hard-boiled little hooper looking for a "break," share a room together and their non-flattering exchange of repartee is really something.

Hepburn's rich father, hoping to cure his daughter of her desire to become an actress, secretly backs a show so that Adolphe Menjou, a producer, will give her the lead, the idea being, of course, that his daughter will be so bad the play will flop. All unbeknownst to Hepburn, the part her father "buys" for her in the play has been promised to Andrea Leeds, a poor and talented young actress, who broods so over losing it that on the night of the opening she jumps off the roof.

Ginger blames Hepburn for her death

a few minutes before the curtain goes up, and Hepburn, who had been a wooden Indian in the rehearsals, now completely broken by the tragedy, gives a beautiful emotional performance that makes her a star over-night. The different characterizations in the picture are simply marvelous and the picture is a terrific triumph for Gregory La Cava who directed it with nothing less than inspiration. Andrea Leeds will doubtless become a star after this performance.

Outstanding in small parts are Gail Patrick, Franklin Pangborn, Constance Collier, and the entire Footlights Club.

THIS WAY, PLEASE

JUST A FAIR COMEDY—Par.

THIS picture marks the return to the screen of Charles "Buddy" Rogers, but it is no great shakes as pictures go. Buddy plays an orchestra leader in a combination stage and screen theatre and falls in love with Betty Grable, an usherette, with ambitions to become a chorus girl. Betty's fired because of the popular Buddy's at-



"Music for Madame." Joan Fontaine and Nino Martini in the romantic mood.



"Stage Door" is a knock-out. Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers are two of the leads

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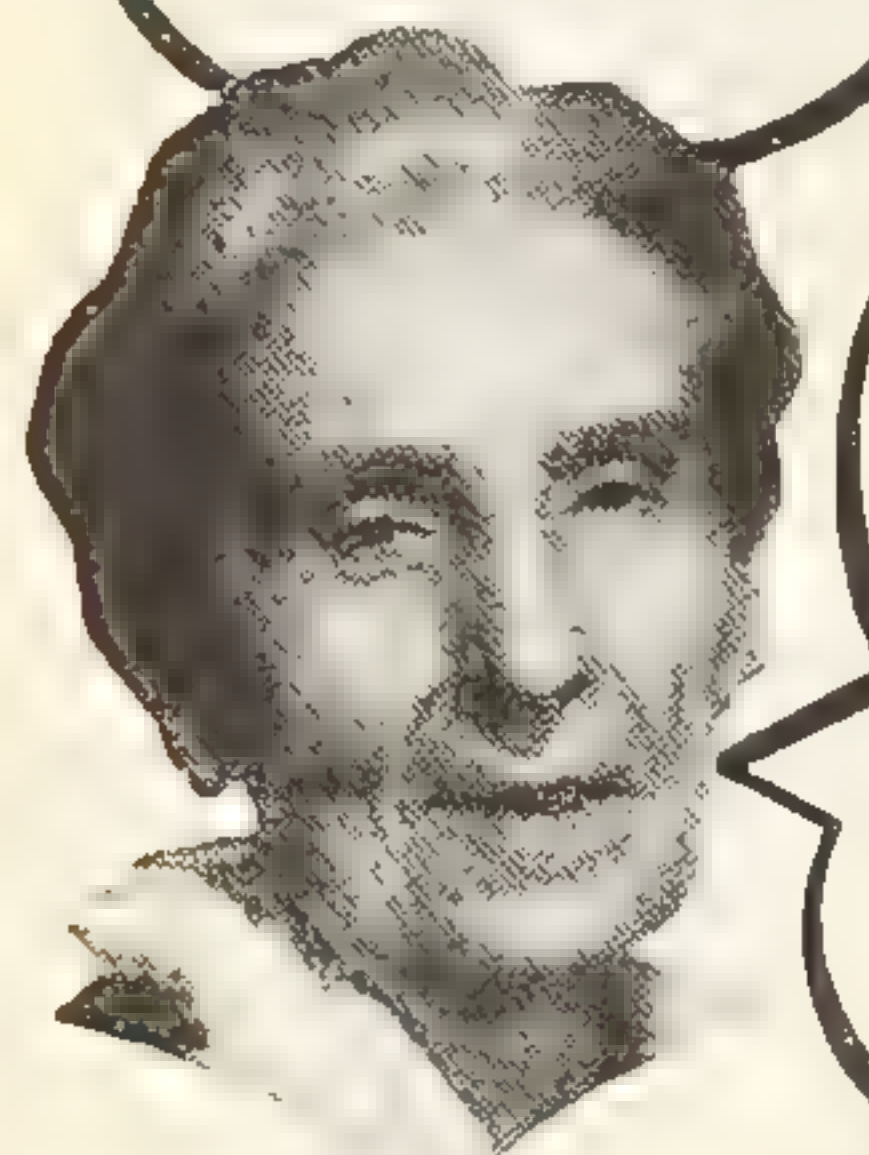
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... and you'll

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EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Evelyn Daw and a new Jimmy Cagney in "Something to Sing About"

tentions to her, but everything gets straightened out amicably with a wedding on the stage.

Mary Livingstone, Jack Benny's wife, and two other radio favorites, Fibber McGee and Molly, make their screen debuts in this picture. A comic named Rufe Davis steals the show with a song number called, "The Sound Effects Man."

MUSIC FOR MADAME

ART AND THE UNDERWORLD GET TOGETHER
—RKO

LOVERS of Nino Martini's gorgeous tenor voice will enjoy this picture because it gives him an opportunity to sing once again "Vesta la Giubba" in which he is at his vocal best. And besides the Pagliacci aria he sings two new musical numbers, "Music for Madame" and "I Want the World to Know," which are bound to be popular hits. Unfortunately the plot is not as strong as it could be and is frequently cluttered up with old gags.

Martini is on his way to Hollywood to crash the studios when he meets up with a couple of jewel thieves who represent themselves as his "benefactors." They take him to a big Hollywood wedding and while he sings his Pagliacci aria in make-up they steal a valuable necklace; later they throw him out of the car and warn him that if he ever sings again he will be recognized and be sent to jail for the robbery.

The rest of the picture involves the great conductor, Radowsky's search for the unknown voice, and the district attorney's search for the singing jewel thief. The picture is at its best in the Hollywood Bowl sequence where Martini sings with Radowsky's symphony orchestra. Joan Fontaine plays a young composer in love with Martini. Alan Mowbray is excellent in his satire of Stokowski (hands and hair and everything).

BIG CITY

LIFE IN THE LOWER BRACKETS—M-G-M

AN entertaining picture starring Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy, cleverly directed by Frank Borzage, and with a knock-out finish that will have you leaping from your seats in excitement. The picture has as its background the taxicab war in a big city, (New York, no doubt), which a couple of gangsters are promoting in order to shake money out of the head of one of the taxi companies.

Rainer's brother, an independent cab driver, is killed by the gangsters and the picture goes into a slump while all the police force look for Rainer to deport her. But it comes to with a bang and a wallop when Spencer (Rainer's cabbie husband) discovers the identity of the murderer and rushes to the Mayor, who is presiding at a sports dinner at Jack Dempsey's cafe, begging him to rescue his wife from being deported on a boat ready to sail in ten minutes.

What a chase, with all the sportsmen at the banquet joining in! At the docks they bump into another cab fight promoted by the gangsters, and while Rainer has a baby, Spencer walks the pier, and the Mayor pretends not to notice. The fighters from the banquet, including Dempsey, Jim Jeffries, Maxie Rosenbloom, Man Mountain Dean, Bull Montana, and a slue of others, simply take over the brawl and make mince meat of the gangsters in no time. As usual, Spencer Tracy is nothing less than marvelous.

WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE

THE TRIANGLE AGAIN—BUT NO WEEPING
IS DONE—Twentieth Century-Fox

THIS is the most amazing picture of the month. Amazing in that it takes the oldest and dullest plot in the world, the "wife versus secretary" one (which wasn't any good even when played by Gable, Loy and Harlow), and makes it into a delightfully gay comedy with clever dialogue and most amusing situations. Much credit should be given the director, Walter Lang, for skipping so merrily over the old threadbare plot that never once are you aware that you are seeing a triangle picture about women who suffer.

In this smart bit of gayety (not once do the women suffer sufficiently, so it simply isn't cricket) Warner Baxter plays a successful Park Avenue surgeon who, after a whirlwind courtship, marries Loretta Young who has millions and a sense of humor. She loves him, but Virginia Bruce, his very beautiful and capable assistant loves him too—and he, why he loves both of them!

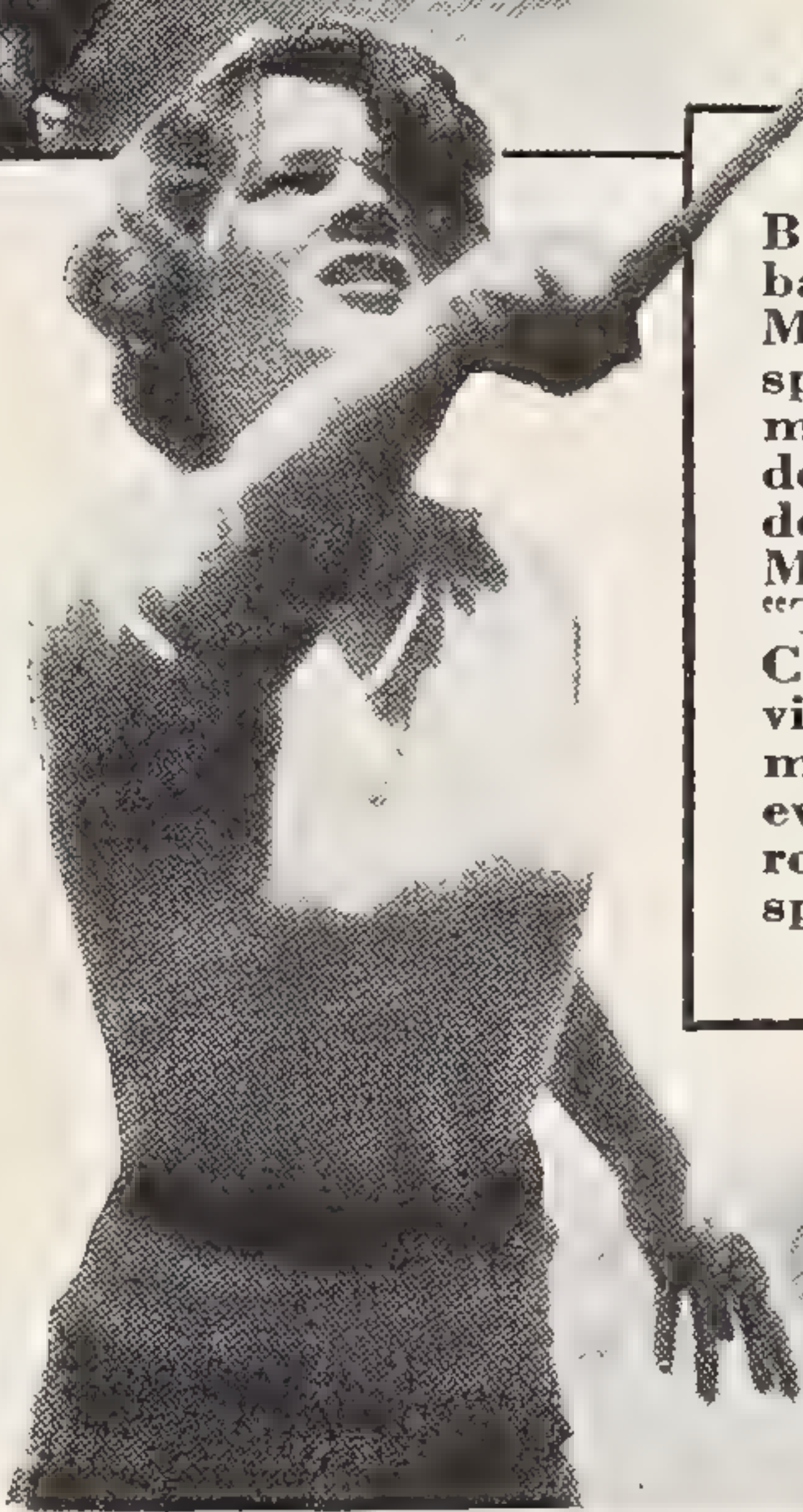
How they solve their problems is much fun indeed, perhaps not too logical, but lots of fun. Loretta and Virginia and Warner gets the prize for the best drunk scene since Myrna Loy removed the ice pack off her throbbing brow in the first Thin Man.

Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active “Skin-Vitamin”

Applied right on the Skin—
this special Vitamin helps
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**“IT’S WONDERFUL,” says
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one of the first women to use
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Cream. “It’s wonderful,” she
says. “My skin is so much bright-
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cream is even better than before.
Congratulations to Pond’s—and
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Badminton and horse-
back riding are Mrs.
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sports. Both of them
mean the out-of-
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doors dries your skin.
Mrs. Mellon says:
“The new Pond’s Cold
Cream with ‘skin-
vitamin’ in it keeps
my skin better than
ever. It’s never dry or
rough now, in spite of
sports.”

THIS NEW CREAM does more for the
Skin than ever before! It contains
a certain vitamin found in many
foods—the “skin-vitamin.”

When you eat foods containing this
vitamin, one of its special functions is
to help keep skin tissue healthy. But
when this vitamin is applied right to
skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women!

First doctors found this out. Then
Pond’s found a way to put “skin-
vitamin” into Pond’s Cold Cream.
Now everyone can have Pond’s new
“skin-vitamin” Cold Cream!

**Famous beauty cream now has
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Pond’s Cold Cream has always been
more than a cleanser. Patted into

the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear,
soft, free from skin faults.

But now this famous cream is better
than ever for the skin. Women say its
use makes their pores less noticeable,
softens lines; best of all, seems to give a
livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond’s “skin-vitamin”
Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white
color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond’s
Cold Cream now contains the precious
“skin-vitamin.” Not the “sunshine” vita-
min. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not
“irradiated.” But the vitamin which espe-
cially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin
that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby’s!

**SEND FOR
THE NEW CREAM!**

TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond’s, Dept. 7SS-CL,
Clinton, Conn. Rush
special tube of Pond’s
new “skin-vitamin”
Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with
samples of 2 other Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams and
5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose
10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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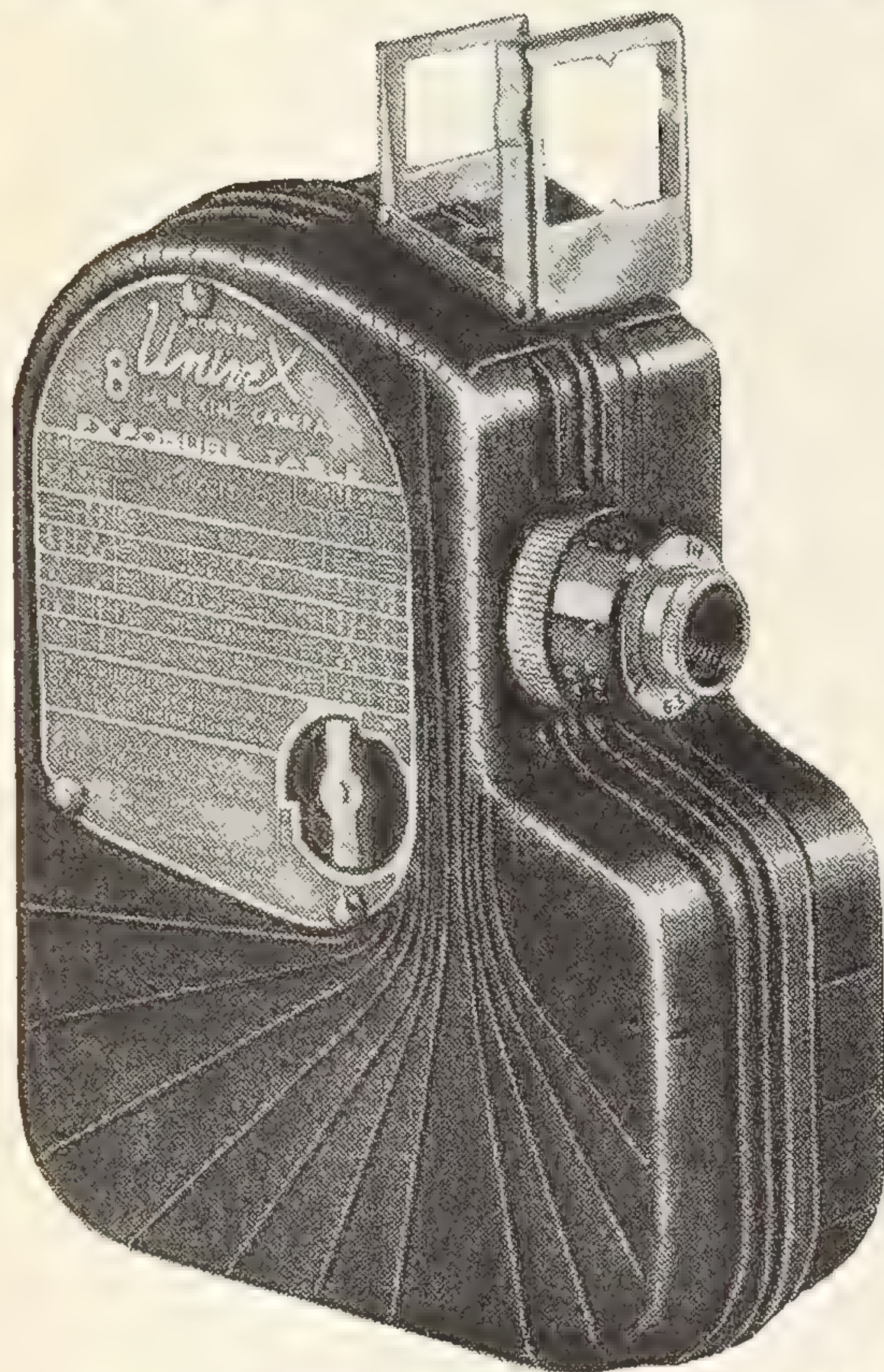
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FIRST LADY

A SATIRE ON WASHINGTON'S "UPPER CRUST"
—W. B.

THIS is a witty and slightly acid poke at Washington society and those stuffed shirts which conceal senators, justices, and newspaper magnates. It's all done in a very gay, tongue-in-the-cheek manner and rates as one of the best of the smart, topical films.

Kay Francis, as Mrs. Secretary of State, would very much like to have her husband in the White House and sets out to do a little diplomatic arranging over the tea-cups. The high spot of the picture is her feud with Verree Teasdale (who, incidentally, steals the picture so completely that she wraps it up and takes it home) who is unhappily married to Walter Connally, a Supreme Court justice with stomach trouble and a passion for detective stories. When those two women start a bit of verbal clawing it's really something.

Preston Foster plays the dapper Secretary of State, Louise Fazenda runs riot with a portrayal of the guiding spirit of the WPPP, and Marjorie Rambeau and Marjorie Gateson stand out as matrons of Washington society. Anita Louise and Victor Jory look after the love interest.

There isn't much action for you action-fiends, but the dialogue is nothing less than brilliant. And now that you know how pictures are made, perhaps you'd like to know how presidents are made—really.

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

SWELL ENTERTAINMENT—G. N.

IN THIS picture Jimmy Cagney becomes a hooper again and although he isn't as good as Fred Astaire he does all right, and I'll have no belittling by comparisons. Jimmy plays an eastern orchestra leader who is signed up for pictures and finds Hollywood a hell of a place. It seems the studio had been having a bit of trouble with its pampered stars, so they give poor Jimmy the works.

Galled by the hard-boiled treatment, Jimmy knocks out a couple of guys, wires his eastern girl friend to meet him in San Francisco, marries her, and they leave for a honeymoon on a tramp steamer. In the meantime Jimmy is a hit in his first picture and the studio promises him everything in his new contract—that is everything except marriage, which they say, will ruin his sex appeal. So his wife nobly consents to be known only as his secretary, and that of course brings on a lot of dramatic and amusing situations, particularly when a publicity stunt has him engaged to an exotic foreign star.

The Hollywood background is excellent and authentic and will remind you quite a bit of "A Star Is Born." The best moments of the picture are devoted to the ribbing of various movie types: Gene Lockley's hard-boiled press agent, and Mona Barrie's exotic star, William Frawley's hard-boiled press agent, and Kathleen Lockhart's fan writer (I think I'll sue). Evelyn Daw plays the girl friend and sings prettily.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

A CHARMING ROMANCE TO BRIGHTEN YOUR DAY—U. A.

THANK goodness, that grand old idealized romance with its swashbuckling heroes and beautiful heroines isn't completely dead. What with the grim reality of wars and poverty and taxes I think that we, the public, can use a bit more idealism and romance in our screen fare, and I'm all in favor of more romantic revivals, provided they are as well done as Mr. Selznick's "Prisoner of Zenda," which of course

has been around both in the flesh and the celluloid for a number of years.

In the 1937 version, which is a rare treat, it is Ronald Colman, gentleman de luxe, who plays both King Rudolf of Rumania and his majesty's English cousin and double, Rudolf Rassendyll. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., gives a delightful performance of the theatrical Rupert of Hentzau, whose villainous swordplay is really something. Madeleine Carroll is beautiful and charming as the princess whose loyalty will not allow her to abdicate, and Raymond Massey as Black Michael is the best heavy of the year.

Everybody is acquainted, or certainly should be, with Anthony Hope's fascinating novel of royalty, romance, and thrilling adventure, and there's no doubt but what "The Prisoner of Zenda" will again find an eager audience. Excellent in small parts are C. Aubrey Smith, Mary Astor, David Niven, Lawrence Grant, and a host of others.

ANGEL

A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY OF MANNERS—*Par.*

THE new Dietrich picture is decorous but delightful entertainment with a dash of that justly famous "Lubitsch touch."

The beautiful Marlene plays the wife of an unemotional British statesman, Herbert Marshall, who has become so engrossed in the unrest of Yugo-Slavia that he fails to note the unrest in his own wife.

While he is at Geneva whipping nations into line with his brilliant statesmanship Marlene, incognito, pays a mysterious visit to the salon of the Grand Duchess in Paris and there, under very romantic conditions, meets and dines with Melvyn Douglas, young business man on a holiday from

India.

They meet again in England where he learns her true identity in the drawing room of statesman Marshall. After much fine talk, sometimes witty, sometimes dull, Marlene decides to stick with her husband who promises to give her the attention he once bestowed on Yugo-Slavia.

Dietrich is more enchanting than ever

as the restrained, provocative Angel, and for those fans who ask for nothing better than to sit and stare at her this picture is a field day. But there are others, and count us in, who think it would have been far more fun if there were less close-ups of Marlene and more of the delicious comedy of Edward Everett Horton, Ernest Cossart and Dennie Moore.

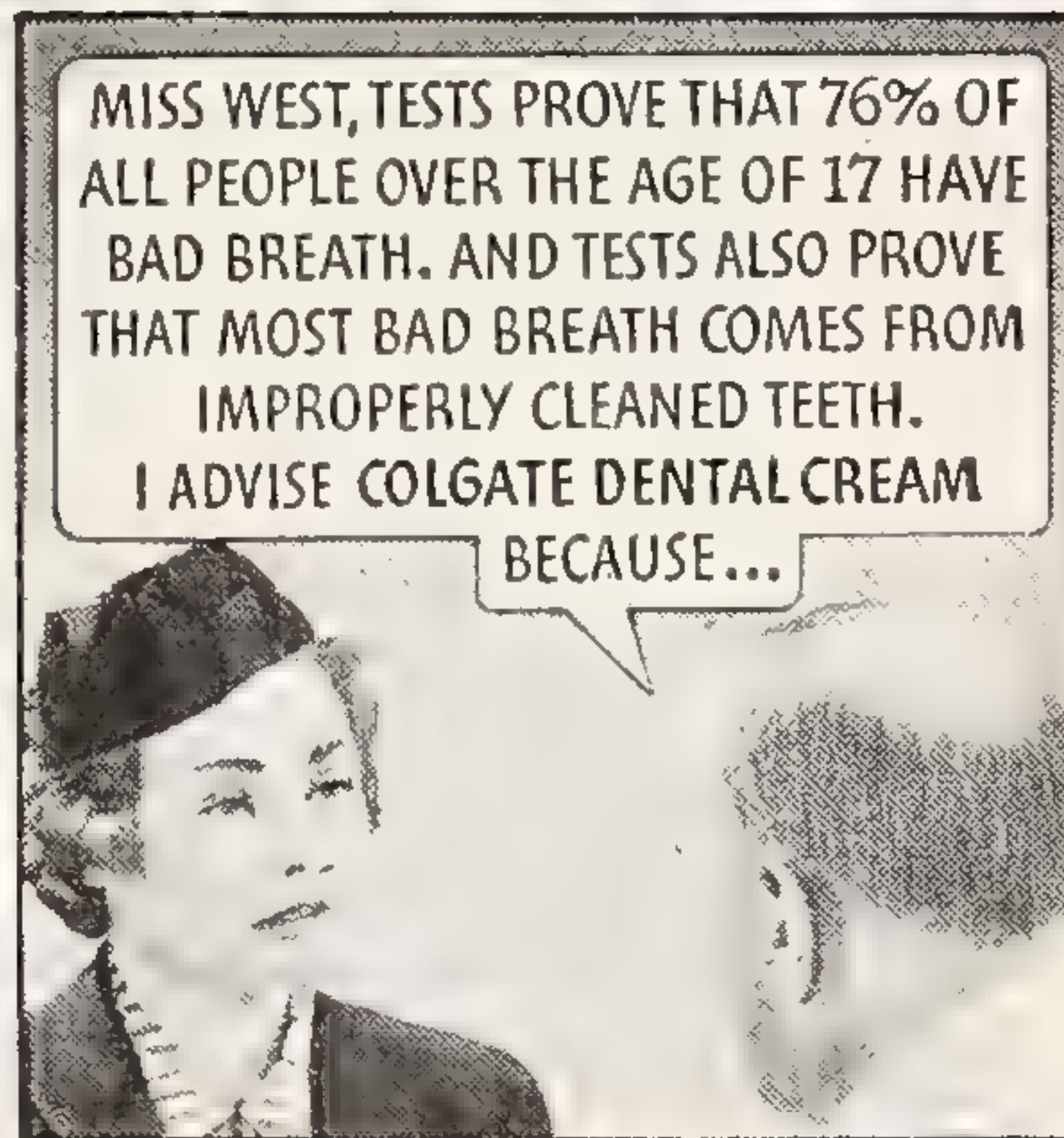


Frieda Inescourt looks with awe at the little film pictures which mean so much to her whole life. A clip from "Portia on Trial."



HER SMILE WON HIM

...But her breath lost him



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



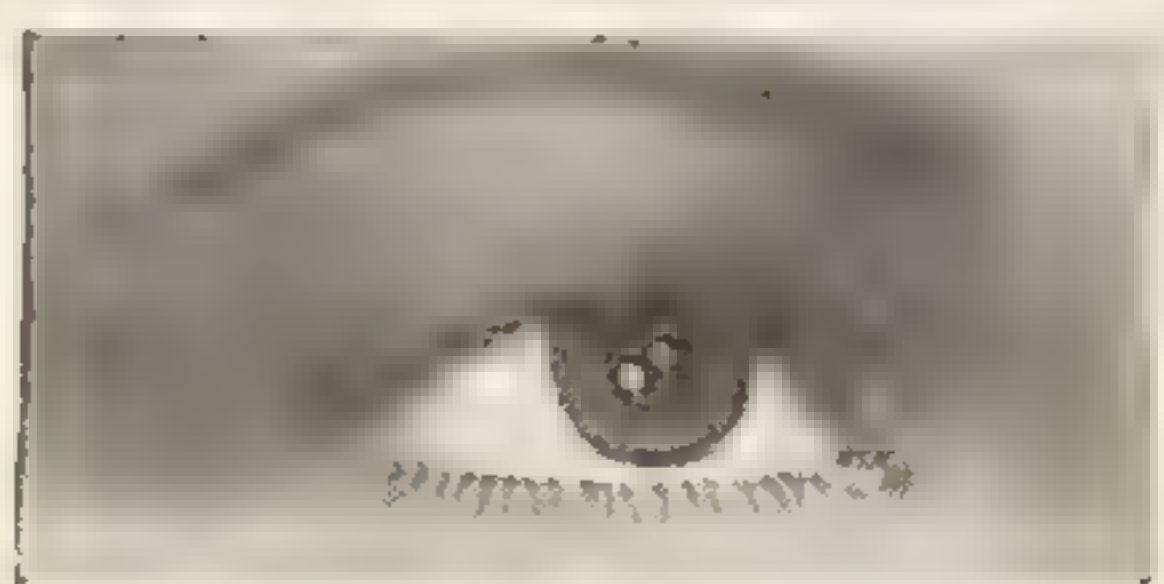
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle, gives new brilliance to your smile!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!



What Do People Say About Your Eyes?



DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.



DREADFUL—Crude, Stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.



DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.



The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless—bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard “made-up” look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects—a touch gently blended on the eyelids

intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!



Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.

Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 15]

I hear her whispering to Joe Santley, the director. “Dick Mook!” Ann screams, overhearing her, “Bring him in.”

So I come in, simpering like an I don't know what, and trying not to look self-conscious.

“How are you, honey?” Ann greets me.

“Fine,” I beam. “And how's the trans-continental wife?” remembering how she is always flying all over the country to spend week-ends with her husband, Roger Pryor.

“Isn't it awful?” Ann says in an injured tone.

“Wouldn't it be worse if you didn't have the money to fly all around?” I counter.

So Ann brightens visibly and says, “I never thought . . .

“Well, think about it,” I suggest. “What do you suppose would happen if my true love and I were separated—if I had a true love.”

This picture is another frothy little affair. Burgess is engaged to Louise Henry, goes to Alaska to seek his fortune and she waits. But it takes him so long she gives up and becomes engaged to Onslow Stevens. Burgess finally hits it rich and returns in his own yacht to claim his bride. Her brother (William Brisbane) who was Burgess' room-mate at college, and the mother (la Boland) receive Burgess rather coldly as he is still in his shabby sailor clothes and they have no inkling of his true worth (see Bradstreets). To get himself out of a pickle he proposes to the kid sister (Ann Sothern) who has always loved him—from afar. But Louise uses her noggin and decides she'd be a chump to let all that dough get away from her so she tells Burgess she has broken off her engagement—because she loves *him*. Burgess is still under her spell and goes to her home to break off his engagement with Ann. Miss Boland and Brisbane greet him effusively as Bill has some worthless securities he wants to sell Burgess. Just then Ann comes down the steps in her wedding dress, which is being fitted. She is smiling but her eyes anxiously search his face. “What's up?” she wonders.

“Why, I—I,” he stammers, the wind taken out of his sails, so to speak.

“Don't you like the dress?” she inquires lightly.

“Sure, sure,” he stutters. “It isn't the dress.”

“Well, then, what is it?” she demands, still watching him closely.

“Why, nothing,” he gasps, finding breathing difficult. “Not a thing.”

“But you came tearing up here like the Pony Express,” she insists, smiling but persistent.

“I—I—just wanted—to see you,” he grins feebly.

Miss Boland has been a little worried up to this point but now she relaxes and turns enthusiastically to Brisbane. “Isn't that sweet, Potter?” she queries. “Isn't that sweet? Oh, you impulsive boy,” shaking her finger at Burgess, and then continuing briskly, “but now you must let Betty go back to her fitting.”

“Yes, of course,” Burgess agrees hastily, as he retreats. “I'm sorry. Goodbye, dear,” to Ann.

“Goodbye,” Mary chirps hopefully with a rising inflection in her voice as he leaves.

“Goodbye,” I echo feebly as I leave for—

Paramount

THERE is more doing here, too, than I care for. “The Buccaneer” starring Fredric March and Cecil B. DeMille,

"Thrill of a Lifetime" with Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney, Buster Crabbe and Franklyn Pangborn (again), and "Yesterday's Cheers" with Lew Ayres, Benny Baker, John Howard and Mary Carlisle. "Thrill of a Lifetime" has knocked off for the day while they re-write a sequence so I have nothing to worry about there.

"The Buccaneer" is working in the studio tank where they can throw up a few shacks on the side, paint backdrops around the rest of the tank and make it look like the ocean is right there in the Paramount studio. A more blood-thirsty looking bunch of pirates than DeMille and the make-up department have got together I have seldom seen. Even the usually peaceable Mr. March, with his curling mustachios, appears quite villainous. This is one picture in which DeMille's bathtubs could undoubtedly be more than ornamental.

Freddie plays the great pirate, *Jean Lafitte*. Some of his men have scuttled the *Corinthian* a ship on which his fiancée's (Margot Grahame's) sister is eloping with her lover. March has told his men they must never attack an American ship. One of the pirates tries to conceal Franciska Gaal (a little Dutch girl) and her dog but the pirate commanding March's ship that scuttled the *Corinthian* (is all this clear) finds them and orders them over the side. March arrives with his own ship just in time and Frankie and her dog are saved. He hangs the man who attacked the *Corinthian*. Then they proceed to their home in Barataria. But the pirates are openly resentful of Miss Gaal.

"She'll give us hemp fever, that slammerkin will," one of the men growls.

"Mebbe she won't live so long," another mutters.

Frankie glances at them apprehensively while her friend, Akim Tamiroff, glowers over his shoulder, putting his hand on his cutlass.

"Stow your wind, you galley growlers," he orders them threateningly, then turns to Frankie. "Now listen, my little cabbage. You are safe only with the boss. There he comes. Like a pilot fish, you stick to him. Shake a leg," giving her a push.

"Good morning, Mister Captain," she smiles trotting up to him.

"And how are you today?" he smiles.

"I am very well, but these men—they say I give them hemp fever."

"Did you hear that?" March laughs over his shoulder to Tamiroff who is hurrying after them.

"A gentleman does not laugh at a lady," she reproves him.

"Dominique," Freddie laughs to Tamiroff, "she says you're not a gentleman!"

"No," she persists, "I say it to you."

Tamiroff's face is a study and March, touched in a tender spot, looks down at her coldly.

"What makes you think I'm not a gentleman?" he asks.

"Your rings tell me," she replies glancing at two jeweled rings that flash on his hand in the sunlight. "One ring, it is a gentleman. Two rings—it is a vain and foolish man."

"Now that you have enlightened me as to my multiple defects," he yaps in a flash of temper, "go back where you belong. Dominique, keep this little magpie out of my sight."

"But you did not tell me why I give the men hemp fever," she persists, trotting along beside him.

"Hemp is a rope—and men sometimes die of a rope," he explains.

"Yes, I remember," she answers, stopping short as she recalls how he had the commander of his boat that scuttled the *Corinthian* hung from a yardarm.

He moves on. "What's that one?" one of the women yells jeeringly to her com-



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panion, loud enough for Frankie to hear.
"Cut!" orders the maestro. He turns to
the woman—a foreigner. "Say, 'What's that
one?'" he orders.

She tries repeatedly but she cannot make
her tongue accent the "that." DeMille's
face is a study. It looks livid to me but
maybe it's his natural coloring. "All right,"
he concedes finally, "we'll change the line.
Say, 'Who is that?'"

But the poor woman keeps saying "Who
is that?"

"Why do you accent the 'is?'" DeMille
asks patiently.

But the hapless creature doesn't know
an accent from a shoe-button. She keeps
repeating confidently, "Who is that?" The
assistant director finally comes to the rescue
by shortening it to "Who's that?" At first
she persists in saying "Who's that?" but
finally they get her to accent the "that."

About an hour has been spent on this
but everybody is happy at last. Personally,
I can't see what difference it makes which
word she accents or whether she says any-
thing.

So we come to "Yesterday's Cheers." This
is another Annapolis picture. The scene is
the interior of the mess hall. Twenty-two
at the table. A first classman sits at the
head and another at the foot with first
year men and upper classmen on their
rights and lefts, among them John How-
ard, Benny Baker and Lew Ayres. Howard
(an upper classman) starts to rib Lew.

"Hey, good looking," he calls.

Lew looks up as do all the other plebes
but John's remark has been addressed to
him—and he has fallen into the trap.

"So you think you're beautiful, Mister?"
Howard asks. Lew looks about to see whom
he is addressing. "You, Mister Gorham,"
Howard insists. "Do you think you're
beautiful?"

"No, sir," Lew answers.

"You're aware, I suppose, that lying is
followed by instant dismissal," John con-
tinues.

"Yes, sir," Lew agrees.

"Do you think he's beautiful?" John
asks the plebe next to Lew.

"Yes, sir," the plebe answers.

"And what do you think, Mister Miller,"
Howard goes on, addressing Benny.

"Oh, sir," Benny answers with feeling,
"I think he's very beautiful."

"Now, Mister," John returns to Lew,
"Do you think you're beautiful?"

"Yes, sir," Lew mutters between his
teeth.

"Shove off," Howard orders.

Lew shoves his chair back and is left
sitting on infinity.

The ribbing goes on and on but you
get the idea. Just good, clean fun.

EDWARD ARNOLD, John Trent, Shirley
Ross, Kitty Kelly and William Frawley
have the leads in "Blossoms on Broadway."

Kitty Kelly is "Death Valley Cora." She
hits it rich and is on her way to New York.
But Arnold gets the idea of foisting Shirley
off on the public as Cora, before the real
Cora gets to New York. Shirley is an ac-
tress, down on her luck.

Arnold brings her into the lobby of the
hotel where there are about fifty salesmen
waiting for her, each with something to
sell her. She comes in attired in a cowgirl
outfit. While Arnold is registering they sur-
round her. Each is trying to show her how
she'd look in whatever he's selling. One
snatches her skirt and blouse off and slips
on an evening dress. Another pulls her hat
off and puts something on her hair for eve-
ning wear. Another yanks her boots and
stockings off and puts on opera hose and
evening slippers.

As Arnold bursts through the crowd,
Shirley, completely transformed, faces him

dramatically. "My God!" she yells, "I've
been robbed!"

John Trent isn't working in this scene
but he's on the set and I meet him for the
first time. You remember him in "A Doc-
tor's Diary," I hope? He's personable, pleas-
ant and un-actorish. But, as I chat with
him, I can't help wondering how long it
will be before he's like every other actor
in Hollywood. It gets them all.

Columbia

ONLY one picture shooting here—"I
Married An Artist." It features Luli
Desti, John Boles and Helen Westley. This
is all too complicated to go into the plot
but John and Luli are married. He's the
artist. She's a fashion designer. A man who
has her under contract offers to lend her a
fur coat to wear to the theatre that night.
They go into the fur vault to select it. It is
closing time and one of the saleswomen,
not knowing they're in there, locks the
vault. John is pacing the floor at home
waiting for her, while their maid of all
work (Miss Westley) nonchalantly plays
solitaire. When the night watchman finally
lets Luli and her friend out of the vault
about 2:00 A. M. they are nearly frozen
and take one drink after another to keep
from getting pneumonia. Finally she drifts
home, drunker than a hoot owl.

"Where's Corval?" John yells. "Where
have you and Corval been?"

"Safe," Luli giggles.

"Safe, huh!" he rages. "Nice and safe
and cozy. So you admit—what do you
mean—safe?"

"In a safe," she explains drunkenly,
"with sables, chinchin—foxes—piled all over.
Couldn't get warm."

"In a safe," he mocks. "Couldn't get
warm. I suppose it was nice and dark in
the safe! Toni," he goes on to Luli, "I
want the truth! You left here this morn-
ing in a suit. You were going to meet me
at the theatre—"

"Yes," she agrees. "Beautiful dress. Philip
says sables—and in the safe—"

"She's got back in that safe again!" Miss
Westley groans.

"Go on," John orders grimly.

But suddenly Luli sways and topples.
John rushes in and catches her just as she
falls. He picks her up, puts her across his
right shoulder and stares at Helen. As he
starts out, Helen murmurs softly, "Are we
happy? Wow!"

Some day I'm going to manage to be
introduced to Helen Westley and then I
can tell her in person what a grand actress
I think she is. No one who saw her in
"Liliom" or "John Ferguson" could ever
forget her. But today is not the day, it
seems. I leave her and pursue my way to—

Warner Brothers

TRULY, there is no rest for the weary. In-
stead of the one picture—or maybe no
pictures—I hoped to find shooting here,
there are two: "Larger than Life" with
Frank McHugh and Jane Wyman, and
"Hollywood Hotel" with Frances Langford,
Dick Powell, Hugh Herbert, the one and
only Ted Healy, and the Lane Sisters—
Lola and Rosemary.

This "Hollywood Hotel" picture is to be
one of Warner Brothers big efforts of the
year. It was originally written by Maurice
Leo (author of "Daisy Tells All"), who was
formerly Joan Blondell's secretary. He
wrote it with Joan in mind for the lead.
She was to play a temperamental star and
her stand-in, so you may know it is a good
part. But, for some reason known only to
themselves, Warner Brothers decided not
to have Joan play the part that was written
for her. In her stead they have cast Lola
Lane as the temperamental star and her
sister Rosemary as the stand-in.

The picture opens with Dick en-planing

(instead of en-training) for Hollywood to work for All-Star Pictures Corp. That out of the way, we cut to Lola working herself up to a fine frenzy in her suite in the Hollywood Hotel because she has just read that All-Star have signed some other actress to play a part originally slated for her. Her leading man (Alan Mowbray) eggs her on with the result that she phones the producer (Eric Stanley) and tells him she will not appear that night at the world premiere of her latest film. Then she flounces off to Santa Barbara.

Stanley calls in his press agent, Allyn Joslyn (you may recall him as the newspaper reporter in that libel on the South—"They Won't Forget"). Joslyn suggests they find a double for Lola, dress her up in Lola's clothes and send her to the premiere as Lola. Sister Rosemary is the double they find and All-Star's new discovery, Dick Powell, is elected to escort her. They don't tell Dick of the ruse being played upon the public. He thinks he is really escorting Lola and immediately breaks into a song and dance routine—"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star." No one at the premiere suspects Rosemary is not really Lola. Next morning when the papers carry pictures of Lola at the premiere there is hell to pay. Lola sees the pictures in far-off Santa Barbara (eighty miles away), flies back to Hollywood, grabs her Mr. Mowbray and beats Mr. Mitchell in his den. Glenda Farrell sits quietly in a chair as though watching an oft-seen play. Mr. Mowbray is wearing dark glasses.

"There was I," Lola moans, tears in her voice, "living in utter exclusion—my nerves pounding at every pore—rest and peace—" she pauses dramatically—"to be away from it all." Suddenly her well modulated tones change to a hard Kansas rasp, "And *there*, before my very eyes, is this awful picture—



Shirley Ross, William Frawley and Edward Arnold. They are making "Blossoms On Broadway," but Shirley is the only one in flower.

this girl—this *nobody*! Telling the world she's Mona Marshall! A girl that doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to me—"

At this point Joslyn's vanity is wounded and without thinking he blurts out, "That girl's the image of you—we fooled everybody!"

"All right," Lola shifts her mood again to one of helplessness. "No one cares any more about Mona Marshall! I'll step aside." She pauses hopefully but no one makes a move. "Oh, don't protest. I know—my career is over—practically in my teens—" she sweeps the room with a defiant glance

—"a few fans will remember me, I suppose." Suddenly she notices Glenda reading a magazine. Lola snatches it out of her hand. "Pay attention!" Then she reverts to her soft mood again. "There's nothing left for me now but a monastery."

I've an idea Lola would do all right in a monastery. That gal has what it takes. And let me add right here and now I don't know of anyone on the screen who could give a better impersonation of a temperamental movie star than Lola is giving in this.

"It's the chance of a lifetime," she says

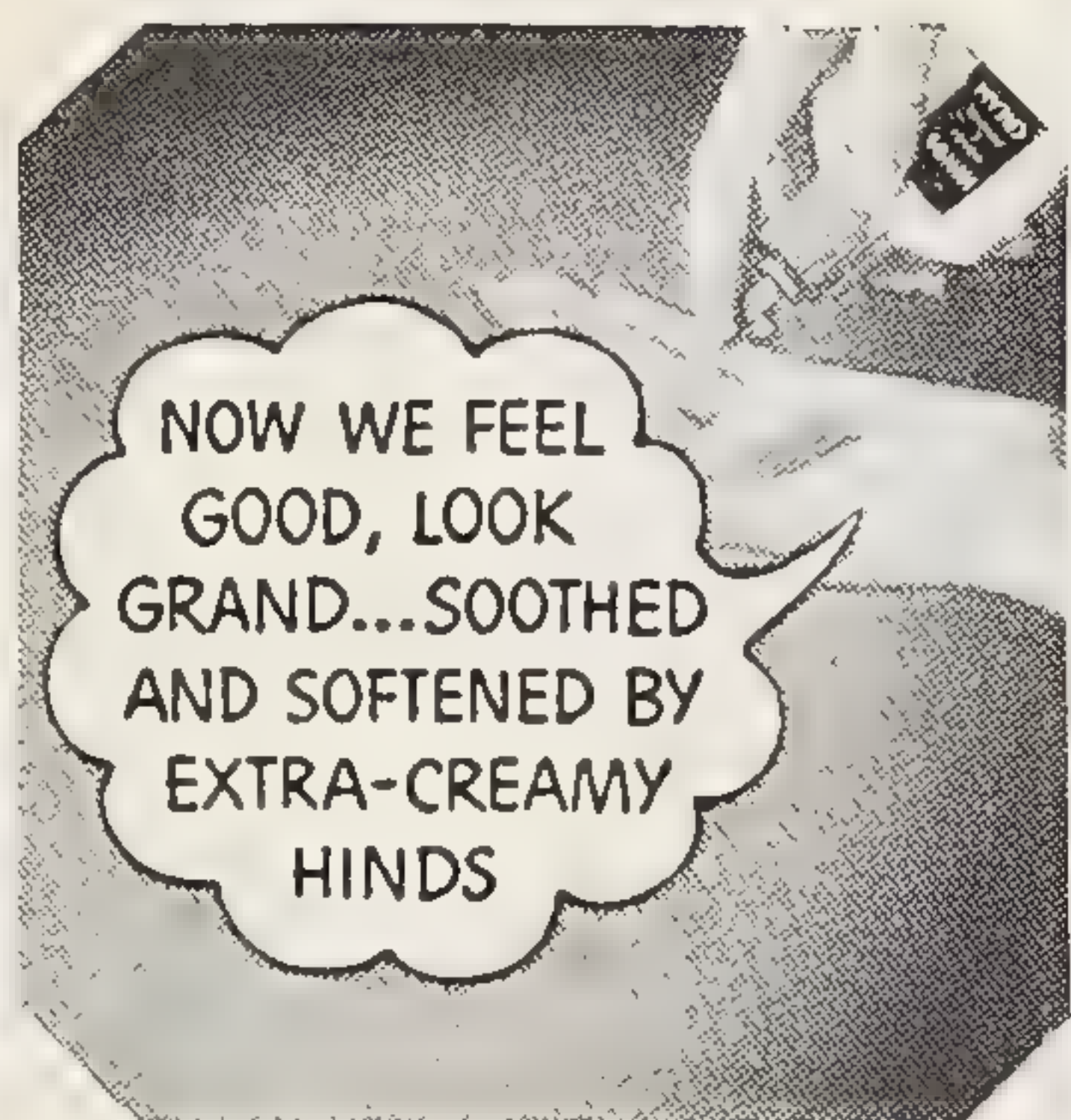
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Pets for Pals

[Continued from page 31]

warm bath and a rubdown at a balmy temperature. A private, long screened exercise run with pepper trees for shade is the finale. It's a far better fate than being cooped up in a neighbor's garage. Yes, when Kay Francis travels to Del Monte her adored gets an even break taking the cure at Charlie's See-Are-Kennels.

Anne Shirley won't allow her collie to learn tricks—"He's going to be just himself!" she exclaims fondly. Glenda Farrell has dubbed her mutt Hindsie, suspecting him of having fifty-seven strains. Dick Arlen has a small skipper-key that originally rode the logs down Washington rivers. Fred Keating left his dog to watch his house; when he returned several weeks later the scene was an exception to the rule. The house was full of people giving him a welcome party; they were in, all right, but he had to stay out—his dog wouldn't let him in!

No dogs are ever allowed on studio sets, excepting Herbert Marshall's well-behaved Squire who knows that "Camera!" is the cue to be thoroughly rigid. Last week Squire broke his record, but who can blame him? A rain sequence was being shot and everything was wet. At the director's cry Squire stopped dead still as usual; unluckily he paused right atop a cable which, being wet, shorted and gave him a terrific shock.

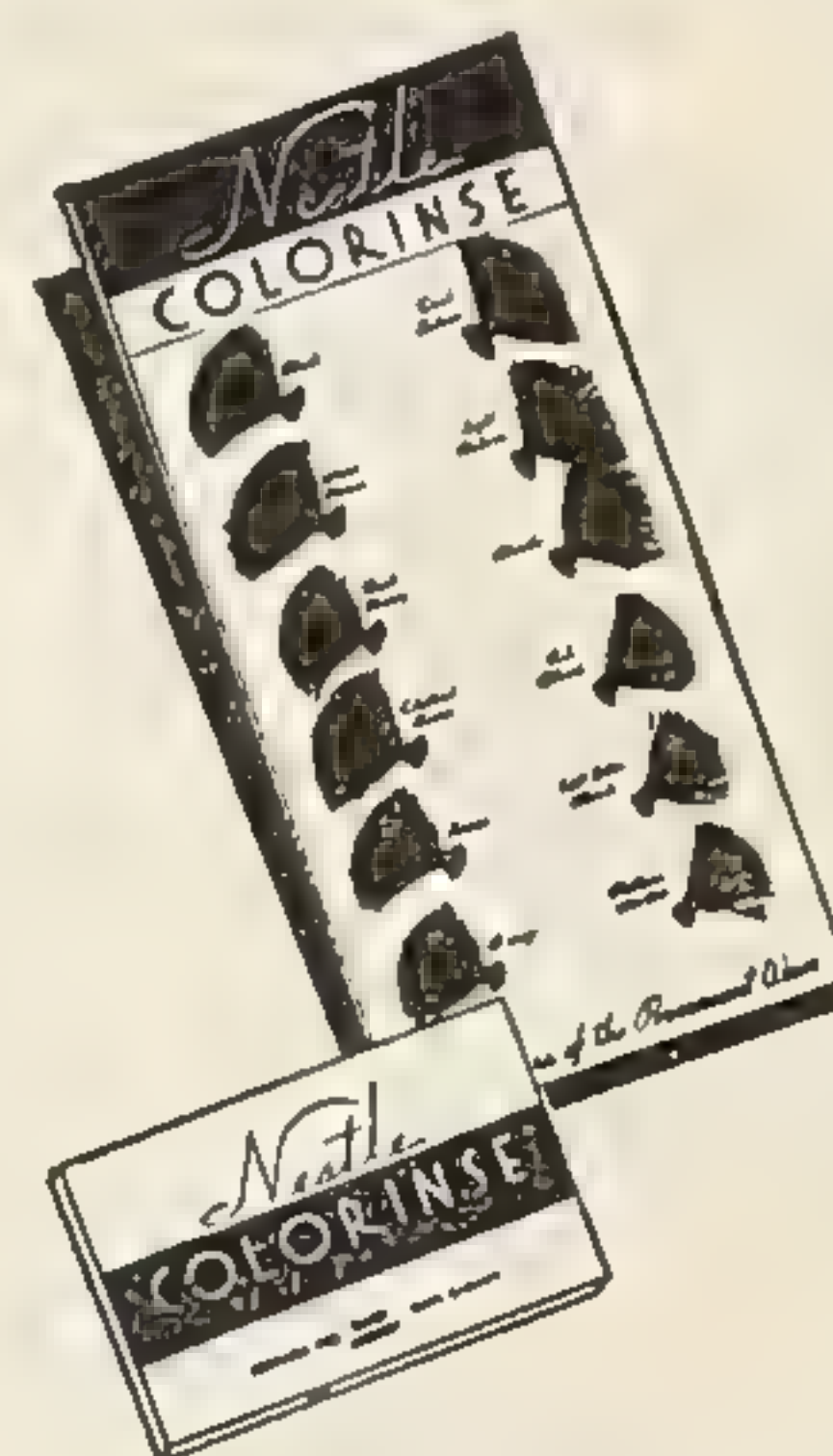
A dog in a star's home means extra fuss. Helen Broderick has had to put a fence around her swimming pool because the dogs revelled in it so much no one else could do any swimming. The Gene Raymonds have magnificent quarters for their eight dogs, each dog being fed separately and each one having billing above his own dog-house. Jeanette's old sheep dog Captain remains in exile, but she hasn't forgotten him. He bit her secretary and thus brought on a law-suit, so she had to send him away. She visits him once a week. Basil Rathbone even selected his home to suit his dogs—the garden was so beautiful he knew it was precisely what they'd want. The Patric Knowles stayed home from some of the most interesting parties because their Dobermans were blessed eventing and they couldn't miss that happening.

The new Columbia star, Luli Deste, has three afghan wolfhounds she can't ever forsake. When she appeared on the stage in Vienna they waited in her dressing-room. In London, where she made her first picture, they were her perpetual pals. Her one regret about Hollywood is that no dogs are allowed in the studios. But she has them in her car in the parking lot across the street, anyway.

I'd say that Alice Brady merits the title of number one dog devotee. She has six—three wirehaireds, a doxie, a Scottie, and a cocker. She never leaves home without three of them, alternating to be perfectly fair. She won't go abroad because the boats won't let her park her dogs in a cabin. She has no carpets on the floors, and her furniture is not only attractive but definitely dog-proof. No dog-houses for her darlings! More than any other star she holds out help to fellow dog-lovers. An unfortunate actor who had a trained police dog was hauled into court for bankruptcy recently; the judge ordered the valuable animal sold for "liquidation." Alice read of this, hired a lawyer, got the man out and paid all his expenses until he could obtain work. So he didn't lose his dog. Too, she has a standing sum of money at the Hollywood pound; it is to pay for the release of dogs of indigent children who can't afford license tags. She was made general chairman for Southern California of the



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national dog week celebration last month.

Practically every star with a dog has joined the Tailwaggers, an ambitious club whose motto is "Lend A Paw." It campaigns for free clinics for needy animals and now is vigilant after dog-nappers and the scoundrels who, in the past ten days, have poisoned thirty-seven Hollywood dogs. Poisoned hamburgers, they find, were thrown into private yards. Alice Brady is general chairman of the star-studded committee. I remember how Jean Arthur unceremoniously dashed out of her drawing-room and down the back alley when she heard a neighbor's dog yelping with pain. She won't stand for any such beatings, and so she, too, is on Alice's committee. Anything that can wag a tail is an eligible—Joe Penner's duck and Guy Kibbee's goat got under the wire!

Strong attachments link master and dog. Humphrey Bogart's sealyham, Butch, is, I believe, the greatest attention-stealer. No matter where Humphrey happens to be Butch follows him and sits up for minutes on end until lavishly regarded. Dolores Del Rio still grieves over the loss of her pure white pit-bull who once saved her life from a rattler. She was sun-bathing in her patio in Santa Monica when the dog intercepted the snake. Not long ago an automobile ran over her pet. Fred Stone has ceased to take his Kenos golfing, for he couldn't teach the dog not to retrieve every drive. Jack Oakie, ribbers declare, built his new home not for his bride but for their thirteen dogs. Jack recalled the Biblical mention of afghans, so he had a pair sent up from New Mexico. It debuted with quints! Snorky, director Al Rogell's popular bulldog, was made mascot of the Bel-Air Country Club last month. Yesterday afternoon Snorky tore up the fourth green and now Al owes a \$60 bill!

In "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Gary Cooper plays the adventurer and Sigrid Gurie is the Princess, daughter of Kublai Khan the 13th century Emperor.



It's Douglass Montgomery who's tackled the giant job. He's breeding Irish wolfhounds, the hardest sort of dog to raise. They grow so quickly there's a constant danger of heart trouble for them. For three and a half months they had to be fed once every hour. Doug was up at all hours of the night, as though he had babies on tap. He's converted his tennis court into their playground. Full-grown, they eat nine pounds of raw meat a day apiece! They have something to show for it, being larger than St. Bernards. The dog-house is a

bungalow with plate glass windows, and Doug's had to buy a car especially fitted for them. He ought to glimpse Basil Rathbone's special dog trailer! They promptly knock everyone down as a greeting. Some fun! On the lee lawn of the Montgomery estate a pet sheep grazes; it is more pettable.

But while dogs are supreme as pets, according to majority preference, they aren't the whole thing in Hollywood. Cat fanciers know that cats are just as intelligent and—they claim—even more affectionate. "A

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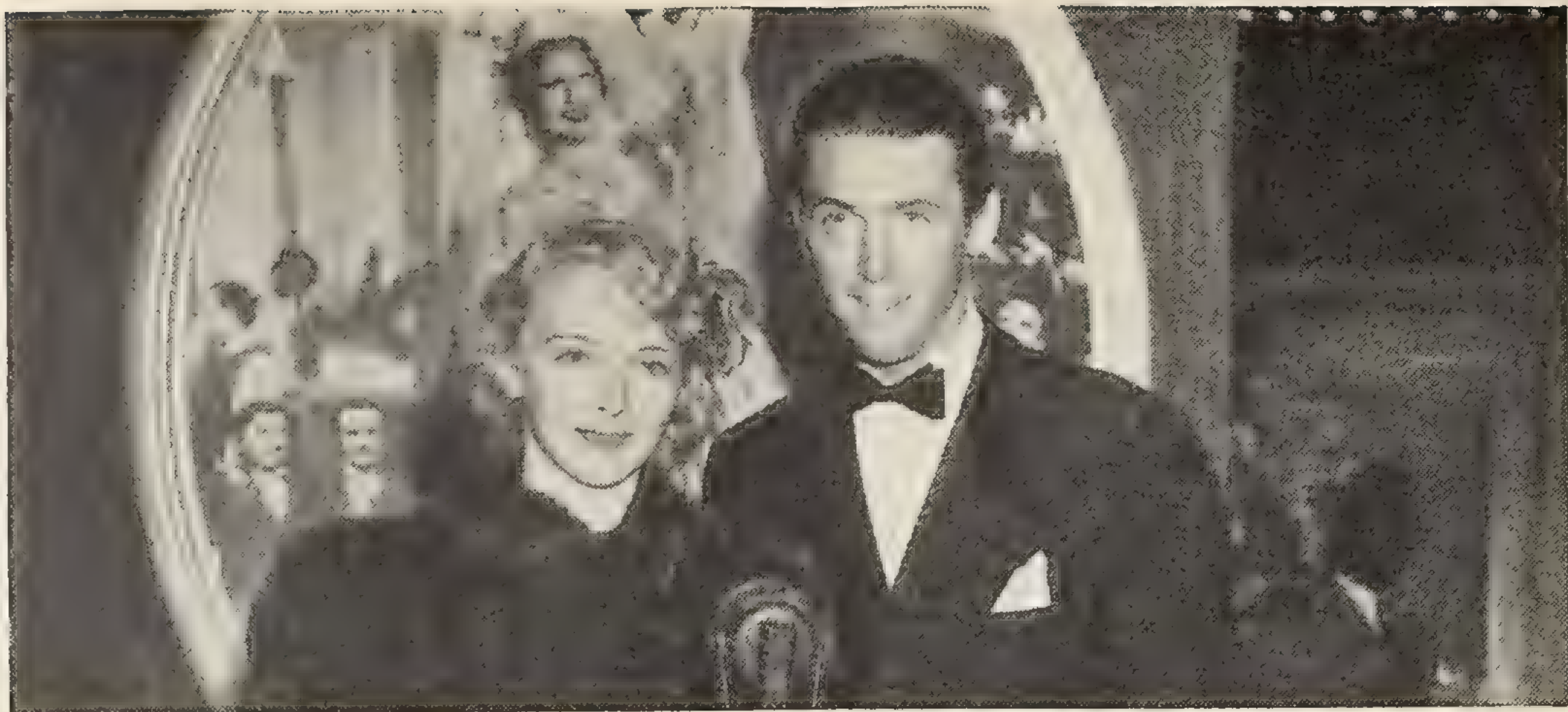
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Jimmy Stewart celebrates his return to health by stepping out with Virginia Bruce.

cat," remarks Josephine Hutchinson who has seven, "is more cautious than a dog and that's why some people are afraid of them. But a cat is never treacherous. It creeps because it thinks first. It'll be a bit snobbish if it's all thoroughbred; so a strain of commonness is frequently desirable. You can train a cat as easily as a dog and it will be easier to care for," she continues. "Most people don't give a cat credit for intelligence. There's where they make a bad mistake, for a cat is an intelligent pet if there ever was one!" Katharine Hepburn will crown anyone who questions the brightness of her Maltese. Hugh Herbert was all agog the other day; his cat had to have a Caesarean.

Birds are smart, too. There was a cockatoo in the picture Lily Pons made a year ago. It was reputedly vicious and was kept chained to a perch. Lily, a wizard with animals, strolled onto the set and somebody neglected to warn her. She spoke kindly to the bird and it immediately was her ally. Ever since, it's been her pet. It sits outside her house, as a watchdog. Whenever strangers approach it ruffles its feathers, screeches, and threatens to bite. Lily is so taken with Cocky that she's had a role written into her current film for him!

A few stars have canaries. Ann Sothern's sings when Ann is in the bathtub chirping herself, and since word of this got about visitors demand a performance by Amos (the canary) and Annie. The Gene Raymonds' breakfast room is done in blue, yellow, and white, to be a striking contrast to their birds; the love birds are blue to complement the curtains and the canary is white to match the walls. The parrot is his natural yellow self, by special permission.

In Victor McLaglen's yard there are tame deer and Mexican ant-eaters as pets. The turtle I mentioned belongs to Basil Rathbone. It wandered in one day and he's had such good luck ever since that already it's slated to move to the new Rathbone manse. Dorothy Peterson has the largest tropical fish; she keeps them in an outside pool that's always heated. But I guess the ducks the Mauch twins have are my favorites. Last Easter Billy and Bobby were given two duck eggs. In a minute they had resolved to hatch the ducklings scientifically. They hastily invented a home incubator. They were living in an apartment at the time and almost drove their mother crazy with the various and sundry gadgets which went to make up this original incubator. Oddly enough, the invention worked and the ducks are thriving and happy. They've moved to a house so Goo-Goo and Gaa-gaa will have all the scope decent ducks wish. So, you there—wanta raise a duck? It'll get you in the swing.

Hearts Remember

[Continued from page 53]

Ives wearing a brand new dress that was the symbol of her new-born hopes.

At first it seemed to Julie as if the years had never been—as if the clock was turned back.

But this was not the Ives Towner she had known. He laughed much, but there was bitterness and callousness in his laughter. He was as she had been, a person numbed by suffering who snatched at the anaesthesia of ready laughter as another man might snatch at drink. Ives laughed to forget—and his laughter grated more and more on her.

"Oh Julie, I was such a dope, wasn't I?" Ives said as they danced. "No wonder you left me. No wonder you fell in love with Michael Shaw!"

"Oh, I'm not jealous," Ives said. "I could have killed him *then*. But now I'd shake his hand. I know why you loved him . . . because he was gay and slippery and wild. Well, I'm that, too, now! Laugh with me, Julie!"

His words were like so many blows in her face. But she made her lips smile. She laughed. So they danced together, laughing at their heartbreak and a staid faculty dance became their private mad house.

That faculty dance was a torment for Brenda, too. Brenda tracked Ives to the clubhouse. She saw the man she loved holding Julie, laughing wildly with Julie—and dancing closer . . . closer.

Brenda snatched a glass of punch from the hand of a man in the stag line. She hurled the contents into Julie's laughing face.

The music stopped. Dancing stopped. Silence.

Julie looked at Ives, a long look, then ran from the dance.

There was a terrific thunderstorm, the first one of summer, deluging Lynboro with rain, ripping open the skies with spectacular flashes. Bareheaded, unprotected, Julie pelted through the downpour. After her Ives ran, catching up with her, losing her again, both racing insanely until exhaustion brought them together at last and Ives' arms were about her and would not let her go.

"Ives," said Julie, her voice suddenly gentle but tinged with a new excitement, "Do you remember—I think it was in the year 1200—we stood on this same road. And that's why I raced here tonight. Because I still love you."

They were drenched and out of breath and beaten on by the storm, but they were happy again. They held to each other and knew that their love was new again. They were starting life!

Aunt William had been in bed for ten years, a helpless old woman, but when Julie and Ives, dripping and covered with mud, burst into her bedroom to tell her, Aunt William rose and swung her feet to the floor. From the medicine table she snatched up a noxious compound of aloin, belladonna and cascara and filled three glasses. "It's all we have," she beamed, "but we're going to celebrate. Bottoms up!" Breathless with laughter that was happy now, they drank.

Ten years are not so easily put aside. There was Michael, Julie's daughter. Michael had been reared to believe her father a great man and when she learned that her mother was to marry Ives she went into hysterics.

There was Mrs. Towner, Ives' mother. Every year had added to her fanatic determination to hold her son at any cost. Learning he was to marry Julie, she raced to Aunt William's house to protest.

"We'll get married tonight. At once," Ives declared. "We're not going to risk waiting another day!"

But there was Brenda Lane!

As they were leaving the house a car dashed up. One of Ives' students brought him word that Brenda had tried to hang herself. Brenda had been rescued and now she waited for Ives in the car that was at the door.

"I don't believe she tried to kill herself," Ives groaned. "I don't love her and she knows that. She's known it all along!"

Julie said in a dead voice, "I didn't love Michael, either—but look what he's done to my life—and yours."

Julie stood by the window, her back to Ives. She was very quiet, staring at the sky that was clearing again. She turned to him at length and all the hope was drained out of her.

"We can't go back, Ives—"

"I won't give you up, Julie!"

"No," said Julie, "it would be the same sort of selfish thing I've done all my life."

From outside the house came the impatient honk of a motor horn. Brenda was waiting—for Ives. Into Julie's face came a bright gleam. She kissed Ives quickly and ran out to the waiting car and Brenda.

For the moment Brenda had been left alone in the car. She gave one questioning glance at the woman who leaped in, then she had no time to wonder, for the car was in motion. Julie was driving. She raced it from the house and darted into the first alley that offered concealment.

Julie turned to the astounded passenger. "Do you love him?" she asked quietly.

"Of course I love him!" Brenda felt the need of being utterly convincing. "I love him with all my heart and soul," she added. "I can't live without him!"

Brenda had read that somewhere . . . heard it spoken on the stage. It didn't ring true! Julie studied her for a moment, then turned to the wheel. "Well, neither can I live without him!" she announced and started the car so violently that Brenda was hurled among the cushions.

Brenda's powerful car, Julie driving, roared back onto the slippery highway. It leaped forward, spurred by Julie's agony.

"What are you doing?" Brenda shrieked. No answer from the girl at the wheel.

The speedometer needle was climbing—65, then 75, then, slowly, up to 80 miles! Julie's foot drove the accelerator pedal downward. A sharp curve ahead! Right side wheels slid off the paving and a shower of mud and stones roared about them. The big car careened, almost overturned.

"I don't want to die," Brenda shrieked. "Slow up! Don't kill us . . . don't kill me!"

Julie flashed her a grim look. Then her eyes went back to the speedometer. The needle climbed again . . . ninety miles!

Brenda fought forward to claw at her shoulders. "I didn't try to kill myself . . .

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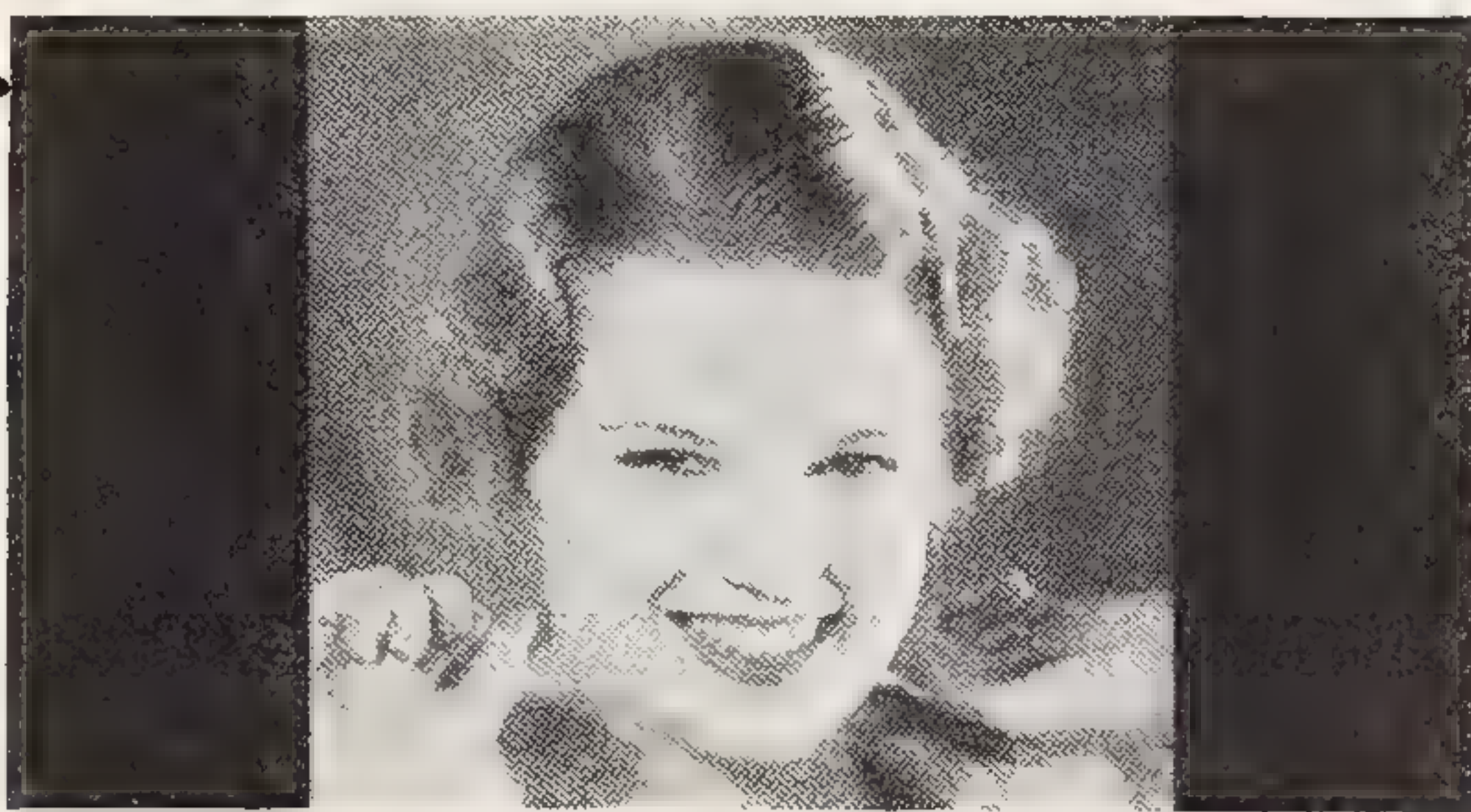
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I only wanted to make Ives think I did . . . to get him back!"

No answer. The needle was creeping toward 95.

"I want to live!" Brenda wailed.

"You want to live without him?"

"Yes!"

"You were lying before?"

"Yes . . . yes!"

Brenda caught at Julie's arm. The car swerved. Then it skidded, spinning like a crazy top on the slick black paving. It shot off the road, crashed through underbrush and stopped finally, mired in the middle of a pasture.

Brenda lay huddled among the cushions. She was whimpering softly and the eyes Julie saw were filled with self pity. For a moment her heart relented. "I'm sorry. But I had to do it . . . for all of us."

Ten years were gone from Julie's life, torn out as one would tear the leaves from a calendar pad. Ten years were gone from Ives Towner's life. They were free to begin again, young, foolish but crazily happy in their new found love.

THE CAST

Julie Joan Bennett
Ives Henry Fonda
Aunt William Dame May Whitty
Michael Alan Marshal
Brenda Louise Platt
Tony Alan Baxter
Budge Tim Holt
Mrs. Towner Dorothy Stickney
Carol Florence Lake
Michael (daughter) Genee Hall
Agatha Alice Cavenna

"Flashshots"

[Continued from page 19]

fascinating to photograph and to meet. Her very real, if static beauty, has moments of gaiety and warmth that come unexpectedly to the surface, making her a magnificent subject. She insists on seeing all her pictures and writes personal suggestions on the backs of them. Of all the great names that turn up regularly at El Morocco, New York's Zebra striped glamor-spot, Dietrich is the only one besides Clark Gable who can throw that sophisticated place into a dither. It's amusing to watch the season's richest and loveliest debutantes wide-eyed with awe before the real thing.

But, whether it's Dietrich, Lombard or Crawford one is taking pictures of, there is always a new and exciting side to the lot of being a cameraman.

And so, if you want to know the stars as they really are, have determination and some gall. Get accustomed to being invited to parties W.C. (without camera) and then talk your friends into letting you bring it anyway. And—if you desire as varied and interesting a life as one could wish for—then, become a candid-camera photographer.

PARAMOUNT'S technicolor special, "Ebb Tide," will give the screen that "ole devil" sea, but it remained for the old devil Sam Goldwyn to put the drama and terrifying rage of the wind into pictures. "The Hurricane" drives Dorothy Lamour into the arms of Jon Hall!

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Magic! Beautiful Homes Out Of The Air

[Continued from page 33]

born, Sam Goldwyn and Universal, they dwell in a manner to which they were *not* accustomed before a whole nation began to applaud, "Clap Hands Here Comes Charlie!" For the present, their home of ten rooms with the inevitable swimming pool and playhouse and separate quarters for the servants, is only leased, but Ed has been scouring the valley for acreage to build a ranch estate any minute now. W. C. Fields has already offered to present Ed with his first housewarming gift—two Venetian blinds whittled out of Charlie McCarthy!

The thing that intrigued me most about their present abode is Charlie's own bedroom, where his polo coat, slacks, muffler, beret and the rest of his personal wardrobe hang in a closet with uncanny reality. Charlie's favorite retreat though, is the swimming pool. It is here that he lies every morning and takes his sunbath, after Ed has given him a fresh coating for the day. It is here that he entertains all his visitors—especially Bill Fields. Whenever Bill sits down at the edge of the pool, Charlie never fails to invite him to "drop in." (And it's good to the last drop.)

The day that Shirley Temple came over was a red letter event on Charlie's calendar. Of course, Charlie is pretty blasé to women now—spending every Sunday with Dorothy Lamour as he does—but Shirley knocked him for a dummy anyway. Ever since Carole Lombard, he sort of goes for blondes! . . . but not very far. Bergen has made it quite clear that their career is the

Glamorous Frances Gifford is so beautiful that the RKO studio publicity geniuses have run out of adjectives. How about Riotously Radiant!



dominating influence in their lives now.

And when he looks at Charlie, you can't blame him for "knocking wood," can you?

Enfin, let's wind up this tour of "Castles of the Air" with a pause at the home that Rinso and RKO helped to buy—the Beverly Hills domain of Parkyakarkas, and his bride, Thelma Leeds.

Parky bought the house (a lovely white edifice of Colonial Monterey design too) in five minutes. He bought a Steinway baby grand in five minutes. But when it came to selecting \$100 worth of hardware, it took him eight hours!

It was while he was shopping around for Oriental rugs that he ran into an amusing incident.

A high pressured salesman started his attack by announcing that Parkyakarkas

had bought all his rugs for his new home through him.

"Why should that interest me?" Parky asked with a dead pan.

"Because nobody knows rugs like those Greeks!" was his answer.

"I'd like to meet him. Maybe he can give me some pointers on my selections," Parky suggested.

"Oh, sure, sure, anytime you like, I'll take you up there" was the glib retort.

For days afterward, Parky would call up every morning just to see what new excuse he would invent next for failing to keep his promise. The day he was told that "Mr. Parkyakarkas was very sorry but there's an old Greek custom that no strangers are allowed to walk on the rugs of a new home," he called quits!

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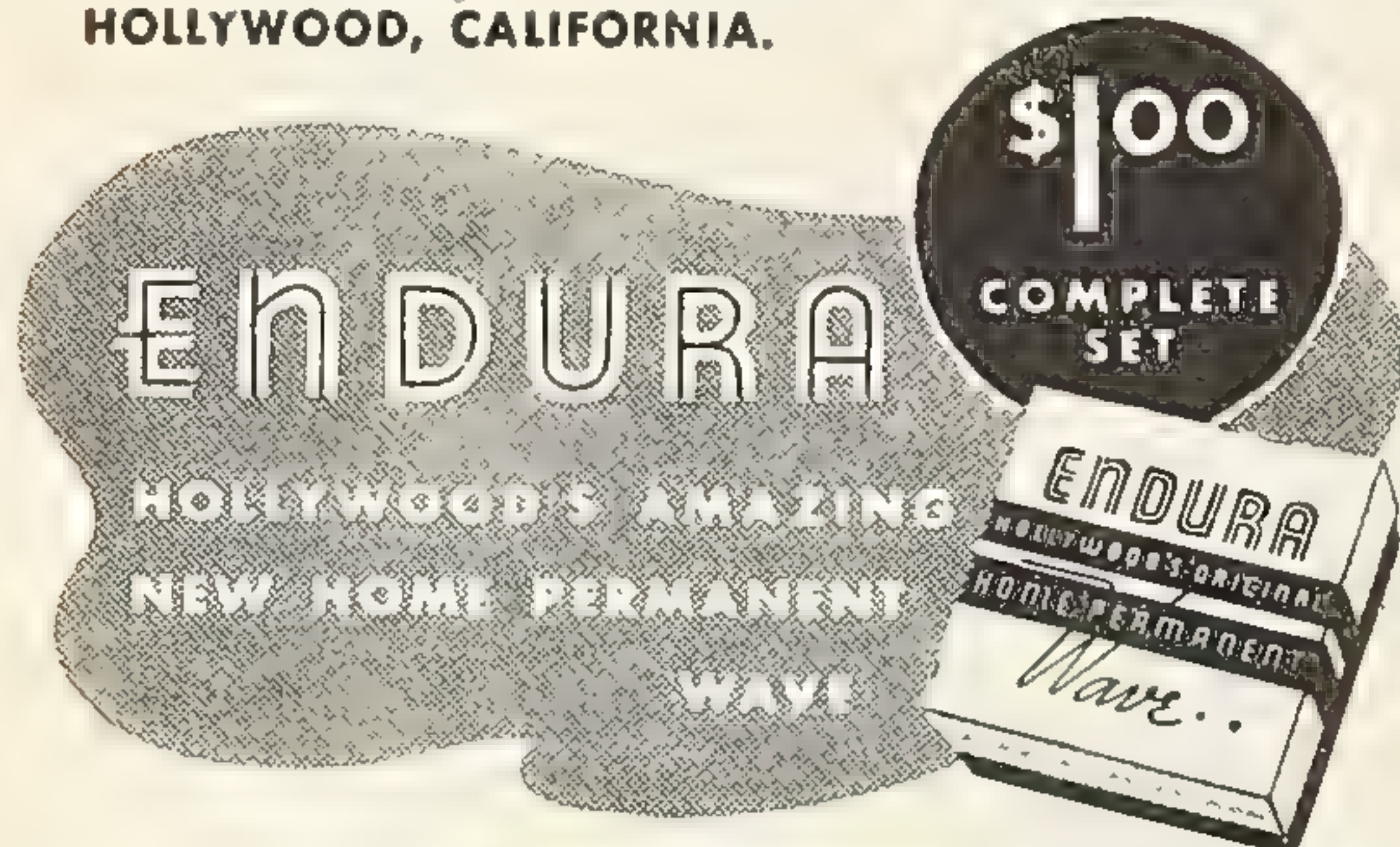




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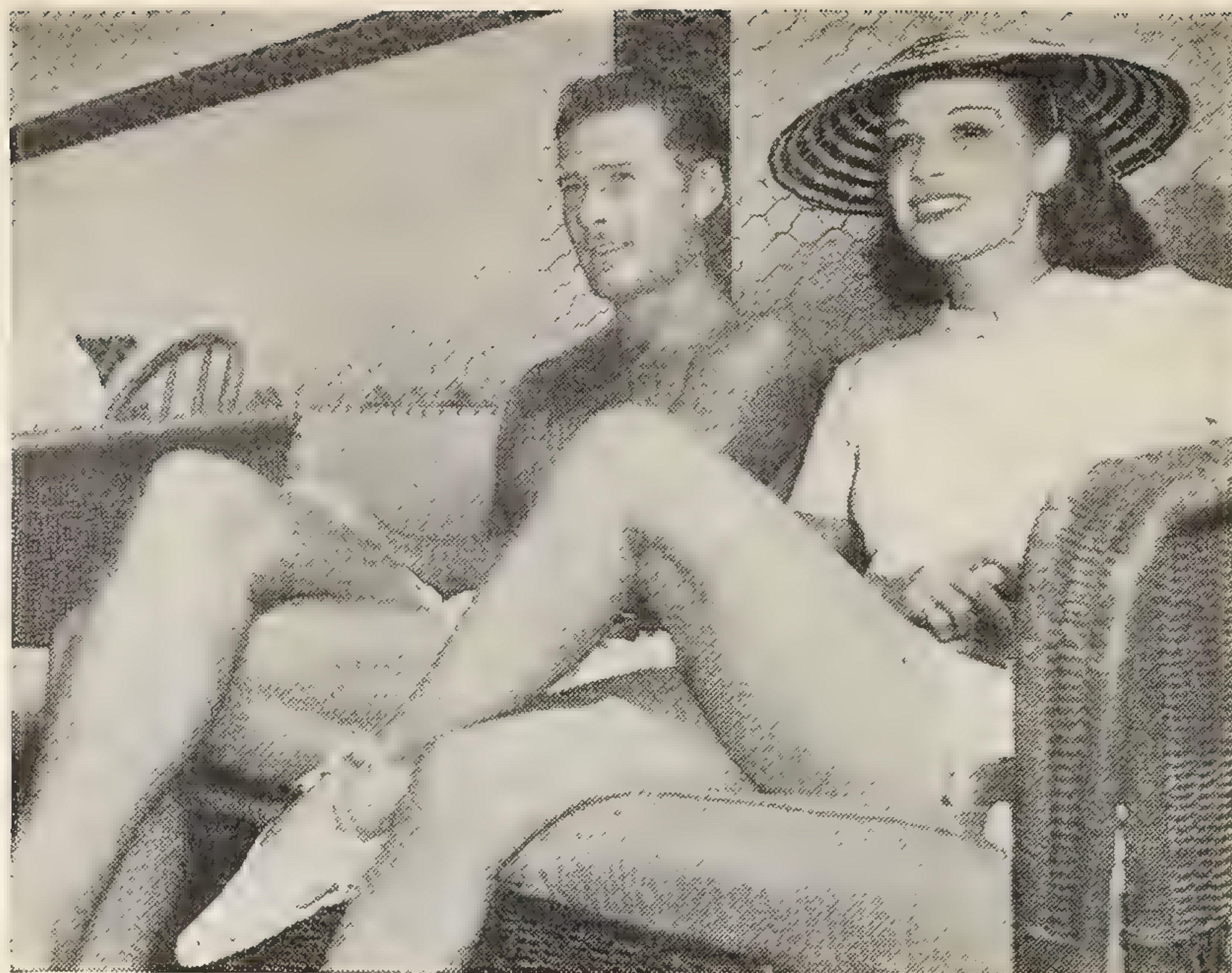


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Errol Flynn takes his ease and good wife, Lili Damita, smiles with pride—Errol is the tennis singles champion of the movie courts.

Wide
World



Born With It!

[Continued from page 54]

piece together the story of Allan Jones. When I left late that afternoon I actually had *two* stories . . . the rise of a brilliant young singer to an envied place on the stage and screen . . . and the life story of our friend the horse.

Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania of Welsh parents, Allan was the son of a coal mine foreman. Even at the age of four he showed unmistakable signs of having an unusual voice and by the time he was eight he was the boy soprano soloist at St. Luke's Church, where he held forth until he was eleven.

"And then came the change," grinned Allan. "I reached for a high note one Sunday morning and something horrible happened! What came out sounded like one of Bing Crosby's better low tones. I was horrified! So was everybody else, including the choir master. But when your voice changes there isn't much you can do about it. I was a strict alto then until I was fourteen when, miraculously, my voice suddenly changed back to tenor."

So, with that second change of voice came likewise a change of heart. While it was a heck of a lot of fun to sing, still, it was a heck of a lot *more* fun to sing and be paid for it. He switched from the Episcopal to the Baptist church which paid him for his singing and which, he says, just goes to show how mercenary a young man of fourteen can become.

By this time his mind was made up . . . definitely. He would follow music as a career or know the reason why. With the money he earned singing in the church choir, running errands for a clothing store, and working as a bank messenger he saved enough to pay for vocal lessons, but Allan wanted the very finest training money could buy so he plugged away and saved his money and determined some day to go to New York or to Europe.

When he graduated from high school he got a job driving a coal truck. (Maybe that explains those arms) Wage: three bucks a day.

"But about that time," said Allan, "prosperity hit me. That's when I became a gasoline shovel engineer. The company I worked for also owned this gas shovel and the engineer who operated it was in the habit of going on what is commonly known as a wingding. So one day he over-trained on some extra potent white mule and passed completely out. That was my chance. The boss was going crazy because there was nobody in the gang who could operate the shovel so I climbed down from the

truck and said that, with a little practice, I could handle the darned thing. And much to my surprise he told me to go ahead and give it a whirl. After a little "rehearsing" I found out what the different gadgets were for and in a couple of days I was loading more coal with that shovel than the engineer had. I got the job and what was more important the salary that went with it. Seventy-five a week."

(At this point Allan is busy feeding lumps of sugar to the Arabian mare which has ambled over to the fence where we are sitting and gazes hopefully into Allan's face, completely ignoring me.)

"Just take a look at those fetlocks, will you," Allan commanded. "Have you ever seen anything neater in all your life?"

I admitted that the mare had as neat a fetlock as I had ever run across, although I wasn't quite sure just where to look for them. "How long did the job last?" I asked.

"What? Oh, yes. Well, you see, the company went broke that summer and I went to work in the coal mines bossing a gang of laborers. But still I wasn't making nearly what I had on the gas shovel so I offered to work a double shift . . . sixteen hours a day instead of eight. It almost killed me off but by late fall I had saved fifteen hundred dollars, enough to go to New York and enroll in the Syracuse University School of Music."

And did the vocal teachers in New York sit up and take notice! They took such notice, in fact, that he won scholarships at both Syracuse and New York Universities and later with Claude Warford, noted New York voice teacher. Vocally he was going places in a hurry, but financially he was practically in reverse. So, as he still had a terrific yen to go to Europe and study with the famous European coaches, he hit upon

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an audacious plan. And this will give you an insight into the character and determination of Allan Jones.

He returned boldly to his home town, Scranton, and staged, single-handed, a one-man concert. To say that he received a royal welcome is putting it mildly. Those hardy coal miners and their families all but tore down the hall in their enthusiasm and Allan was only allowed to stop when he had become so hoarse he could do nothing but whisper. That one concert netted Allan Jones eleven hundred dollars and the same summer he went to Paris and enrolled in the Warford summer school. He also studied with Reynaldo Hahn, noted French composer and conductor, and with Felix Le Roux, chef de chante of the National Opera of Paris.

The following fall he returned to the United States and, much to his amazement, was engaged as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter Damrosch. This engagement proved to be the first rung on the ladder to national stardom for at its conclusion he was besieged with offers of concert tours. He gave concerts all over the East, saved his money, and the following summer returned to Paris for still more training. Only this time he varied his vocal routine by flying each week to London where he coached in oratorio with Sir Henry Wood, the internationally famous English composer and conductor.

Back in New York again he was immediately engaged by Impresario Charles Wagner to sing the leading role in "Boccaccio." That turned the trick. The critics, those makers and breakers of everything on the stage, were unanimous in their raves and loudly proclaimed the fact that America had at long last produced a tenor who could give John Charles Thomas a run for his money. His future success was now definitely assured.

It was assured for the simple reason that the Shuberts heard him and put him under contract, and when the Shuberts tie anybody up with a long-term contract you can bet your bottom kopeck that that person is going places with an abrupt suddenness.

At the St. Louis Municipal Opera House, for instance, he sang eight operas during his first summer season and then toured the East through the winter months. The following summer he returned again to St. Louis and sang eleven more operas and in March of 1934 went to Boston to play opposite Mme. Jeritza in "Annina." Followed another summer in St. Louis where he sang another eight operas. By this time Allan knew by heart the leading roles of any production the Shuberts had a mind to produce . . . and a lot that they didn't produce!

And right at this period is where Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stomped into the picture. After a screen test had been arranged and the rushes shown, they came charging into Mr. Jones apartment waving contracts and wondering where they'd been for the past four or five years, letting a young fellow like that go around under contract to mere people like the Shuberts. Good Heavens! This was unheard of!

But it seems as if the Messers Shubert were loathe to part with the services of Allan Jones, even to an A-1 concern like Metro. In fact, it took a lot of MGM's good hard coin of the realm and a lot of argument to convince them that their pictures needed Jones' talents more than did the stage. Money talks, though . . . in fact, it has been known to yell on various occasions, and Allan Jones found himself a featured contract player almost over-night. He was first cast in "Reckless," and since then you've seen him in such Class "A" pictures as "Rose Marie," "Show Boat," and



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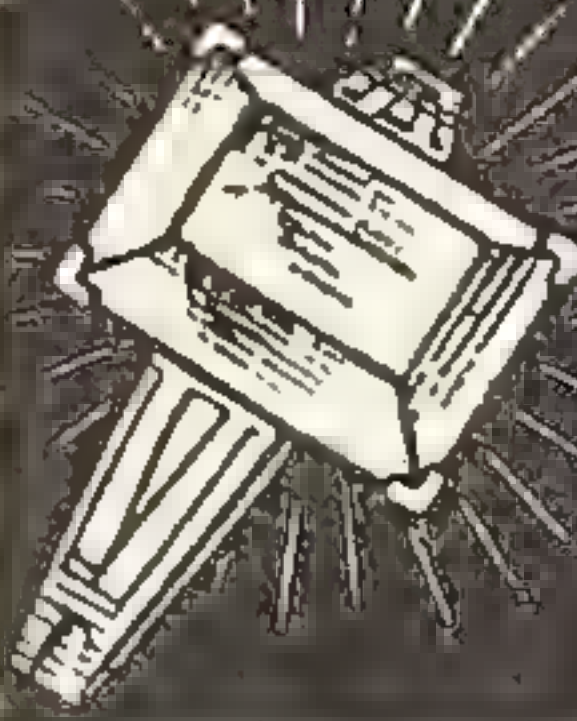
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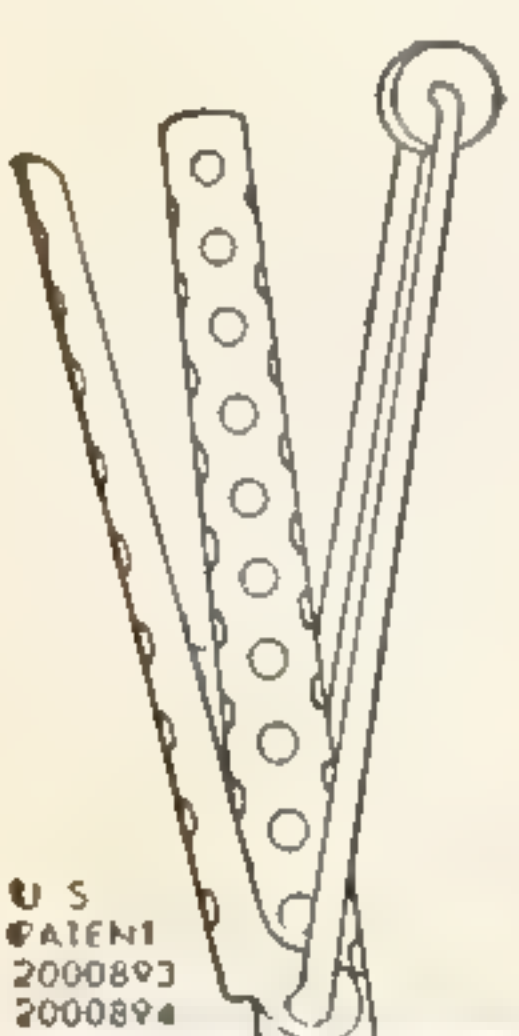
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with the Marx Brothers in "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."

His latest picture is with Jeanette MacDonald. It's "The Firefly." Need I say more? With those two voices together on the same screen I honestly believe the ultimate in duet has been achieved.

Or, if you are a radio fan, listen in on Sunday evenings to the Fleischman Yeast Program featuring Allan Jones with Werner Janssen's orchestra. The absolute tops in music mastery.

So that's the why and the wherefore of how I happened to be knocked off my pins. Instead of a long-haired opera singer with an accent I met a young chap built like a blacksmith who would much rather talk about horses than about himself... and believe me, that's unusual in itself out here in Hollywood!

By the way, I'll bet you didn't know that horses can't breathe through their mouths.

Bits Of Perfection

(Continued from page 23)

which he stamps with perfection and poignancy.

It is not necessarily a minor actor who contributes the artistic yardstick. To go back to Barbara Stanwyck and "Stella Dallas"—here again, if one is not too lazy, one can put one's finger on a single sequence which represents the whole quality and spirit of a notable show. For my money, it is that awful moment when poor, vulgar Stella parades before her daughter's nice young friends and Laurel rushes out of the drug store, humiliated and choking back tears. It is the key to the whole narrative, for it is the echoes of this encounter that make Stella go through with her supreme self-sacrifice and send Laurel to her well-bred father. It has been done magnificently.

Granting that Miss Stanwyck, under King Vidor's superb direction, has played the scene with utter persuasion, there is still an anonymous screen artist who made the sequence memorable. His name is Robert Stepanoff and he has done a miracle of make-up. He has turned a beautiful actress into a cheap, dumpy, middle-aged woman. More than that he has changed an entire personality.

When I saw King Vidor recently, I asked him why he had selected a dominant, lovely actress like Stanwyck to portray the blowsy, weak Stella, aging ungracefully.

"Contrast," he told me. "By having an essentially strong personality in the role, you have sympathy for the character even in her weakest moments. That is, if you can believe she is weak and vulgar."

It must have taken enormous courage and artistic integrity for Robert Taylor's favorite feminine companion to accept the Stella assignment and carry it through so resolutely. Mr. Stepanoff is also in definite line for congratulations. He had no inconsiderable part in making the role believable. He has stamped one sequence with consummate artistry.

It is not likely that you even noted the cameraman of "Captains Courageous"—let alone the assistant. It was the latter, Harold Mazarati, however, who achieved the brilliant perfection of one episode that will remain in my mind for long months to come. It was after the "We're Here" had filled its hold with fish and was heeling back to Gloucester under full sail. Lionel Barrymore, as the captain, was trying to beat a rival fishing schooner home, you may remember. For a little while the screen was crowded with the most splendid seascapes I have ever seen, setting the tone

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completely for what I consider the greatest sea picture ever filmed.

Mr. Mazarati spent arduous weeks getting those shots. He took a sailing schooner off the coast of Newfoundland, used it as a painter would a subject and brought back thrilling screen compositions. With Spencer Tracy and Freddie Bartholomew approaching the high, heart-shaking dramatic climax of the story, these actual shots of yawning canvas, straining masts and blown salt spray demanded all the perfection Mr. Mazarati gave them.

Sometimes the artistic yardstick is arrived at almost accidentally. It was in "Souls At Sea." Henry Hathaway was shooting a scene one day with little Virginia Weidler, the small passenger of the "William Brown" whose carelessness with a lamp causes the terrible disaster that makes a smashing climax of the picture. The girl began to cry for no good reason and when asked why, she said:

"This is the second picture I've played in with Gary Cooper. But I've never met him and I know I'm not going to ever."

Mr. Hathaway fixed that up quickly by bringing over the star, who was as gravely nice as you'd expect him to be. Then Hathaway had an idea.

"Let's put this in the picture," he said and it was done.

As it turned out, the sequence became tremendously impressive. It is the way in which Cooper handled a lifeboat after the burning and sinking of the "William Brown" that resulted in his trial in the picture and to show him in a brief friendly encounter with one of the passengers, particularly the one responsible for the fire, just before he ordained the destinies of the survivors, was a stroke of genius.

Don't think that the writers don't have a hand in determining an artistic yard-

Russell Patterson proclaims lovely Betty Grable, starring in "Thrill of a Lifetime," the perfect screen type. Her measurements are: Across shoulders 16 in., Bust 34 in., Waist 23 in., Hips 35 in., Above knee 15½ in., Calf 13 in., Ankle 8¼ in. Betty is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and weighs 114 pounds.



stick, even if they, too, go without credits in the billing of a picture. The greatest film using Hollywood as a background is still "A Star Is Born." Search through that picture carefully and you will come upon one interlude of ineffable beauty, when you are moved to the very breaking point. It is when the erstwhile star, Norman Maine, has failed and committed suicide and his wife, risen to acting heights, is attending the Hollywood premiere of her latest success. She is asked to say a few words in the microphone in the lobby.

Janet Gaynor, magnificent in the part, walks over with a set face and then, very simply, she says:

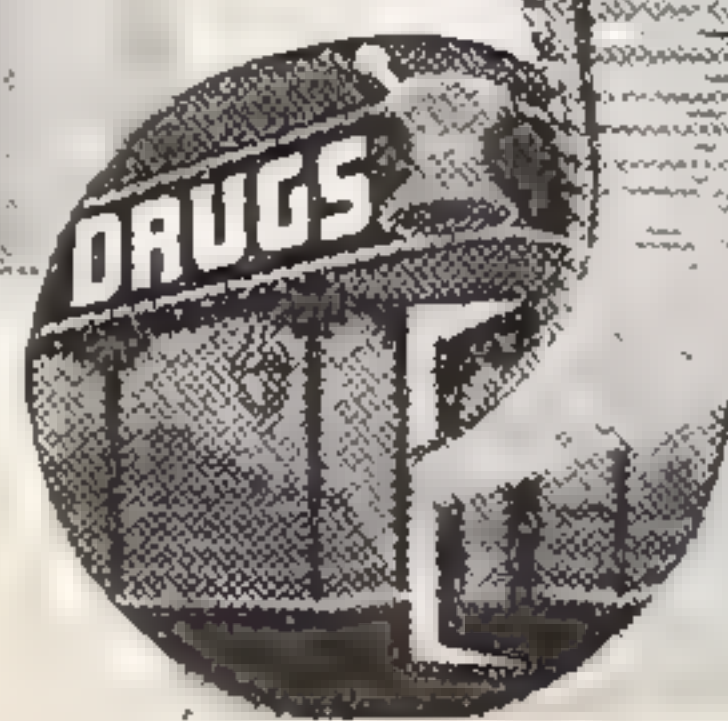
"This is Mrs. Norman Maine speaking."

It was no sentimentalist who wrote that touching, memorable line and conceived the scene. It was Dorothy Parker, renowned for her savage wit, her bitter aphorisms—she who said of Katharine Hepburn's performance in "The Lake" that the star had run the gamut of emotions from A to B. In "A Star Is Born" she designed and stamped out a compassionate scene that is



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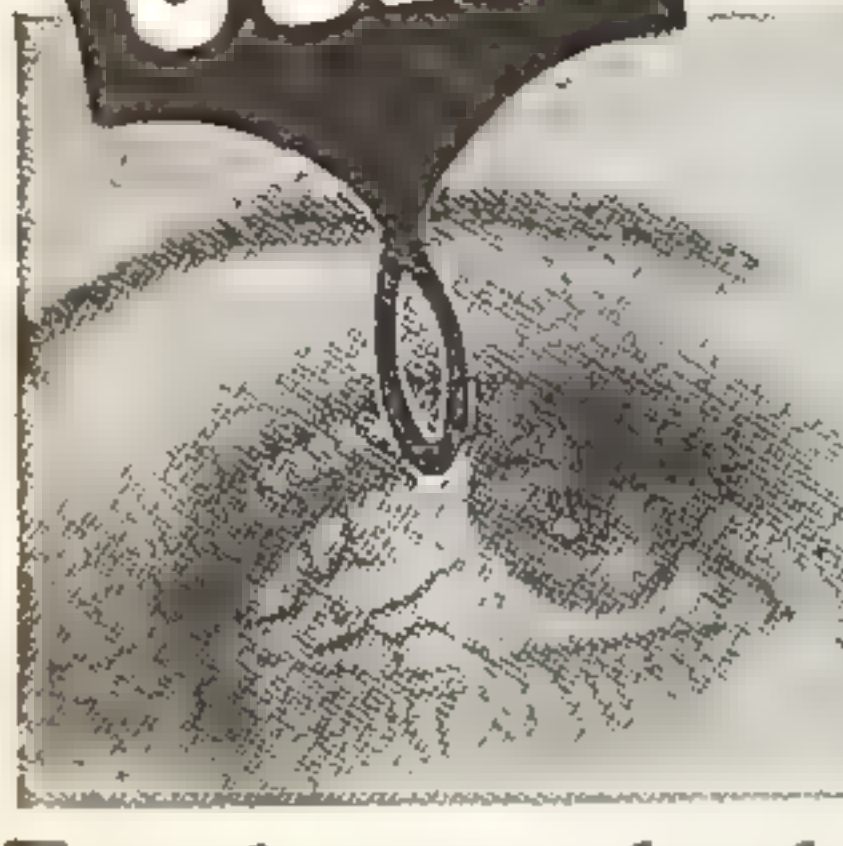
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the true hall mark of a splendid and compassionate picture.

The art director of a picture, if he is ever thought of at all, is conceived to be a sort of fussy combination interior decorator and costumer, sitting in an office drawing pretty sketches. In "High, Wide and Handsome," though, it was a couple of these technicians, John Goodman and Roland Anderson, who inspired the sequence which typifies all the suspense, excitement and flavor of this spectacular operetta. The show deals with the discovery of oil wells in Western Pennsylvania, before the Civil War. Rouben Mamoulian wanted to shoot the coming in of the first gusher (as miraculous as the first telephone or steam engine), but crude oil couldn't be filmed and made a mess of the scene.

The Messrs. Goodman and Anderson went to work. They invented a compound of ink and water that looked and acted like oil to a camera. They rigged up a compression tank where the first oil well was supposedly being drilled and a schedule of perfect timing. At the precise moment, the gusher let loose with tremendous effect, raining down oil on the jubilant Randolph Scott, the pioneer oil man, Irene Dunne, as his sceptical wife, and the amazed neighbors. There, in one smashing scene, was the heart and peculiar flavor of "High, Wide and Handsome."

The British picture of adventure and romance in Soviet Russia, "Knight Without Armor," had two top-flight stars in it—the beautiful and glamorous Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat. They had little to do, though, with one scene in the show that remains vividly in my recollection. During their perilous trip across revolution-torn Siberia, you may remember, they fall into the hands of the Reds. A young commissar is commissioned to take them to near-by city for examination and almost certain execution. In the railway carriage the three of them become friendly. The Bolshevik officer, hungry for companionship, sick of revolution and counter-revolution, lets the hero and heroine escape and pays the penalty for his generosity by suicide.

It is a terrible, poignant scene, in which the real essence of the James Hilton novel is recaptured on the screen. It is so because of the superlative acting of the commissar by John Clements, an aspiring English actor who is certain to make his mark one of these days. He has understood and interpreted the scene perfectly and in so doing has set a measure for the whole production. "Knight Without Armor" will always mean for me a wistful, uniformed youngster, burdened with too great responsibility, who forgets firing squads and the destruction about him for a moment and is brought up short to decree his own death.

Although women are not usually associated with the out and out technical end of a production, a certain Julie Heron contrived the artistic yardstick for "Dead End," with straight scenic effect. As the picture opens, one is given a panoramic glimpse of New York, dominated by skyscrapers. The camera pans down, past an elegant apartment house to the slums of a dead end street on the East River, where the entire action of the offering is played. Miss Heron designed this set and it is because it is so right and vivid when you first see it, that "Dead End" has so much power. It is a masterly job, distinguished for remarkable understatement when the temptation must have been great to pile on the squalor and misery of the district. Only one line of washing is visible, a few neglected garbage cans, a broken window pane here and there, a boarded up house, cracked walls and a cluttered fire-escape.

The writer's part in determining the

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sheer excellence of a not to be forgotten sequence has already been touched on with "A Star Is Born." Another author has set the mark for one of the gayest comedies of the year, with a different kind of talent. In "She Met Him In Paris," there is a sequence which might have been incredibly dull, where the American girl goes off to Switzerland with a couple of young men. Although there is no action in the scene, it is hilarious and winds up the farcical mainspring which make the comedy tick. The two men, both in love with the girl, one with honorable intentions, the other with dishonorable intentions, engage in some magnificent repartee.

Claude Binyon wrote it, the same Mr. Binyon who coined the memorable phrase about the stock market debacle printed in "Variety"—"Wall Street Lays An Egg." He belongs definitely in the company of those minor artists cited above who did considerably more than mere assignments. Each and every one of them has revealed an offering at the very heart, epitomizing its finest quality in a haunting, perfect passage.

Revelations From Stars' Palms

[Continued from page 27]

developing qualities which would make her career lasting and outstanding.

That long head line will always rule her heart and it will be a wonderful aid in an intelligent effort directed toward stardom.

Like Roland Young, the lines in Alan Dinehart's hands show that he has placed limitations on himself. He is super-sensitive and although his head line indicates a brilliant mentality, he is inclined to stubbornness.

Mr. Dinehart's thumbs have a long nail phalange showing the will necessary to carry on a career, but the stiffness of these thumbs and the utter lack of flexibility of his fingers indicate an unwillingness to fall into line. If he would accept suggestions no doubt he would soon reach the artistic heights to which he aspires and where he rightfully belongs.

Alan's tendency to shirk responsibility is shown in a rather short index finger. It also indicates his desire to play safe. He wants to be assured of winning laurels before he makes the effort. That high mount under his first finger says he can be swayed by flattery. Perhaps his love of approbation is the reason for his resenting constructive criticism.

Mr. Dinehart needs to use that indomitable will to flex those mental muscles of sensitiveness. Having done this, he will be surprised at the strides he can make. If, at the same time, he takes account of his inclination toward obstinacy, the man in the far famed seven league boots will be his closest competitor.

It is difficult to study the palms of Ramon Novarro in an effort to pick out the flaws which might stand in the way of his continued success.

His large palm being rather soft and sloping toward the wrist, shows an innate indolence in physical activities and mental application. This had to be overcome to develop his cultural possibilities.

Mr. Novarro's fingers being short, smooth and pointed; coupled with the softness of the palm, this indicates his dislike of having to go into the meaning of a situation. He would much prefer to drift, and if he could indulge in material gratification, so much the better!

There is a marked tendency to be extravagant. Not only financial extravagance,

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BOTH JOBS

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SAVES GUMS

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... says beautiful
RUTH COLEMAN
Paramount Player

Hollywood stars insist on the best of care for their precious complexions. No wonder so many of them—as well as fastidious women everywhere—choose SITROUX TISSUES. They cleanse the skin better because they're softer... more absorbent... and, unlike ordinary tissues, won't "come apart" in the hand. You'll like these superior Sitroux Tissues, too! Take a beauty hint from the stars. Ask for "Sit-true" face tissues—in the blue and gold box.

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but a disregard of the conservation of physical strength. This trait is indicated by a fairly flexible joint between the nail and the second phalange of the thumb which denotes logic and reason, and a decided suppleness in the third phalange where it joins the hand.

When it entails no effort on his part Mr. Novarro is easily led. He feels that the pleasure he gets compensates the money he spends. This is shown by the softness of his palm and the flexibility of his fingers. But, woe betide that person who fails in loyalty! His short second phalange of the thumb—reason and logic—will take no account of an excuse or an apology. It is just as well if this offender stay out of Ramon's sight! Whether such a temper is an asset or a liability depends wholly on one's point of view.

I could with ease be "To his virtues very kind and to his faults a little blind" since his consideration for others far outweighs failings that are retro-active.

Such faults as are shown in Mr. Novarro's hands are not sinister. He would never think of deliberately wounding his fellow man. However, if one has a character trait which persists in making others uncomfortable, it is just as important that this trait be overcome for the sake of the possessor's peace of mind.

In the thirty-five years I have been studying hands, I have yet to see character perfection. I fear the person who would be perfect would be nothing more than a perfect bore. Let us say that to be almost perfect is the happy solution.

Our screen idols may have their little faults. It is their privilege to correct them or allow them to run riot to their own detriment. All of us, whether we are on the screen or behind it, find we have plenty of room for improvement.

If you are honestly ignorant of your faults, study your life map... the lines in your hands. They reveal what your best friend wouldn't dare tell you!



The make-up man gilds the lily. Lana Turner all dolled up for "The Great Garrick."

Projections—Madeleine Carroll

[Continued from page 29]

the daylights out of Madeleine when her boat docked in New York in 1934 and for the first time she got a glimpse of New York's skyline—it was the Press. The day before the boat was due to arrive the Captain took her aside and very gravely informed her that she was about to be confronted with a Trying Ordeal. He had delivered many a celebrity to the shores of America and what the newspaper boys and girls, and the ship news photographers, did to them was really something horrible, so horrible in fact that the Captain was loathe to mention it.

So poor Madeleine spent her last night on board worrying herself sick over the Press. "The questions they ask! Tsch, tsch, tsch," the Captain had said. "Gorillas, that's what they are—gorillas. Tsch, tsch, tsch." Madeleine reached for the aspirin box. All night long she had visions of gorillas armed with guns (the gangster influence) and notebooks, yanking out her innermost secrets. Poor, dear Philip would probably divorce her when he read those American newspapers.

The hour before her official interview she took four aspirin to brace herself and by the time she heard the rap of the Press on her cabin door she was in such a daze that she really didn't care what happened. The door opened and four of the mildest looking little men she had ever seen in her life entered. They were neatly dressed,

clean shaven, and said thank you when she asked them to sit down. They had neither notebooks nor guns. They asked her how she liked the New York skyline. "Please," said Madeleine, coming out of her daze just a little, "You must forgive me. I'm not always in a fog like this. But I took aspirin. For a headache." "Oh," said one of the young men most sympathetically, "what you need Miss Carroll is a little something to clear the brain. Might I suggest a little—er—sherry?" Madeleine thought it an excellent suggestion so she poured a glass of sherry for herself and for the four young men who also seemed to want to clear their brains. Miss Carroll was, and is, a great favorite with the American Press.

The Captain Philip Astley of the Carroll-Astley merger was formerly an officer of the English Army and very much "old family." He is an intimate friend of the Duke of Windsor and his family formerly owned "Chequers" the country home for British prime ministers. He and Madeleine heard about each other for over a year before they met, and were getting just a little bit bored with hearing about each other. They had several mutual friends who were constantly saying, "Darling, he is a divine man. You must meet Captain Astley." Or, "Philip, old thing, I've got the very girl for you. You must meet Madeleine Carroll."

"My friends had been trying desperately

to marry me off for several years," says Madeleine. "But I was awfully busy being a career girl just then. Everytime anyone came to interview me I would give him a long story of how I should never marry because marriage interfered with a career." But those persevering friends finally got the two of them together, and after glaring at each other for the entire evening they finally decided that they liked each other, a little. The Captain eventually got around to proposing several months later but Madeleine was still hell bent on being a career girl, and besides she had to live up to all that publicity she had been giving out. But one day the Captain lost patience with her, grabbed her by her hair, and in elegant cave man fashion said, "Woman, you are going to marry me."

They were married August 26, 1931, at Lake Como, where Captain Astley has a villa. Much to her surprise Madeleine discovered that she had been giving out a lot of tripe in those interviews—marriage and careers mix beautifully.

When I last saw Madeleine and her good looking husband, they were on their way to Europe for a holiday, a holiday that is quite typical of all their holidays. They have a small boat, just room for two, and they expect to set sail on the Seine in Paris, and leisurely and lazily follow the picturesque little rivers of France, until they eventually reach the Mediterranean. They have two bikes aboard for frequent trips inland. "And I shall do all the cooking," says Madeleine, who loves to cook (she inherited that from her French mother) and, unlike Marlene Dietrich who is also a good cook, doesn't think it hurts her glamour to say so. On the contrary she is rather proud of it and never misses a chance to boast a bit. "I can do the most amazing things with onions and garlic," she says. There was a time when a movie star would swoon at the very mention of anything so common as garlic. Madeleine even goes so far as to confess she loves to eat. And consequently has to diet.

The Astleys have an honest-to-goodness Castle in Spain—that is, they did have before the Spanish Revolution broke out, they are not quite sure what they have now. Perhaps a nice brick pile.

For a modern girl, and she is modern right down to her finger tips, *not* blood red, thank goodness, our Miss Carroll certainly has a beautiful loathing for all modern forms of locomotion. Planes scare her to death, she won't go near one. Trains she will tolerate though she doesn't like them. A river boat or a lake boat is all right, if the river or lake isn't very deep or rough, but heaven help her when she has to get on an ocean boat.

In fact the thing that frightens her most in life is the channel boat that plies its way between England and France. It completely defeats her. Two days before she intends leaving for France she begins to watch the smoke from the London chimney pots. If it blows in a certain direction then she knows it will be a rough crossing. It is always a rough crossing.

On the train down to Dover she surreptitiously takes all kinds of pills and seasick remedies when her husband isn't looking; he strenuously objects to them. She lies flat on her back as soon as she gets on the boat and expects the worst. Half an hour out and she begins to pull out her hair. No matter how many pills she has taken she always gets seasick. The longest and blackest hours of her life have been spent on that channel boat. Some day she is going to fly across.

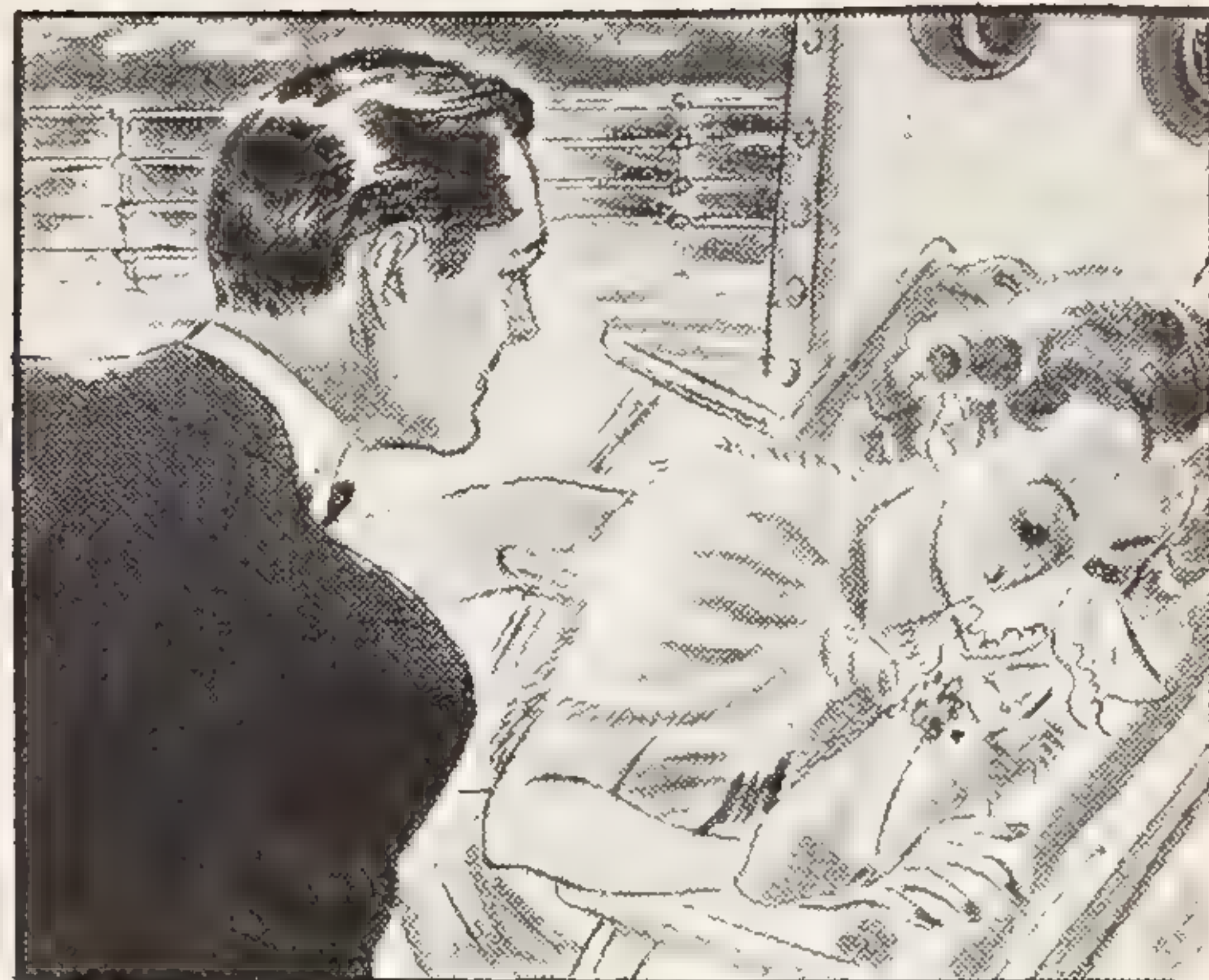
She avoids nervous people as much as possible because they make her nervous. A very poised young person, she has only one mannerism—she twists her bracelet, and she always wears one, when she is talking. But if she sees a nervous person she imme-

James Dunn, Columbia star now appearing in "Venus Makes Trouble".

Jimmy Dunn drops a hint



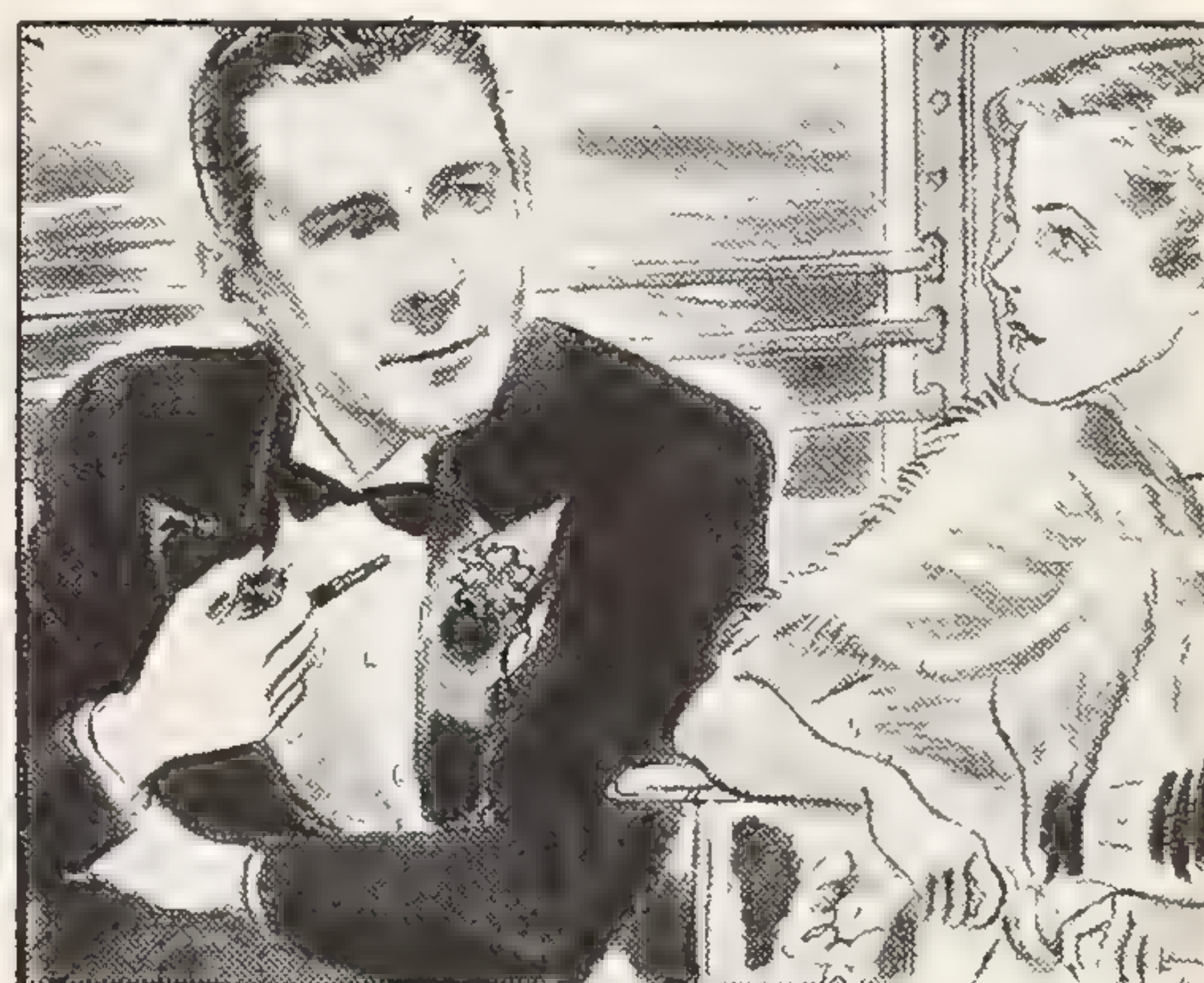
"I MET THEM ON SHIPBOARD—Tom and Sally Roberts, on their honeymoon. They seemed ideally suited . . .



"IMAGINE MY SURPRISE, then, to find Sally alone on deck one night—huddled in a corner crying her heart out . . .



"SHE TOLD ME HER TROUBLES—said Tom seemed to be tiring of her . . . He was always finding fault with her appearance and he didn't even care about kissing her any more . . .



"JUDGING TOM BY OTHER MEN—who are always repelled by dry, rough lips—I dropped a pretty broad hint about the lipstick that I've heard so many girls praising for its Beauty-Cream base . . ."



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diately becomes a bundle of nerves herself. She is often a bundle of nerves on a movie set. She feels that she is better dressed when she is wearing a hat and when meeting an interviewer for the first time she invariably manages to wear a hat, even if the interview is in her own dressing room. She is very cordial and has the most disarming smile of any star I have ever met.

You can make her furious by calling her a "good trouter." "It's exactly what I am," she says sadly, "I never hold up production, even if I am at death's door I always see to it that the show goes on, and I will give up a gay holiday anytime to start work on a picture—but don't call me a 'good trouter.' It's so—so—so un-glamorous. Like being called a nice girl. Who wants to be a nice girl or a good trouter!" And if you want her to hate you, simply say to her, "This may hurt your feelings, but I feel I have to tell you for your own good . . ." She doesn't want to be told anything for her own good. She doesn't want to know the truth.

She admits quite frankly that she likes to have people say beautiful complimentary things to her, not that she is taken in by them, she has too much sense for that, but she just loves to hear them. "I know my faults, and I'm a very excellent critic of myself," she says, "so I expect my friends and acquaintances to spare me the gruesome details. Whenever anyone comes to me and says, 'Dear, you might as well face it . . . ' I suddenly have to make a phone call." Inasmuch as it is usually a woman who wants to tell her something "for her own good" she is a little afraid of women. Women are inclined to be cruel. She is typically a man's woman and her best women friends, at least in Hollywood, are always the wives of her men friends.

She has quite a religious streak, goes in for deep religious books. She likes to find out-of-the-way restaurants where the cooking is ideal and the clientele on the shabby side. She keeps them listed in a two volume notebook, one for Europe and one for America. You rarely find her dining in a fashionable place. Her pet extravagances are sapphires and furs. She is very sentimental, keeps little mementoes, and on the 26th of every month receives four dozen red roses from her husband whether he is in England or with her in Hollywood. They met on the 26th of a month and were married on the 26th.

She probably has the best education of any of the movie stars in Hollywood, but she never mentions it. You simply have to use sheer force to pull that B.A. out of her. I may say she is the only child prodigy I ever knew of who turned out well.



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**\$300 in Cash
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**\$50 Check Each Month for Rest of This Year—
Extra Promptness Prize**

Here is an amazing offer! One that should tax the imagination of every man, woman and child. You have an equal opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a \$50 check regularly each month for the three remaining months of 1937. In order to get a new name for flour, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine the opportunity of selecting a new name and winning cash prizes for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now, such as Big Four, Golden Harvest, Queen's Best, Lily White, Kansas Pride, and others. We want a new name, and for the best fifteen sent in, we will award \$300 in cash prizes, plus a \$50 check each month for the three remaining months of 1937 as a promptness prize.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the fifteen prizes.

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Write your name for this flour on a penny post card or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days from the time you read this announcement. It will pay you to be prompt. Your name for this flour must be mailed before Dec. 18, 1937. Fifteen cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected as First Prize winner, you will receive \$100 in cash, and as an extra prize for promptness you will receive a check for \$50 each month for the three remaining months of 1937. Second Prize will be \$50; Third Prize \$25; Fourth Prize \$15; and eleven prizes of \$10 each. These fifteen prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50 a month which is offered to the first prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—the name that will win First Prize! Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Send only one name to

FLOUR DEPT.

108 CAPPER BLDG.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

Which Will Win The Golden Apple Of Success?

[Continued from page 25]

calls her "Baby."

Dissimilar though they may be, they share, as I pointed out in the opening paragraphs, that common bond . . . they lack every vestige of pretense. And their enthusiasm and vivacity makes them all the more real.

The future promises rosiness for all three of these girls. It still is difficult to judge their respective talents and merits, due to so few appearances, but I would say that Jane Bryan would travel farthest along dramatic lines, with Olympe running hard at her heels. Jane Wyman is more the comedienne, smart, flashy, with an ocean

of personality to project her along the path of success. Were she cast in a deeply dramatic role, though, I believe she would fulfill the task satisfactorily.

Jane Bryan actually stole acting honors from veteran Kay Francis in "Confession," pitting her inexperience against the star's skill, and emerged top-best. It was a role made for her, but she displayed her mettle also when she appeared with Bette Davis in "Marked Woman." Both roles served as proving grounds, and she proved herself without any question of a doubt. Hers is the acting of deep sincerity.

Olympe Bradna's acting in "Last Train from Madrid" sufficed to interest both audiences and studio officials more than passingly in her. Her performance was sparkling, appealing, and, what's more, was rosy with suggestion that here was a natural-born actress. She evinced a decided flair for drama, and in "Souls At Sea" held her own with such artists as Gary Cooper, Frances Dee and George Raft. By way of actual interest, I would say that the color of her role made her an even more fascinating personality than Jane Bryan in anything she has as yet undertaken.

Jane Wyman is perhaps the most engaging of the trio. Although she appeared but very briefly in "The King and the Chorus Girl," still her French-girl impersonation was so outstanding as to be one of the most pleasant memories of the piece. And surely in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" she was enchanting, with her rather flip acting and her eyes that would charm the Sphinx. The studio entertains high hopes for her as a future top favorite.

When you meet her, Jane Bryan exudes the frank artlessness of a young girl. Her gray eyes glow when she mentions her career, and though she is talking on one subject you have the feeling that her thoughts are far away. Her movements are restless, and she continually is tossing back that slice of light brown hair that keeps falling over her left eye. She emphasizes her statements with wild gestures, often using—as the day we lunched—a spoon as she discussed her desire to some day go on the Broadway stage. That is her greatest ambition . . . that, and travel.

Olympe, too, punctuates her speech—which becomes heavily accented when she's excited—with typical French gesticulations. She is inclined to be shy, but the moment you touch her work she becomes picturesquely animated and talks with fire-cracker rapidity. Her idol is Claudette Colbert, and more than anything else in the world she wants to be like Claudette. She is not permitted "dates" with boys as yet, and that is something else she is looking forward to. When she is eighteen, Papa Bradna promises, she may go out, but not before. So, she goes directly home from the studio, studies diligently her lessons and her English and reads novels of romance.

These are three girls who are going far on the screen. Each is individual, each is highly talented . . . but, withal, unassuming. You're going to hear from my trio. They can't lose. The spirit of youth won't permit them to drag behind. They're as good as stars, already.

THE author of the "Golden Apple" story has prepared another comparative article for the December Silver Screen. He tells of the points of similarity between three actresses who have already played quite important roles and gives the inside information on the battle between these three lovely girls.

NO APOLOGIES ACCEPTED



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The Final Thing

ROBERT TAYLOR is all burned up over being called the Boy Beautiful and has notified his studio that when he returns from England he expects to be given he-man roles, or else . . . Metro's future "heavy" admits that nothing in all this world frightens him so much as to look around suddenly and see thousands of rouged lips all pursed to kiss him. He's only interested in one pair of rouged lips and they belong to Barbara Stanwyck. So far his hectic trip to England has been in the nature of a nightmare to Mr. Taylor. No wonder he cables or calls Barbara every day begging her to join him.

"DAY of Promise" is the title given to the coming picture of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. It should be called "Dummy's Luck" or "Heart of Gold But His Head Wouldn't Function." Universal will be the proud father.

WHEN Sonja Henie returns from her vacation in Europe, will Tyrone Power resume his publicity romance with her for the sake of the box office ("Thin Ice" is a great hit), or will he continue to lavish love and gifts on Janet Gaynor, who was his Dream Girl before he even got a start in pictures? Or will it be somebody else entirely by that time, perhaps Loretta Young with whom he is co-starring in "Second Honeymoon?" Sonja, who is an expert little business woman, is eager to resume the romance, but Janet and Loretta seem rather willing, too.

THE warm feeling of friendship grows from unsuspected events, and when we saw Aubrey Smith, Ronald Colman, David Niven, Raymond Massey and Madeleine Carroll in a group in "The Prisoner of Zenda," we felt that the English are relatives to be proud of. Now, don't you say "Hams across the sea," for these artists are fine actors.

ONCE in a while a picture appears that is so different, so uplifting and entertaining that in the midst of our cheering we wonder why more GREAT pictures are not produced. "One Hundred Men and a Girl" is the finest one we have seen for many months.

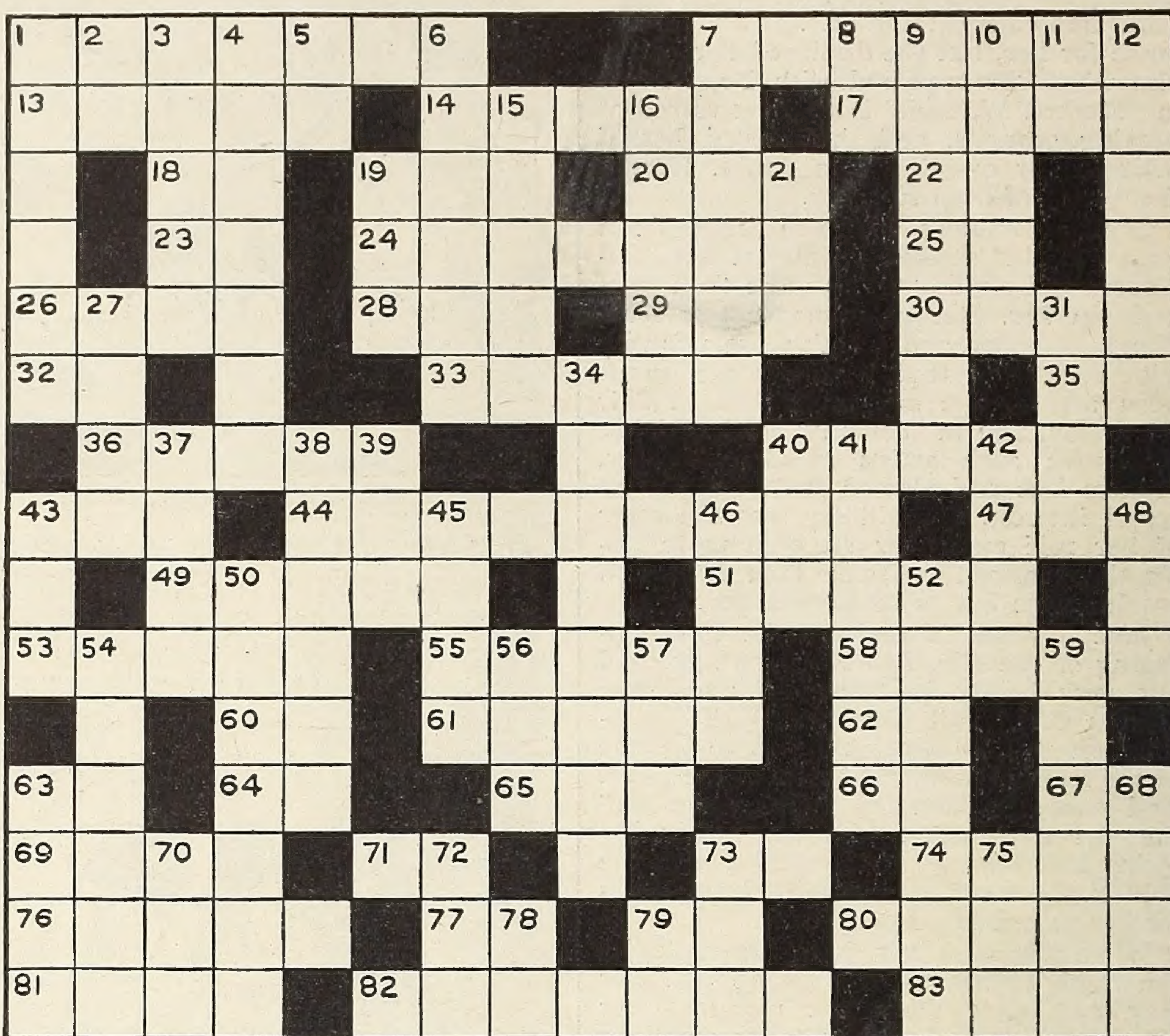
There have been other fine pictures, but for us, the Deanna Durbin film has greatness of a rarer order. We were always one to get choked up when unselfish generosity actuates a character. We like to think that this world of ours has many people like that. The picture has no imagined love story, but it does have glorious living music. The great orchestra speaks for the musicians who have come upon evil days of want and worry, and when Deanna's wonderful voice unexpectedly rings forth, our very soul was lifted up in exaltation.

Critics are proclaiming the grandeur of this Universal picture, but even if they did not, we would be proud to do our bit for this real work of art. Silver Screen will have Deanna Durbin's portrait painted for the cover of the next issue.

Shirley Keen
EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

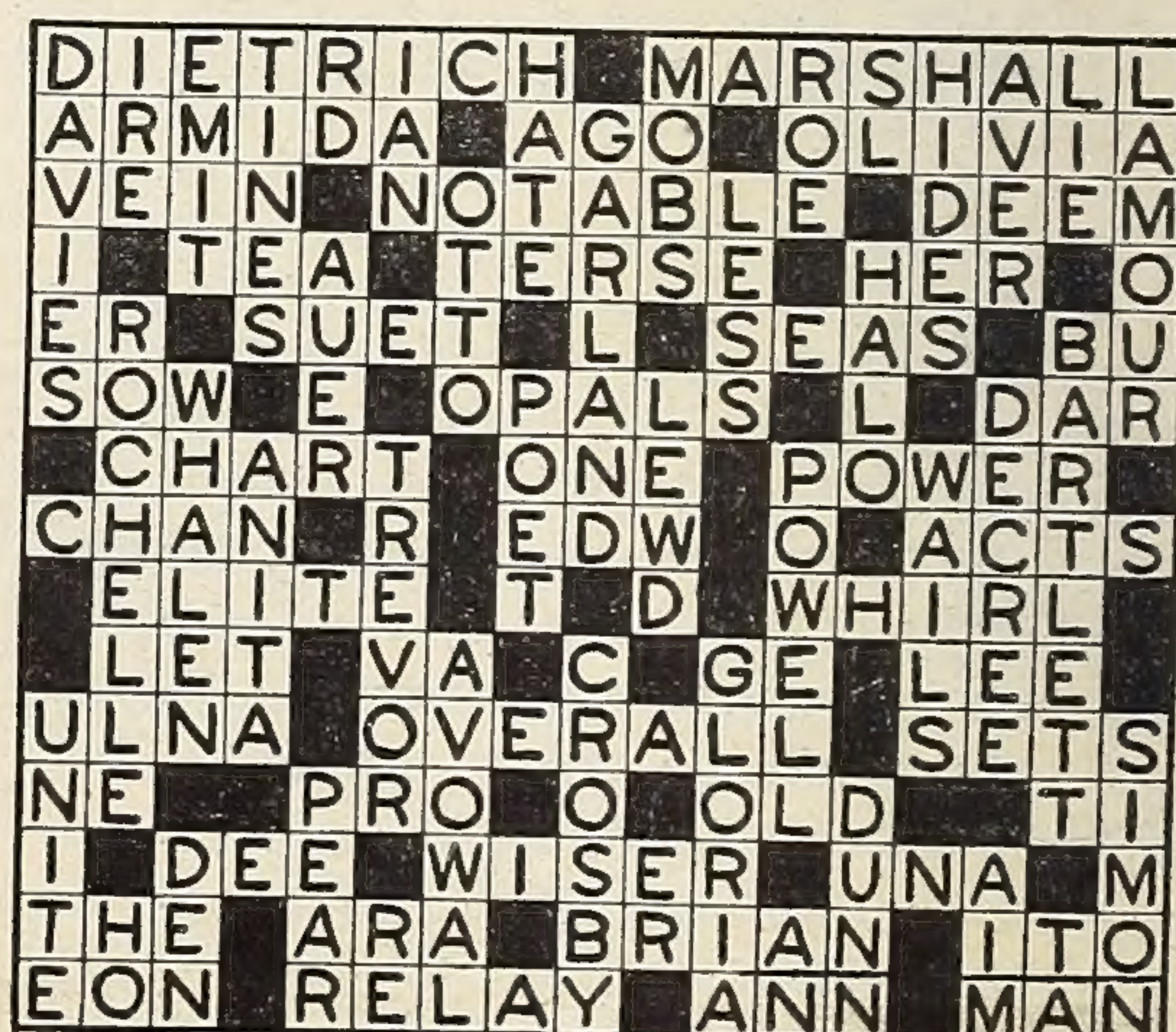
- 1 He portrayed "The Good Old Soak"
- 7 Falsely accused convict in "Men in Exile"
- 13 A member of Hollywood's younger set
- 14 Co-starred with Spencer Tracy in "Big City"
- 17 Made his film debut in "New Faces of 1937"
- 18 Upon
- 19 Tool for boring
- 20 Finish
- 22 Company (abbr.)
- 23 Measure of length (abbr.)
- 24 Famous dancer
- 25 Suffix
- 26 Inequalities
- 28 Mother of Peer Gynt
- 29 At the present
- 30 Son of Jacob (Bib.)
- 32 Point of compass (abbr.)
- 33 Equipped with weapons
- 35 The crooked politician in "Let Them Live" (abbr.)
- 36 A deep gulf
- 40 With Constance Bennett in "Topper"
- 43 Beverage
- 44 A charming English actress
- 47 Period of time
- 49 Rebuke
- 51 The bazooka player
- 53 One who bakes
- 55 The point where two lines meet
- 58 One who eats
- 60 Mrs. Al Jolson (initials)
- 61 Slacken
- 62 Measure of area (abbr.)
- 63 Personal pronoun
- 64 "Stella Dallas" (initials)
- 65 To marry
- 66 Physician (abbr.)
- 67 Measure of weight (abbr.)
- 69 Land measure
- 71 Degree (abbr.)
- 73 Toward
- 74 On the ocean
- 76 Portion
- 77 Exists
- 79 In a like manner
- 80 What all film players hope to become
- 81 Temporary shelter
- 82 The indolent florist in "Big Business"
- 83 Otherwise

DOWN

- 1 With Dick Powell in "The Singing Marine"
- 2 American Legion (abbr.)
- 3 Gang leader in "Internes Can't Take Money"
- 4 The heiress in "Song of the City"
- 5 Comparable to
- 6 Her name is linked romantically with Nino Martini
- 7 A Booth Tarkington character
- 8 In "The Awful Truth" (initials)
- 9 The small town girl in "Girl Loves Boy"
- 10 To wear away
- 11 One of Bette Davis' roommates in "Marked Woman" (initials)

- 12 "It's Love I'm After" is his latest picture
- 15 To speak
- 16 Fishing net
- 19 Cry of sheep
- 21 Moisture
- 27 To distribute cards to players
- 31 Refuse approval to
- 34 In "This Is My Affair"
- 37 The governor's son in "Thirteenth Chair"
- 38 Affected smiles
- 39 Sorrowful
- 40 South African antelope
- 41 To peruse again
- 42 Cosy dwelling
- 43 Priestly garment
- 45 Beloved
- 46 Wild goat
- 48 Neither
- 50 The comedian-in-chief in "The Singing Marine"
- 52 Relate
- 54 The Scotland Yard detective in "Love Under Fire"
- 56 Recent
- 57 Boy
- 59 With Ricardo Cortez in "Talk of the Devil"
- 63 Part of a vessel
- 68 Foundation
- 70 Hurried
- 72 To be ill
- 73 Also
- 74 A continent
- 75 Salt
- 78 Point of compass (abbr.)
- 79 Drina in "Dead End" (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





**9 out of 10
lovely Screen Stars
use it to guard
Million-Dollar
Complexions**



✓IT'S MILD ✓IT'S PURE
✓IT HAS **ACTIVE LATHER**

*A pack o'
pleasure*



chesterfield



LIGGETT & MYER

